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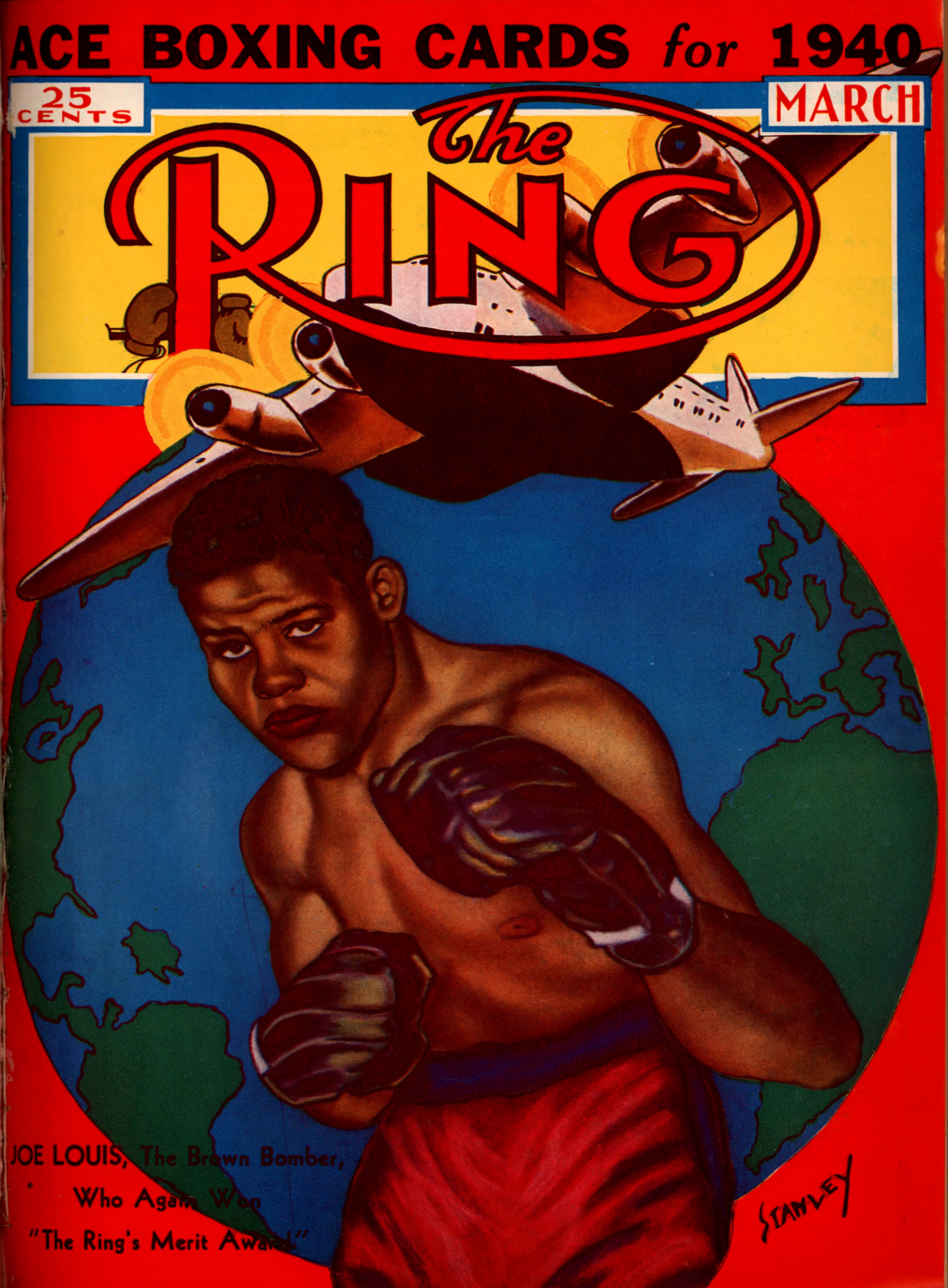

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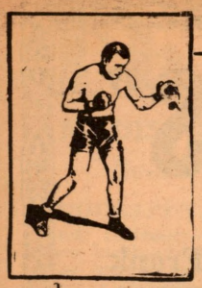

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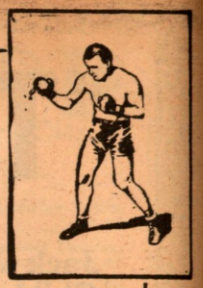

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Vol. XIX **MARCH, 1940** **No. 2**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

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In Our Next Issue

John L. Sullivan—What stories can be written around that fistic hero of the bare knuckle days! Many tales have been told around the escapades and the kindly deeds of the Boston Strong Boy, but none to equal the thrills and human interest the story of the Mighty Man which furnishes the third installment of the series by A. D. Phillips. This octogenarian sports critic, who passed on to Valhalla on Thanksgiving Day, knew "John L." as few did. Read "Those Were the Days", a tale of Sullivan that will hold your interest.

Al Davis, the man who was selected by THE RING as the outstanding prospect for the year, received his acid test when he faced Lou Ambers in the Garden. You'll find the story of that fight, with plenty of pictures, in our next number.

Henry Armstrong and Pedro Montanez mingled in a world welter title fight shortly after this issue went to press. For complete details with ringside snaps of that battle, see the April issue.

Lee Savold, is the rising young man from Minneapolis who has created much favorable comment from the New York critics as the latest "white threat" for Joe Louis' crown. Lee's hitting powers, general ring carriage and his cleverness has brought on a new interest in the division. Sec Taylor, Sports Editor of the Des Moines Register, will tell you about this young man's career.

In addition, contributions by Daniel M. Daniel, Hype Igoe, George T. Pardy, Eddie Borden, Nat Fleischer, and T. W. McNiel.

Joe Louis will start his 1940 campaign with the defense of his title against Arturo Godoy. For a complete story with interesting pictures read the next issue.

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The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18. Bride Lane. Fleet Street. London, E. C. 4. England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
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Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by PHELPS PUBLISHING CO., Springfield, Mass.

FEATURE FIGHTS FOR 1940

Hostak-Garcia Voted Outstanding Match for New Year, With Louis and Galento Running Second

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

AS each new year opens, it is customary for those close to boxing to get up a list of what they call Dream Matches for that twelvemonth. Usually this list turns out only what it is labeled—a dream. The way things stand in boxing it is not necessary to play with mere figments of the imagination. It is possible to draw up a big series of matches which would draw tremendous crowds, and which would inject a vital interest into a game which certainly is not as moribund as some publicity-seekers would make it out to be.

Ceferino Garcia, who should meet Al Hostak for middleweight title.

To put it frankly, the writer is referring to repeated blasts from the National Boxing Association. The secretary of that body, in a statement which was supposed to usher in the new year, voiced the opinion that boxing was suffering from a monopoly which was strangling it, and that the time had come to put the game back on a pedestal.

When was boxing last on a pedestal? And whoinell wants boxing on a pedestal?

In the wake of this erudite pronouncement came a statement from another official of the N.B.A. attacking the boxing writers, especially those of New York—a blast against "critics who are ignorant, and who tear the game down!"

Boxing does not need any apologists. It needs no blasters, who with the violence of their own windy arguments tend to blow the game to hell. Boxing is okeh. Boxers of 1940 are okeh. Boxing writers of the United States are doing a fine job. What we need is a national body that will cement all factions, and will stop booming someone for a Landis-Hays job.

Talk of having Congress investigate boxing is one of the biggest laughs the writer has had in some time.

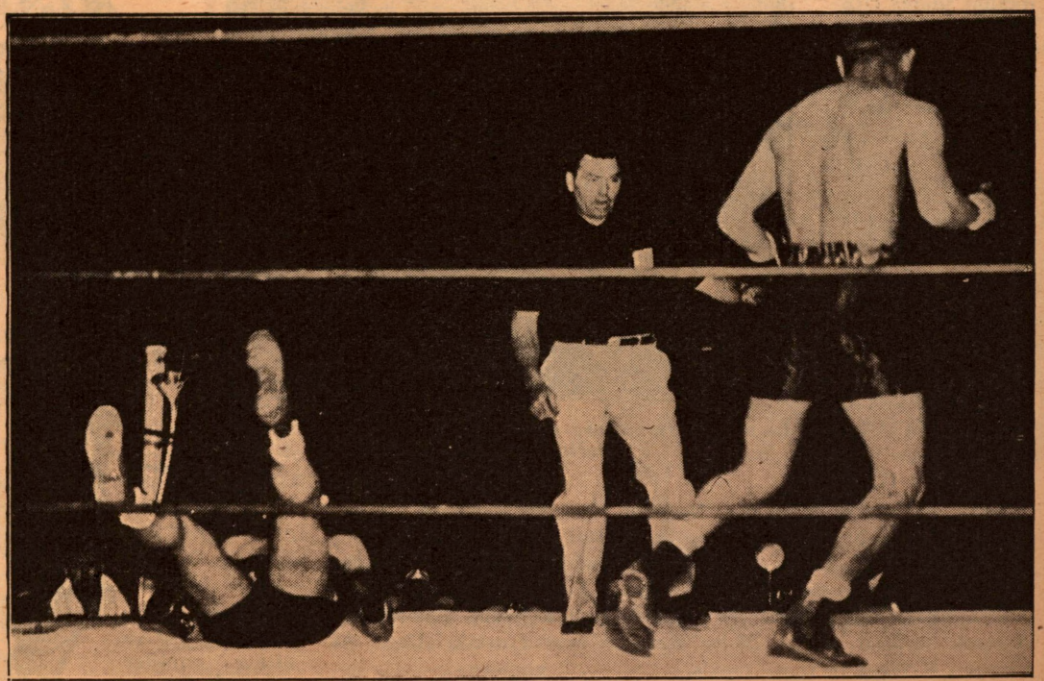
International matters are pressing. Internal affairs are far from ideal. There is a war embroiling the world again. But we find some folks trying to egg on a Congressional investigation of boxing! Let's stop all that hooey and devote our energies to bringing about big contests, which, after all, furnish the life blood of the game. These do. Bull-sessions do not.

And with that off our chest, we will get to the job of outlining the big matches. Before we detail these, let us emphasize the fact that they are not merely our personal impressions. We have discussed this with matchmakers, promoters and managers, as well as writers, and there is a strange unanimity of opinion regarding the outstanding contest for 1940.

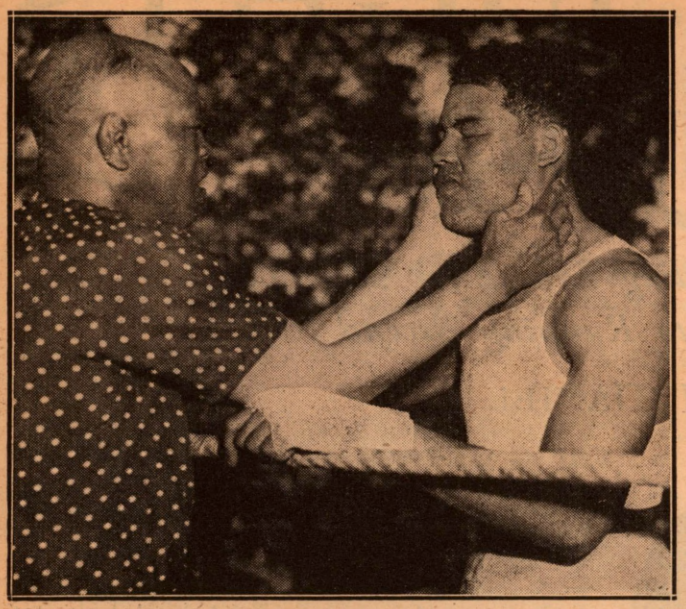
* * *

THE fight game rates a match between Al Hostak of Seattle and Ceferino Garcia of Manila for the middleweight championship of the world.

Now, that's strange. When we went around quizzing folks about the big matches, we figured they would name Joe Louis for the No. 1 fight of 1940. But, without a single exception, some thirty-odd men said that the most vital fight for the new year was a Garcia-Hostak scrap to settle the question of supremacy



Al Hostak stopping Freddy Steele in fight that started middleweight squabble.



Joe Louis, being wised up by his crafty mentor, Jack Blackburn.

10 Outstanding Matches for the 1940 Season

1. **Al Hostak vs. Ceferino Garcia, for the middleweight championship.**
2. **Joe Louis vs. Tony Galento, for heavyweight title.**
3. **Joe Louis vs. Bob Pastor, for heavyweight title.**
4. **Tony Galento vs. Max Baer.**
5. **Henry Armstrong vs. Lou Ambers, for welterweight title.**
6. **Bob Pastor vs. Billy Conn.**
7. **Henry Armstrong vs. Al Davis, for welterweight title.**
8. **Lou Ambers vs. Sammy Angott, for lightweight title.**
9. **Bob Pastor vs. Lou Nova.**
10. **Tony Galento vs. Bob Pastor.**

between them—and to give us a recognized middleweight title-holder.

There are loads of good middleweights. But the division, which two years ago promised to be the most dramatic of them all, is handicapped by the failure to develop a champion.

In New York, Garcia is rated the title-holder. The N.B.A., which really has no administrative jurisdiction, thinks Hostak is the champion.

New York's line of reasoning traces to Freddy Steele. The Tacoman was recognized as the middleweight champion in New York. Then he was beaten by Fred Apostoli in an overweight match. Steele promised to meet Apostoli for the title, but he never did. That made the Californian the New York champion. Garcia scored a knockout over Apostoli in the seventh round.

Lou Ambers, whose defense of lightweight title is called for in 1940.

The N.B.A. line of reasoning on Hostak goes back to Steele, also. Freddy refused to fight Apostoli, who was the No. 1 contender, in a title match but was kayoed in a non-title contest in which he forced Apostoli to come in half a pound overweight. Hostak stopped Steele. Solly Krieger beat Hostak. Then Al stopped Krieger in four rounds.

The two lines of reasoning, going back to Steele, run up against a snag. Steele gained recognition in some quarters because of an erroneous announcement from Paris that Marcel Thil, the world champion, had retired.

The matter is much too involved for discussion in detail here. Suffice it to say that The Ring has seen fit to regard the middleweight title as vacant, and it now calls on Hostak and Garcia to furnish a holder for that championship.

Both Hostak and Garcia are terrific hitters, reviving the glories of the class when it was ruled by Stanley Ketchel. Lately, Garcia stopped Glen Lee and Hostak took over Erich Seelig.

Why haven't Hostak and Garcia met? Well, that is a rather involved yarn, too. Hostak is tied up with Nate Druxman, the Seattle promoter. Jacobs seems to have tied up Garcia. Thus we run into counter interests of two promoters.

Druxman holds that nowhere else in the world could Garcia and Hostak draw the money they could in Seattle, where Druxman holds forth and Hostak was developed. Jacobs, of course, sings for New York. They have talked and talked, and nothing has come of all the conversation but a lot of big telephone bills.

The Ring is not interested in the identity of the man who promotes the Hostak-Garcia fight. The Ring is not interested whether the match is staged in New York, Seattle, New Orleans, San Francisco or Tierra

Bob Pastor, boosted for either another go with Joe or a scrap with Two-Ton.

Del Fuego. But THE RING does insist that Hostak and Garcia must meet. It insists that neither boxer has the right to stall competition.

Hostak's stand is not helped any by the statement of his connections that they would like to match Al with Billy Conn. There is work to be done among the middleweights by Mr. Hostak, and until that work is done, he has no right to talk of meeting men out of his class.

Boxing is getting impatient with Hostak and Garcia. The game says their match is No. 1 on the 1940 list. So—let's have it.

* * *

THE second most attractive match on the list is one between Joe Louis and Tony Galento. There is no doubt in the writer's mind that when and if they meet again, Louis will do a quicker job on Two-Ton than he did in their first engagement.

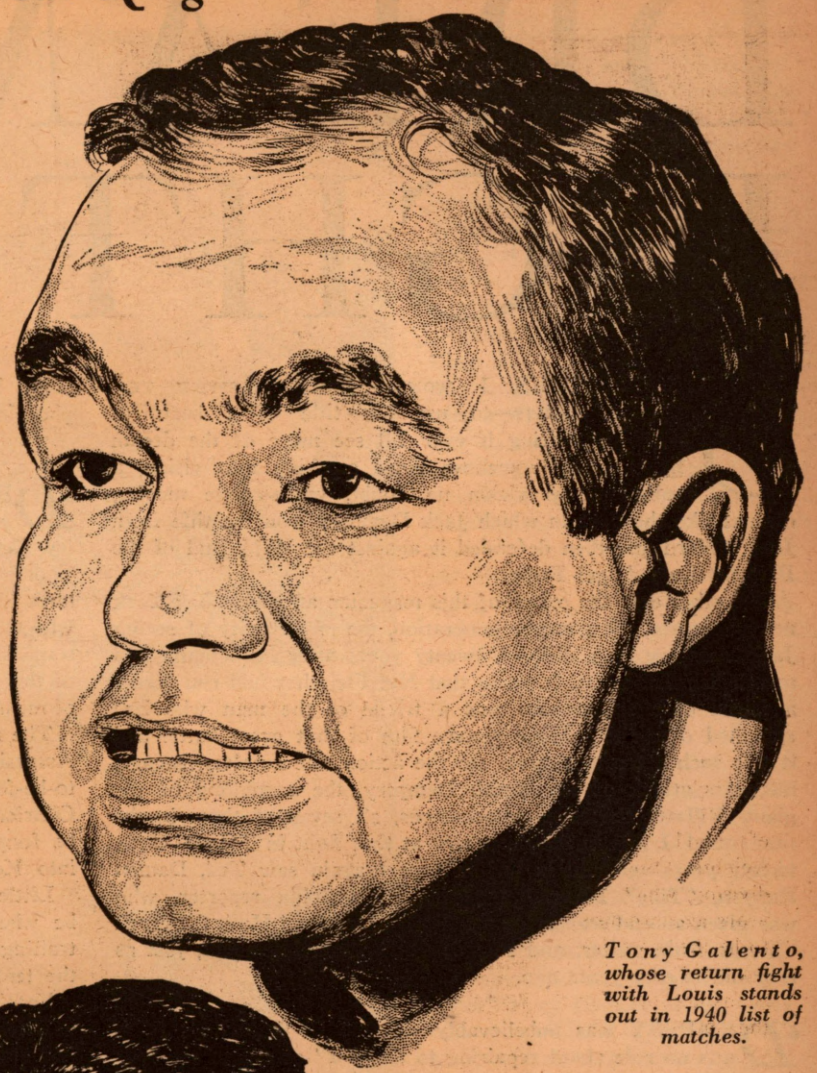
However, the fact is that Galento intrigued the fight world by putting Louis to the floor in the New York ring in which Joe finally got sore and hung the haymaker (excuse us, Heinie) on the burly Italian in the fourth round.

From the Galento triumph, Louis went to his victory over Bob Pastor. From his fight with Joe, Tony went to a knockout triumph over Lou Nova.

The writer would like to see Galento and Pastor have it out, with the winner engaging Louis again. However, the Galento and Pastor connections are cagy. They seem to think they have too much at stake to let Tony meet Bob. They see more money in a return with the champion.

Galento's stand is backed by the fact that if the fight fans took a vote, they would ask for a Louis-Galento scrap in preference to a Galento-Pastor engagement.

Behind the Louis-Galento match, we place a third meeting of the Brown Bomber and Pastor. In their first fight, in New York's Garden, Pastor lasted ten rounds by leading the champion a merry chase. Louis was not sufficiently hep to the tricks of the game to bring Pastor up short and got a lot of bad publicity from that match.



Tony Galento, whose return fight with Louis stands out in 1940 list of matches.

Henry Armstrong, welter champion, down for engagement with Ambers, Davis or Aron.

impression that in a return fight Pastor would have a chance. He does not hit hard enough. But a Louis-Pastor match stands No. 3, just the same.

* * *

IN the fourth spot, we discover still another heavyweight fight. It would involve Galento and Max Baer. Personally, the writer no longer is intrigued by Max. He had his chance, and he blew it. But those with whom we talked, felt that a Tony-Max fight would be a big draw, and would help boxing. Well, then—let's have it.

Fighters outside of the heavyweight

(Continued on page 41)

Sammy Angott, contender for lightweight laurels, who should get a shot this year.

However, in their Detroit fight last Summer, Louis stopped Pastor. But he could not do it inside ten rounds. Bob carried the Bomber into the eleventh. Pastor got an unmerciful drubbing, which he unquestionably never will forget.

It is not our

Joey Archibald, whom promoters want for fights with Scalzo, Chavez and Perrin.

DREAM FIGHTS

By HYPE IGOE

SOME TIMES I WONDER WHY I SPEND THE LONELY NIGHTS—to use the title of a beautiful song—wondering if ever I'll see more of the dream fights which somehow, come crashing into vision, a sub-conscious vision no doubt, yet strange moving dramas like the ones in which Jack Dempsey won the title from Jess Willard and then defended it against the Wild Bull of the Pampas, Luis Angel Firpo.

The other day, the editor of this magazine afforded New York newspapermen, the younger generation, the opportunity of seeing Jack Dempsey stop Willard, twenty years after he actually had accomplished the feat. It seems that Nat Fleischer had run across a friend of a friend who was a friend of the man who had stumbled over the moving picture film of that great battle and it was such a treat to again see the action, the ruthless, savage, merciless attack of the boyish Dempsey, the crumpling of the giant Willard, the seven knockdowns, all seven of them in the first round. I was in the press row at that fight in Toledo, Ohio, twenty years ago and in the pictures I again saw Tad, Damon Runyon, "Tiny" Maxwell, the fat Philadelphia reporter, who was given an end seat so he could lop over; Sam Hall, the crack Chicago fistic writer, and so many others moving about, just as they did twenty years ago.

* * *

DEMPSEY was unbelievably vicious! In those days there was no rule about repairing to the "far" corner of the ring after a man had scored a knockdown. Dempsey stood over Willard and banged him on the jaw each time Willard, from a stooping position, lifted his gloves from the floor of the ring in an effort to stand erect. You couldn't do those things in this spruced-up, lady-like era of boxing. As Dempsey said the other day:

"They've taken all the fight out of fights. In my day it was just what the people paid to see—A FIGHT!"

Sometimes I think Dempsey is right. They've got too darned polite about it all. Boxing never was meant to carry a lily in either hand!

I don't ever expect to see those two fights in replica, the Dempsey-Willard and the Dempsey-Firpo encounters. They are my two all-time classics and they'll not be repeated in my life. Just couldn't be done!

When I lean back in an old easy chair, thinking of the fights I've seen in over forty-five years of illustrating and reporting them, I find myself wondering why they attracted the thousands who came to see them. What was the lure? Was it, for one, Dempsey's man-killing propensities, though in truth, Jawn never did kill a blighter in the ring? Somehow, Dempsey made you think that he was going to wipe the other fellow off the face of the earth. That was the secret. That's what drew them likes flies around a honey pot. He didn't do it, actually.

When they clip the wings of fellows like Dempsey, they rob the game of much of its high-tension drama. David Belasco, the noted American dramatist and producer, used to sit in the front row at every fight and the drama side of a fight gripped him as nothing he had ever put behind footlights ever could. It was impossible to play-act the showmanship Dempsey put into his ring battles. Once Belasco said to me:

"I wish I could reproduce that kind of fury on the stage. I have spent many waking hours trying to put it into a play, but I always needed Dempsey for my leading man."

* * *

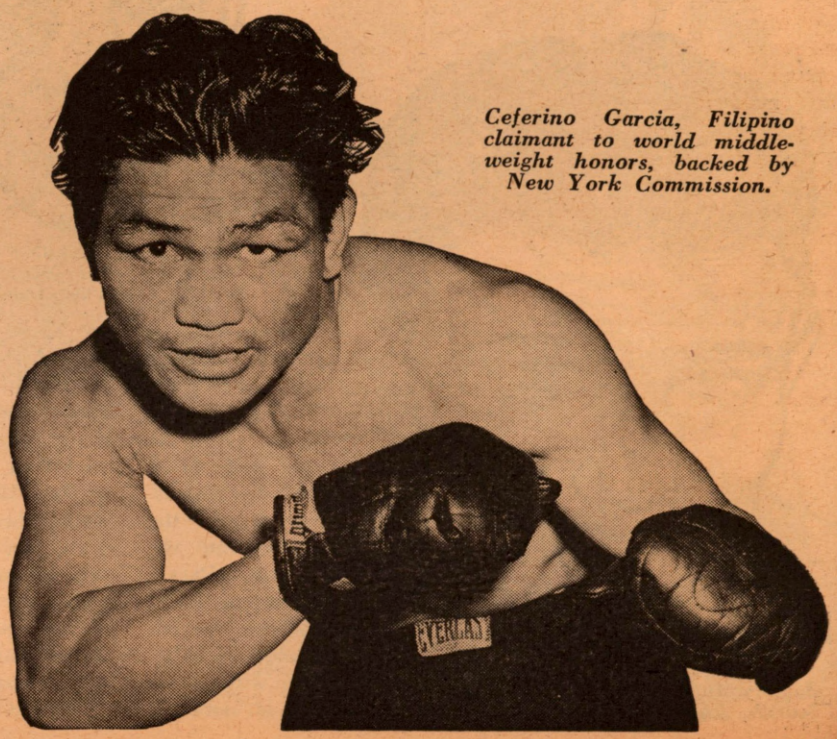
DREAM fights! I look back with a thrill which never has subsided within me when I think of the fight between Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien in the old National Sporting Club in New York. It had been an old horse market, built like a social hall, with balconies where sat lovers of horses who came to buy and admire. They turned this old place over to some boxing big bugs and they tried to make it the counterpart of the National Sporting Club of London. Those were the days of membership clients and they made money.

The fight between the Quaker will o'the wisp and the Michigan Assassin—a name I hung on Ketchel, by the way—was a never-to-be-forgotten fistic play. Ketchel was badly outpointed by O'Brien for seven of the ten no-decision rounds which were to be fought. O'Brien had blinding speed and a left which rattled into Ketchel's handsome face like a cruel machine-gun.

Little Willus Britt, Ketchel's manager, was as cool as could be when Tad and myself yelled up to him that Ketchel was trailing by a wide margin when the bell was about to ring for the tenth and last round.

Ketchel's torso was a crimson smear from the effects of O'Brien's darting left hand landing on "Steve's nose. Ketchel had started to come on in the seventh and eighth, yet O'Brien's lead seemed secure. Then, just before the bell for the tenth, Britt leaned through the ropes in Ketchel's corner, a big cigar stuck in the corner of his mouth and called down, "Don't worry about Ketchel. There's three whole minutes to go! It will seem like a million years to O'Brien. He's all in."

Then Ketchel went to town on O'Brien. With only eight



Ceferino Garcia, Filipino claimant to world middleweight honors, backed by New York Commission.

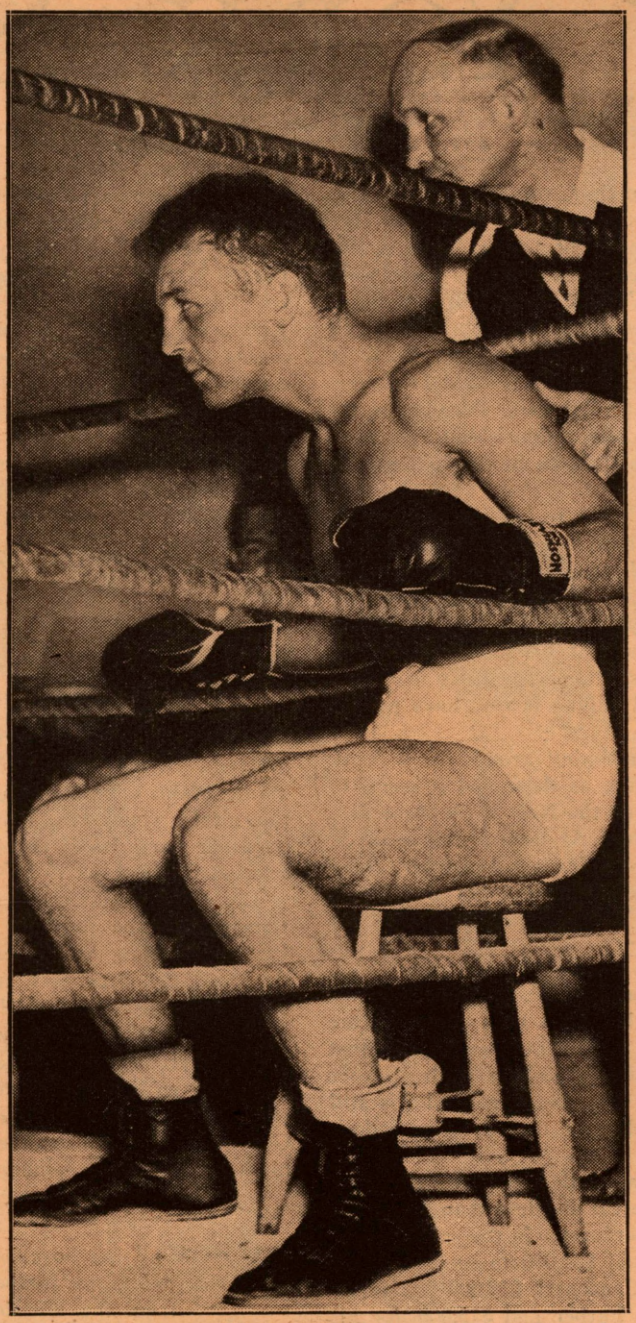
seconds of the round remaining, Ketchel brought O'Brien down in O'Brien's corner, O'Brien's head falling and resting in his own resin box. There he lay, as though dead. They had counted up to eight when the bell rang, saving O'Brien. He still was stiffened out on the floor ten minutes later.

* * *

THERE was a great argument between sports scribes afterward as to which of the two deserved the "no-decision" verdict. Some held that inasmuch as O'Brien had led for six or seven of the ten rounds fought, he deserved the decision, despite the fact that he was stiffened out on the floor at the end of the fight! Others said that O'Brien couldn't possibly be the winner if he was flattened on the deck at the finish. Well, they finally agreed that this was right, though technically, O'Brien had triumphed.

That one was a honey. It is one of the great thrillers of all time. It had everything and when the bewildering finale came, the crowd was left open-mouthed.

So, you see, when I ponder over the possibility of again seeing such heart-gripping fights, in the days to come, I am a bit doubtful. These three great dramas I've mentioned came before my eyes over a period stretching through some forty-five years. You wouldn't think that so few of them would come along in all that time, would you? Oh, there have been others, but somehow they did not seem to register as these three fights did. I suppose there was as much drama packed into that seventh round between Dempsey and Tunney as there was in all three of my great fights put together, yet somehow it did not grip my imagination as did the other three.



Al Hostak of Seattle, the N.B.A. middleweight titleholder. A contest between Hostak and Garcia would be the "fight of the year."

I knew at Chicago that this was a has-been Dempsey, getting lucky all of a sudden when he was trailing and then going so tired that Tunney escaped him after he got to his feet again. I'll always maintain that Dempsey regained his title in that round because the official time-keeper, whose chant should not have been broken up, counted SEVENTEEN seconds on his stop watch and has confessed as much in a printed story of his side of the "long count."

This incident probably will be talked of long after the three fights I've mentioned have been forgotten entirely. You had to see them to appreciate them.

* * *

I DREAM! I dream of some day seeing big and boyish Patrick Edward Comiskey fighting Joe Louis for the world's heavyweight championship! I can picture the great crowd, perhaps the record gathering of all time crowding into Soldier's Field, Chicago, to see the young Irishman gamble right-handers with the panther-like champion!

"Louis is down!" "He's up!" "Comiskey is down!" "There he is, getting up again!" "Louis gets a straight right-hander to the jaw and lands on top of his head!" "He is game!" "He crawls on hands and knees to the ropes and gets up again!" "Comiskey pitches forward on his face from a left hook!" "Slowly he gets up and staggers Louis with another right to the jaw."

Well, it might go something like that as a pop-eyed Graham McNamee, a Sam Taub or a Clem McCarthy roared the story of the fray out over the air to the far corners of the earth. Could come to that, if you're up on your dreaming!

"Handsome and sneering Billy Conn walks quickly to the center and busts Joe Louis on the nose with a left hook! Joe is dazed and the dapper Pittsburgher shoots across a right which turns Joe around in his tracks! They are standing up on their chairs. The daring of that unhappy boy! He'll get his block knocked off! Louis, his eyes blinking like those of an owl, recovers his poise and like a cat of the jungle, stalks his skittering prey. Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! come those Conn lefts again.

"Say, what IS this? Billy Conn outboxing the great Joe Louis? Joe staggers, and they said Conn was not a hitter. Look at that Jack Blackburn in Joe's corner. He's turned white! The champion has lost his punch and Conn is burning up the ring with speed! Conn, the creampuff hitter, isn't licking the great Brown Bomber, is he? Don't tell me that THAT. Oh, OH! There goes Conn down on the back of his head! Louis was blinded but he could see good enough to land that one! Conn won't get up!" "He won't, hey? You watch that baby. He got up when Ray Actis, the hardest puncher in California, put him on the deck, didn't he? You watch Conn, mister!"

* * *

"SURE enough, the brave boy, however he did it, gets up! There's one thing about Conn you must not do. You must not rile him. Well, darn my eyes! Look at him now. He's making Louis break ground and Joe's running away from a flock of left jabs. Wonder boy, that kid! Hey, hey, what's this? Louis is on the carpet!

"He gets up weary, at five. Wouldn't give the kid the satisfaction of keeping him down. Well, of all things, Conn spilling the big brown boy! Joe is on his feet again and the crowd has gone stark, raving mad. Billy Conn is going to win that title as sure as you're sitting there!

"Bang—Billy's on the floor again! Joe is crowding him all over the ring and Conn clips the champion on the button with a left hook.

"They work to the center and it's any man's fight. Speed is the factor here and Conn has got it! If only he keeps out of the path of that left hook—"

And so it might go. Never can tell. Great hitting champions must go when their time comes. The light-hitting Tunney took Dempsey, didn't he? Why not Conn, Louis? Of course, we realize that talking about a Conn-Louis fight is premature, but remember that, with the exception of Tex Rickard, everyone thought that Tunney was no match for Dempsey. *(Continued on page 42)*

NEW YORK STARS

By TED CARROLL

OLD time politicians used to claim on election eves, that as "Maine goes so goes the nation," until the 1936 poll made a joke of this ancient axiom. In the world of pugilism the saying has been that "as New York goes so goes the boxing business." Unlike the first political bromide the pugilistic proverb still holds true. Of course everyone concedes that New York is the capital of Fistiana, whatever Chicago claimants may have to say about the second Dempsey-Tunney fight and that three million dollar gate. Because of the big town's place in the realm of fisticuffs, a flourishing fight business in the metropolis usually means that the boxing game is in a healthy state everywhere else.

New York fight fans are called upon to support a bevy of boxing clubs, and so far they have been flocking into the neighborhood arenas, in encouraging numbers since the opening of the winter season. Fight followers climaxed a successful fall indoor season around New York when they jammed the Garden to the rafters, last December 15th, to witness a champion-less card of up-and-coming talent. As in every sport, personalities make the turnstiles click and a crop of crowd pulling boxers have popped up in and around the big city.

This accounts for the interest in boxing around New York even in times as troublesome and tense as these and it seems to be a healthy sign. Number one man on the New York scene as a pepper-upper of boxing is the youthful Al Davis, who seems to be the answer to the promoters' prayer. Jewish, a puncher, and a colorful individual, the tawny haired toughie from Brooklyn's Ghetto looks like the greatest New York drawing card since the Goldstein-Terris era.

* * *

THE December card in New York's Madison Square Garden was glutted with good talent, but most keen observers are inclined to credit young Mr. Davis with attracting most of that $47,000 into the coffers of the Michael Jacobs and the Garden corporation. It is quite possible that this young man who is still in his teens may go on to set an all time record as an indoor boxing attraction.

In five "shots" in New York's mammoth arena, the Brooklyn brawler has drawn $121,900 into the till and less than two years ago he was an obscure preliminary performer in the small metropolitan fight clubs. New Yorkers paid $31,000 to see him write finis to the career of the war worn Canzoneri, $32,000 to see him turn back his Jewish rival, Mickey Farber and $15,000 for his battles with Eddie Brink and Bernie Friedkin.

Like Louis, M'Larnin, Dempsey, and Leonard, the little Brownsville Bummie, as the boys call him, seems to have been touched with a golden wand. Besides his demonstrated drawing powers, Davis has the ability to go with it. He likes to fight, is a savage competitor, and first and foremost he can hit!

* * *

HOWEVER, so far as sheer ability goes, nearly everyone agrees, even as predicted in THE RING a year ago, that little Pete Scalzo is the ranking performer among the present day New York boxers. Too good for his own good, the smooth boxing Petey, who can also stiffen a rival with a punch when he cares to let one go, is the outstanding world featherweight.

Scalzo hails from a predominantly Irish neighborhood which oddly enough produced two great Italian champions, Johnny Dundee and Frankie Genaro, both one time neighbors of Scalzo's on New York's rip roaring West Side, also known as Hell's Kitchen.

Scalzo, who has already flattened the present champion, Joey Archibald would be a heavy choice to repeat and become the third protegé of Foxy Peter Reilly's to mount the featherweight throne if he could only get the chance to duplicate the stunt.

Few boxers have come as far or as fast though as another New York product, Victor Dellicurti, in such a short time. Archibald, would be a heavy choice to repeat and become the upset the dope and the gamblers who had been laying 10-to-1 against him, when he whipped George Abrams a year ago, this rugged Italian has surprised even his most enthusiastic admirers with his fine showings of late. A boxer who can whip Sammy Luftspring, Walter Franklin, and Cal Cagni, one-two-three merits plenty of praise, and that's just what Dellicurti did to establish himself as a leading middleweight contender.

While he has been doing equally well against middleweights, Dellicurti's backers insist that the fast punching gamester can make 147 pounds. If so, this means plenty of trouble for top-notch welterweights through 1940. The Harlemite's inspired battling has been a shot in the arm to the boxing business in the small clubs around New York.

* * *

ACTING as an incubator for New York fistic talent, the Bronx Coliseum, and the White Plains Armory, have had a great deal to do with the boom in boxing in the big city. Hardly a week passes that either of those thriving organizations does not turn away customers clamoring for admittance. Jimmy Bronson at the Coliseum and Joe McKenna at White Plains have done wonders for boxing. Outstanding among the gifted youngsters who have been holding forth in these pugilistic nurseries is the spidery Steve Belloise, brother of the celebrated Mike.

The fight game hasn't produced two champions in a single family since the Dundees of Baltimore, Joe and Vince, but if the hard hitting and clever Steve, whose pals call him Gink, can hold the pace he's setting, the Belloise family may also enjoy that distinction. Belloise hasn't come up to the ranking performers yet but the way he has been mowing down the tougher tyros, promises well for his future.

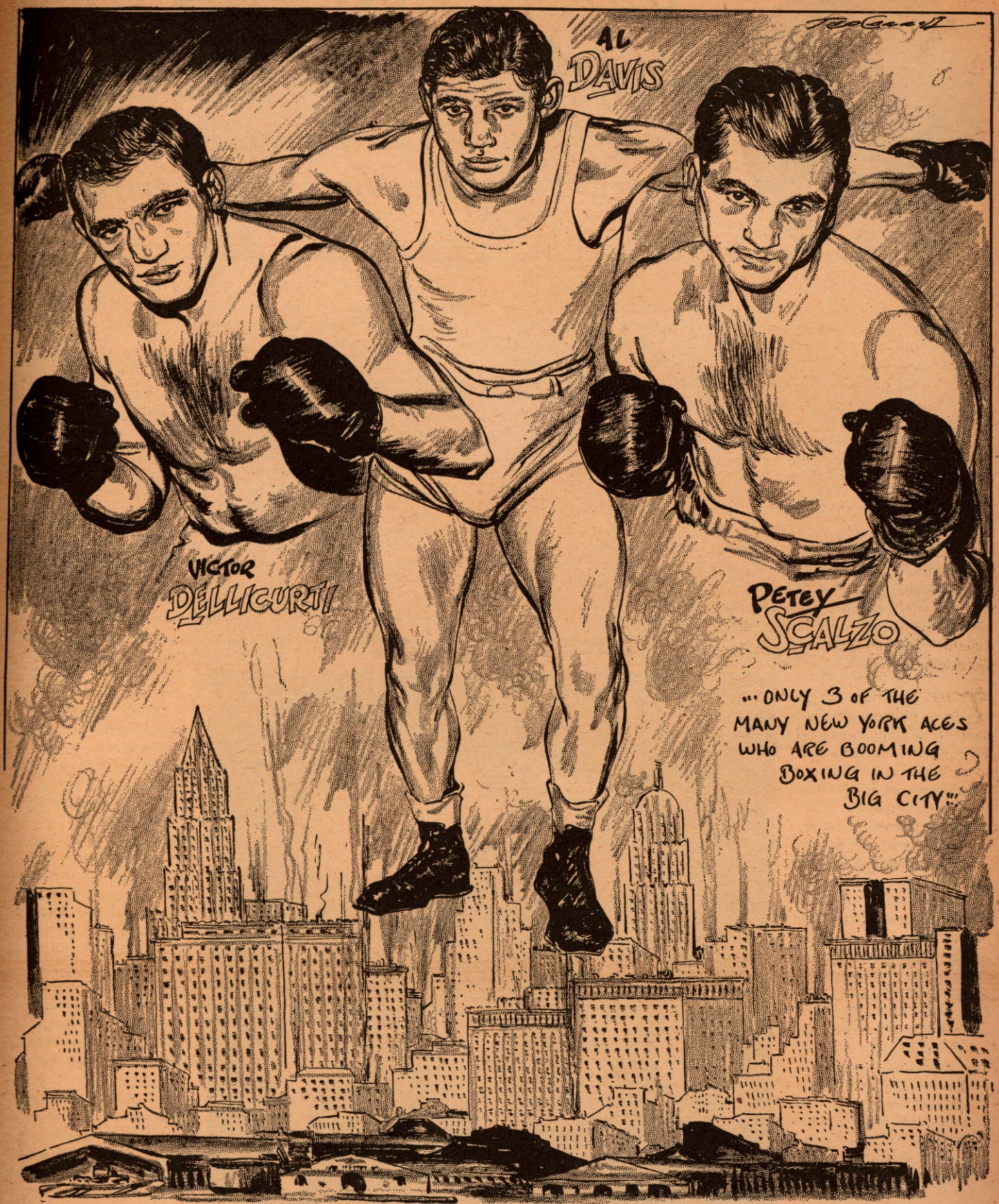
At this writing the Bronx boy has compiled a winning streak of 20 straight and the end doesn't seem to be in sight. Canny George Hughes who steered brother Mike to the title, is taking his time with the spindly Steve.

* * *

NOT all the boys who are exciting the New York fight public are native New Yorkers. A young importation from the Middle West, Lenny Mancini, has had the good folk of Brooklyn talking to themselves all winter. This young man who blew in unheralded knocked the customers right out of their chairs with a string of the most spectacular knockouts ever seen in New York's Broadway Arena, over tough local opposition. He recently came a cropper against the seasoned Johnny Rinaldi of the Bronx, but was as sensational losing as winning, arising from a first round knockdown to stage a thrilling comeback that narrowly missed evening things up.

Carrying the banners of the fighting Irish in New York's pugilistic parade, and also holding forth at the teeming White Plains club, we find a young man who at last seems to be cashing in on his latent possibilities, Eddie Dunne. This one time pupil of the great Benny Leonard, now handled by Chris Dundee, has long possessed all the necessary qualifications of a ranking mittman, but in the past has shown little resistance to punishment. Those days seem to be over now, for somewhere along the line the red thatched Irishman seems to have picked up the ruggedness so essential to a first class boxer. Always a talented boxer and sharp hitter, Dunne turned in his best effort to date when he topped unbeaten up to then, Vinne Vines, no mean prospect himself last month.

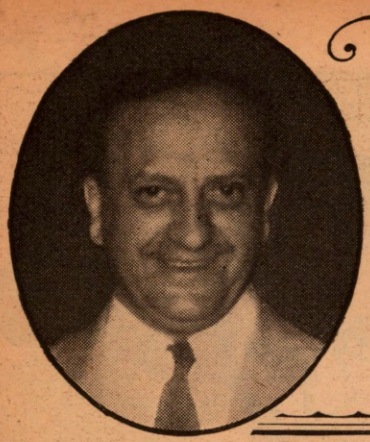
An Irish boxer is always a godsend to the gate and if Dunne is really on his way, the New York promoters will have something to cheer about.



AMONG the bigger fellows Henry Cooper, plodding Hebrew heavyweight, looms large on the big city's fistic skyline. An uninspired, indolent performer, until trainer Jess Harrington, loosened him up and sharpened his punching, Cooper showed he is a factor among the big fellows when he upset highly touted Buddy Knox, on December 18.

This surprise victory was no flash in the pan for Cooper had showed plenty of ability besides his usual ruggedness in belaboring Jack Dempsey's hard belting Bill Boyd, and the capable Gunnar Barlund had been hard pressed in winning a decision over the Jewish heavy. Cooper shapes up as a fine opponent for any heavy willing to take a chance with him in New York's smaller fight clubs.

Fourteen thousand customers jammed *(Continued on page* 45)



Nat FLEISCHER *says:*

1940 Boxing in America Away to Fine Start
Louis, "Fighter of Year", Awarded Ring Plaque
Boxing Needs No National Commissioner

THE fight in which Fred Apostoli beat Melio Bettina to usher in 1940 boxing in New York's Garden was one of the most aggressive contests yet seen in that arena. In his comeback campaign as a light-heavy, Apostoli won on a split verdict. In so far as punishment was concerned, Bettina won. But there is no doubt that Melio was guilty of enough infractions of the rules to "blow the duke," as they say in the argot of the ring.

The decision brought forth a howl of discontent. Referee Johnny McAvoy and Judge Artie McGovern gave their vote to Apostoli and Judge Charley Draycott called it a draw. My tabulation had Bettina the winner by a margin of seven rounds to five.

So terrific was the encounter that the question of superiority must be held in abeyance pending the outcome of a second battle. As for the verdict, I think it was fair despite my score card. The uphill battle of the winner, who came through with a four-round rally after having been floored three times in the early sessions, and the holding tactics employed by Bettina in the last five rounds, cut down Bettina's lead considerably. Regardless of the number of rounds won, the rules of the New York commission state that the officials have the right to determine the winner on the great amount of damage done and the manner in which a fighter finishes, and based on that, Referee McAvoy and Judge McGovern favored the Californian, something they had a perfect right to do. A draw, however, would have been a very fair decision.

There could be no doubt that Apostoli finished stronger, did the greater amount of execution toward the end and obeyed the rules, something Bettina did not do when he held on for dear life. He gave McAvoy a tough assignment. Bettina fought a game battle but his holding tactics marred the affair and brought severe penalties from both McAvoy and McGovern.

* * *

APOSTOLI made as gallant a stand in his comeback as ever has been seen, but he appeared to have lost much of the fighting qualities he showed at the height of his career as a middleweight. For unadulterated action, it was the kind of a contest that keeps the fans on edge, and as such, that fight again proved that it isn't necessary to stage championship bouts to arouse public interest.

It is safe to predict that when Fred and Melio clash again, the Garden will be filled. There won't be many fight enthusiasts around New York who will want to miss that return engagement after the type of milling that tickled those who saw the first encounter.

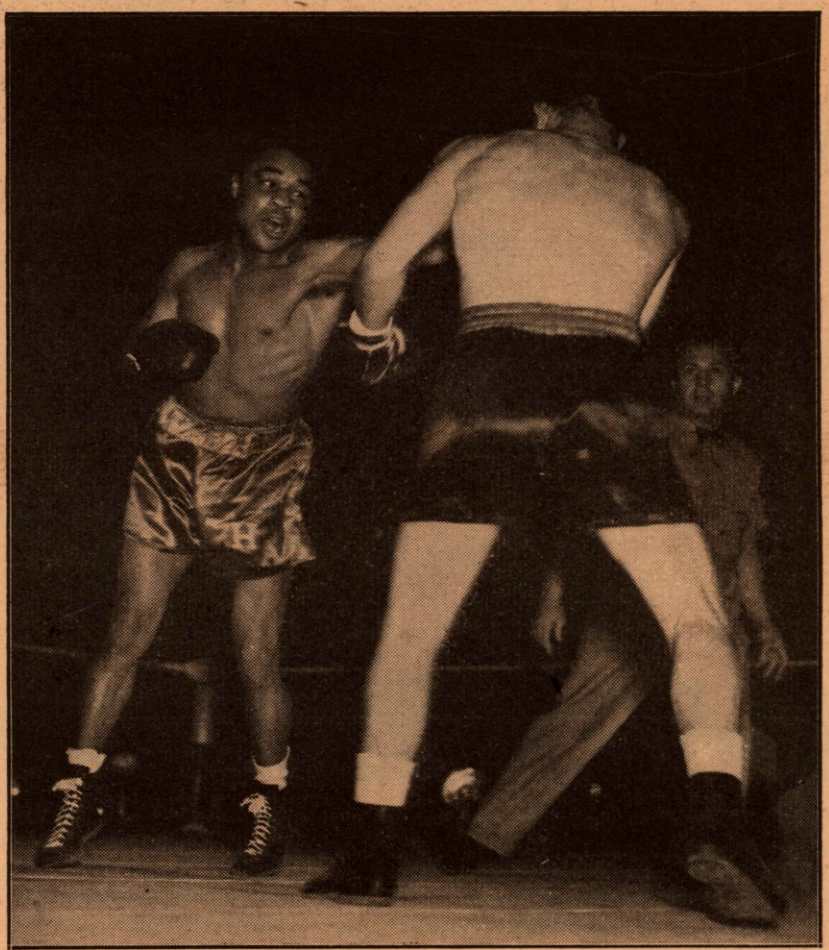
The fighters were exceedingly rough in the clinches. They used every means to gain an advantage, even to taking cracks at each other when they broke from a clinch, and taking pot shots at the referee when his body was in the way.

Poor McAvoy, no chicken any longer, suffered as much damage as did either of the fighters. He was puffing like an old war horse when the final gong rang and was on the verge of collapse as he walked out of the ring.

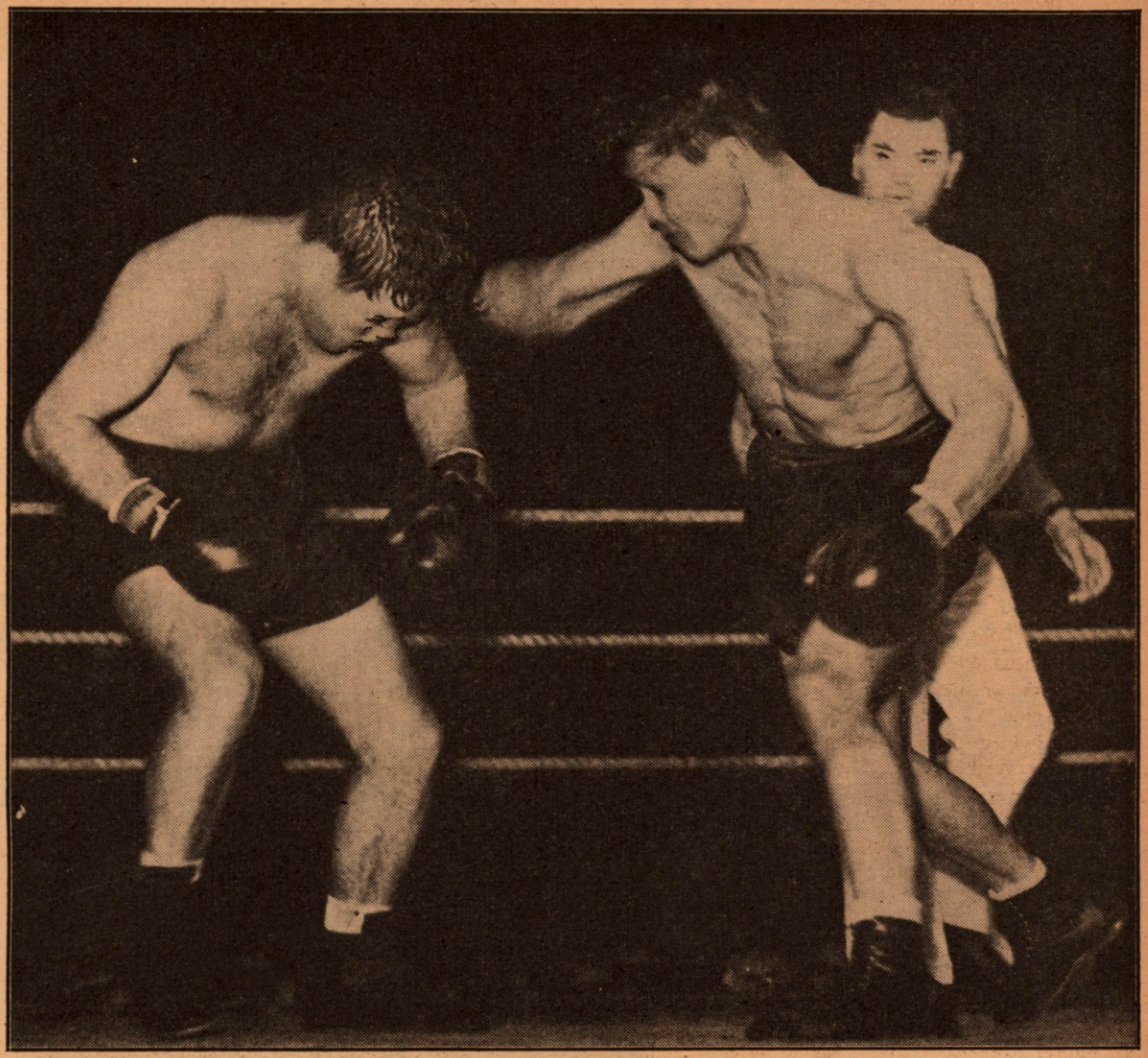
According to McAvoy and McGovern, they awarded the palm to Fred because Melio refused to heed warnings to break. Those safety-first tactics cost him the fight, although it developed later, that because of the excitement and the pushing, shoving and mauling he received, McAvoy had penalized the offender but had forgotten to tell the judges to do likewise. McGovern acted on his own as was his privilege.

It looked like a cinch for Bettina in the first six rounds, of which he won four. But, as in the fight in Pittsburgh with Conn, Melio couldn't continue that pace and let the advantage slip from his hands as the fight progressed. He gave Fred a severe drubbing in those six rounds, dropping him in each, once for no count, and twice for eight each.

A short right to the jaw put Fred on the canvas in the opening session. He was off balance at the time and quickly jumped to his feet. A right to the chin dropped him in the second and three left hooks and a right cross sent him to the mat for the third time in the third. In the second, it looked like curtains for Apostoli.



A scene in the seventh round of the world welter title fight between Henry Armstrong and Jimmy Garrison. Jimmy was knocked out in that round.



The knockout of Glen Lee by Ceferino Garcia in the thirteenth round of their contest in Manila. Jack Dempsey refereed and counted Lee out shortly after the blow landed, shown in the picture.

FROM the sixth on, Bettina showed the effects of the terrific milling and the heavy bombardment each had fired, most of the punches connecting with thuds. Bettina kept heaving blows from all angles but just couldn't get set for a haymaker, while his adversary landed with effectiveness to jaw, chin and body, repeatedly.

Fred handed Melio a severe drubbing in the seventh and eighth rounds, in which Bettina started his holding tactics. He rocked Melio several times and then the tide had turned. Melio was winded. He held at every opportunity, but when they broke, he fired away and traded punch for punch until he was staggered again and leaped into a clutch hold.

Bettina stood up well under the barrage and at times set back his opponent with powerful punches, but the action was mostly in favor of Apostoli and the greater damage was being inflicted by Fred. Bettina outfought Fred in the ninth but a terrific right to the jaw sat Melio down on the canvas in the tenth. He rolled over, then got to his knees and managed to come up at the count of nine, still badly dazed. Fred was unable to finish the job, though he tried desperately.

A wild right split Fred's ear in the eleventh but Apostoli fought back viciously despite the damage. In the eleventh they again put up a slugging bee with Bettina having the better of the milling and finishing stronger.

The last round found them toe-to-toe, battling away at close range, but after a minute had passed, Bettina tired perceptibly and held on for dear life. Efforts of Referee McAvoy to break the clinch proved futile for a time, but when he did the crowd found two gamecocks fighting nip and tuck in the final splurge.

* * *

THE case of Joe Louis is a strange one. Never before in the history of boxing has a champion kept himself out of the public headlines as has Louis.

Modest and retiring, little is heard of the champion except when he is training for defense of his title. Unlike stars of other days, the Brown Bomber seeks no publicity. He disappears completely following a contest. Then when the time arrives when he must resume training for a title defense, he comes back for another bout, mows down the opposition, remains on the scene for a few days to give the scribes an opportunity to interview him, goes back home and there quietly passes his time until called upon for another bout.

He has been a model for the youth who follow boxing as a profession. He has been the ideal fighter and the sportsman.

He has defended his crown more often than any of his predecessors, is willing at all times to give any deserving opponent an opportunity to challenge for the title and is always in perfect condition. He is a model athlete and as such he has earned public respect.

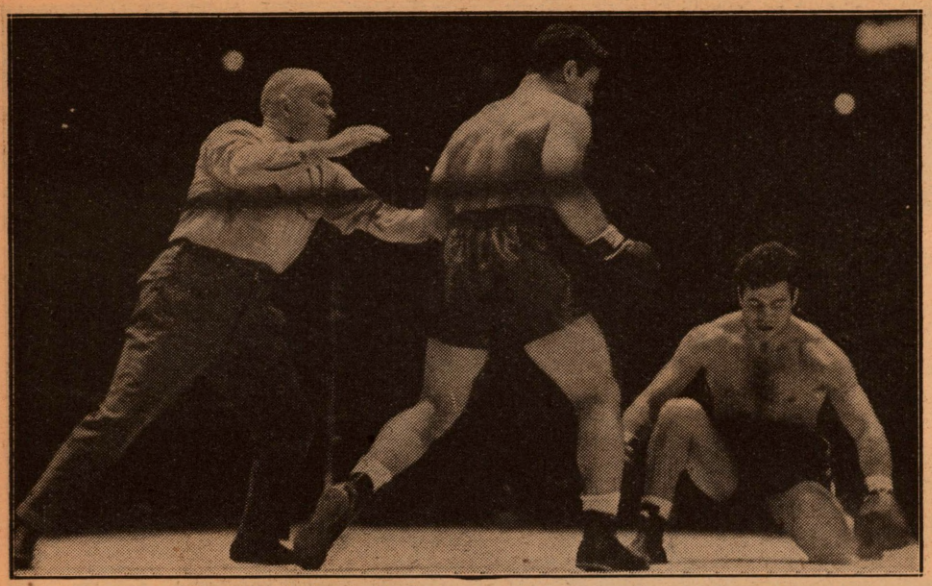
These are the reasons why the boxing scribes of the world, in THE RING Magazine's vote on the fighter who from every point of view did most for boxing in 1939, voted Joe Louis that man.

THE RING's award to the Brown Bomber was a Gold Plaque. Boxing owes a debt to Louis and Joe in turn, owes one to the sport that has enabled him to leap into world fame and make him financially independent. Boxing is grateful for having its Joe Louis and the Bomber is equally grateful to the sport that has given him the chance to make of himself a world famous fistic character.

* * *

NO matter what might be said about the picked opponents of Henry Armstrong, it cannot be denied that Henry has been doing his share to aid boxing in localities where it needed the help of some outstanding fighter. Henry's defense of the welter crown against Joe Ghnouly in St. Louis, which ended in another kayo added to the champion's record, was the first title fight of 1940. It started the ball rolling on what is certain to be the banner year for championship matches.

According to Mike Jacobs, the man at the helm in championship promotion, he has eleven tentative world title bouts arranged. Uncle Mike is planning on two for the New York World's Fair despite his arrangements with the New York baseball parks to stage all of his summer bouts in New York at either the Yankee Stadium or Polo Grounds. If his plans materialize, as I think they



A right to the jaw put Fred Apostoli down for a count of nine in the second round of his fight with Melio Bettina. He was down in the first, second and third sessions.

will, then the Garden and the ball clubs will share with the 20th Century Club in such promotion.

* * *

IN-re Mike Jacobs, who has been accused by the N.B.A. of having ruined boxing in America and whose acts as a promoter, the N.B.A., through its executive spokesmen, is eager to curb through the aid of a National Commissioner of Boxing to be appointed by Congress.

It would be well to look into the motives of those who have been clamoring for a Judge Landis. Is it because those who have been shooting articles to the press on the need for such a commission, feel that they would be the first choice for such a job?

Is it because the executive heads of N.B.A. seek the post of National Commissioner and National Secretary to which they might fall heir, or at least would be the men to receive first consideration because of their present position in the N.B.A.? I wonder!

* * *

AS I have so often said, there is no need for a National Commission of boxing. Such a Commission would do more harm than good. If those who are clamoring for a Federal board would make a close study of legalized boxing, they would soon see how impossible it would be to have a National Commissioner take control of the sport in states where the legislature has a state appointed board functioning. The conflict in dual operation would be ruinous to boxing.

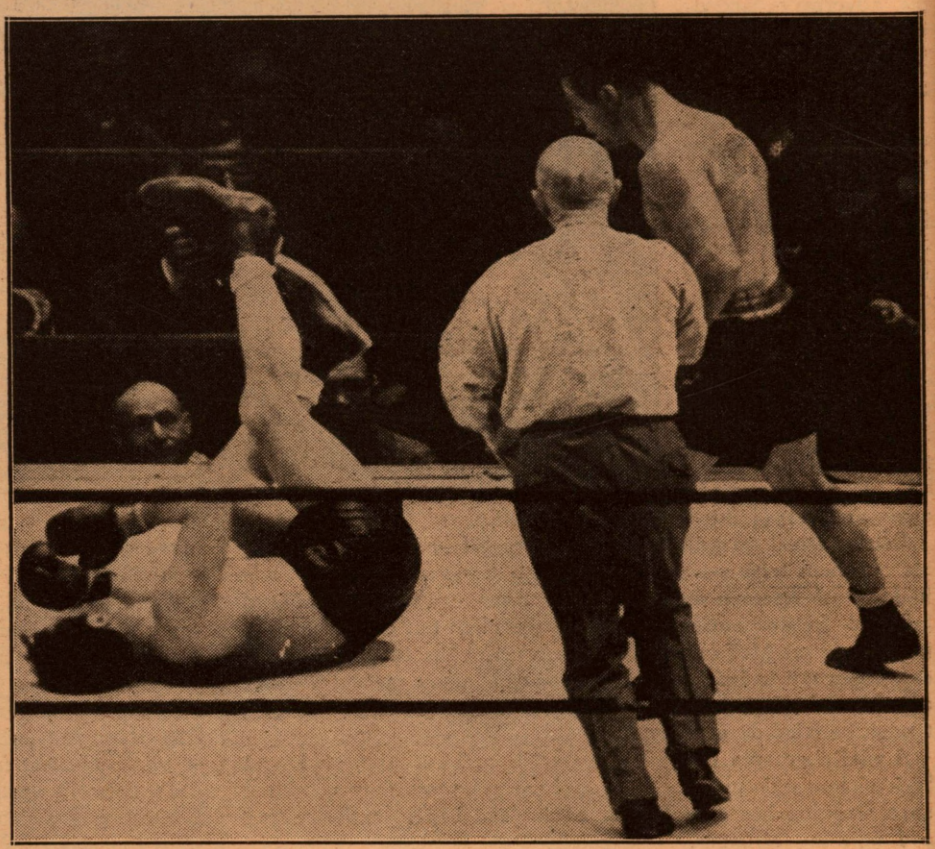
Boxing, as conducted in New York, is a model. I have attended boxing in many states and have been amazed at poor boxing in many other states that are members of the National Boxing Association.

I have been a steady critic of monopoly in boxing which Mike Jacobs practices. Yet aside from this, I doff my hat to him for his efficiency in the conduct of his boxing enterprises. There is no boxing center in the world where the sport is in more capable hands than in those of the New York State board and the many promoters who operate in New York City at the present time.

No, boxing is in no need for a house cleaning by a congressionally appointed Federal Commission. Let's keep away from such folly. Politics would permeate the sport more so than ever before.

* * *

A RECEPTION fit for a king was accorded to both Ceferino Garcia, joint holder of the middleweight crown with Al Hostak, and to Jack Dempsey, when Ceferino defended his portion of the world title against Glen Lee in a fifteen-round battle in his native Manila. That the Filipinos are proud of the boy, who like Pancho Villa, has brought fistic honors to the Islands, was evident by the manner in which they took him to their bosom from the time that he again set foot in the land of his birth until he started back to the States in quest of a bout with Hostak to settle the matter of world supremacy.



Here Apostoli got even with Melio when he hit Bettina so hard in the tenth round that Melio bounced off the canvas and turned a complete somersault. He took the count of nine then got to his feet to go the route.

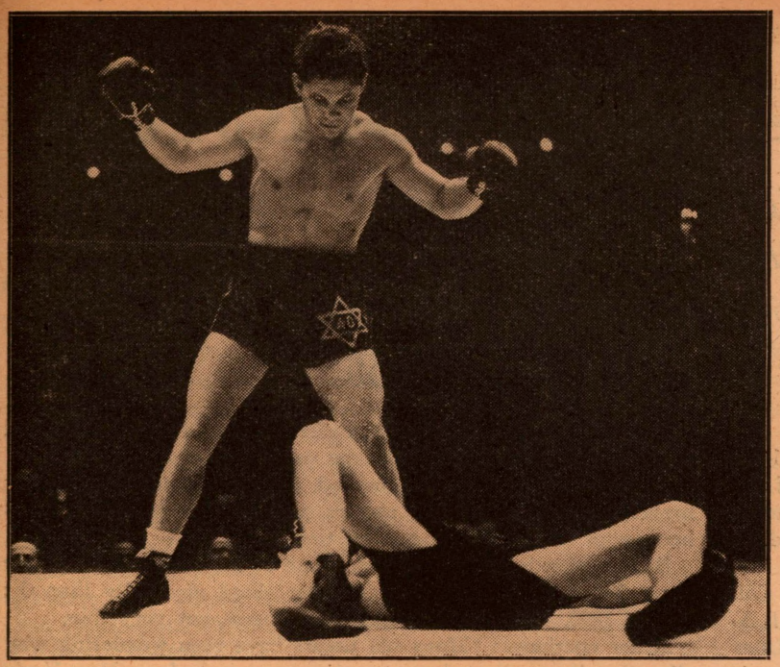
But the reception Ceferino received was no greater than that given to Jack Dempsey, who flew to referee the fight. By flying to Manila, the former champion relieved THE RING Editor of the world record which he set when he flew to Venezuela to referee the Archibald-Chavez bout. If ever there was any doubt of Dempsey's popularity as "The Idol of Millions," it was shattered by the wild ovation Jack received both upon his arrival by Clipper from California and his entrance into the ring to officiate.

A Nation's gift to world boxing—that's what can truly be said of Jack Dempsey.

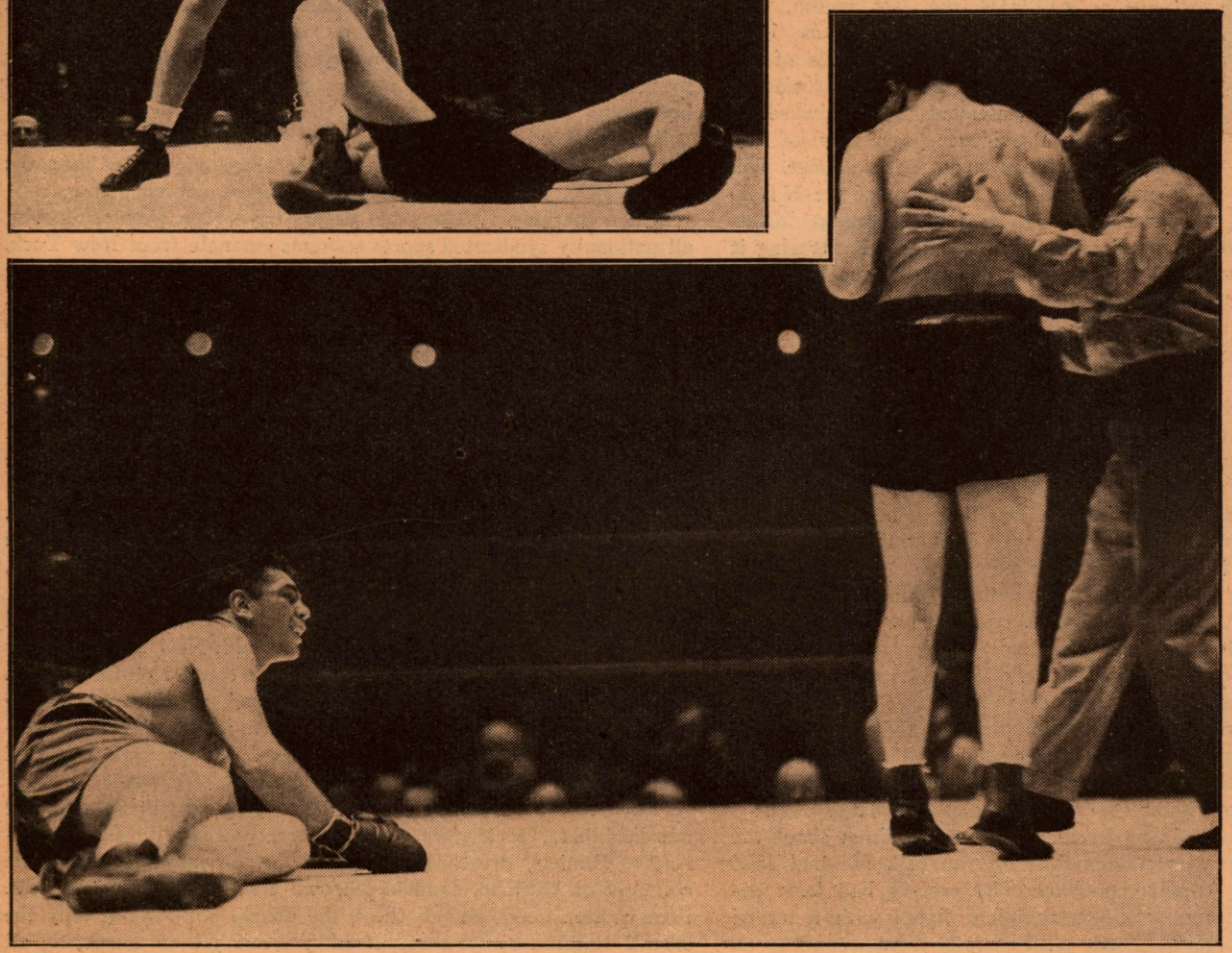
The fight showed Glen Lee to be a member of the "Iron Man" school, and Garcia a clouter extraordinary. Lee almost completed the thirteenth round when Dempsey counted him out with only a few more seconds to go for the round to end. Garcia floored his man seven times.

In the fourth, Glen was dropped *(Continued on page 43)*

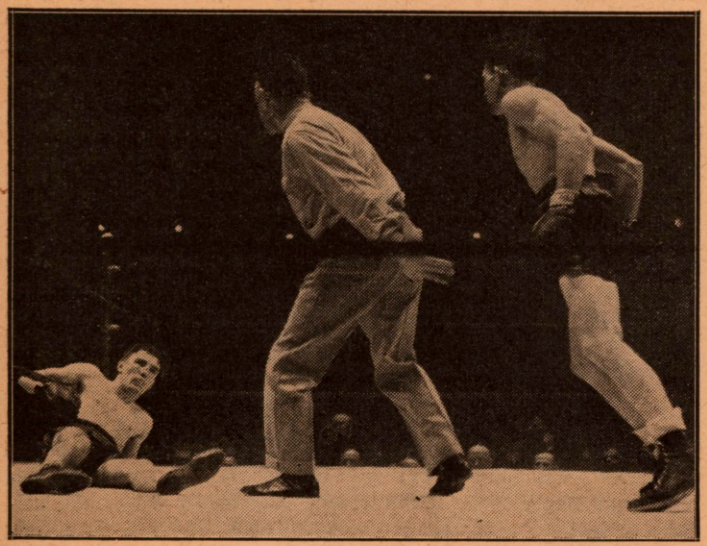
As the Old Year Ended



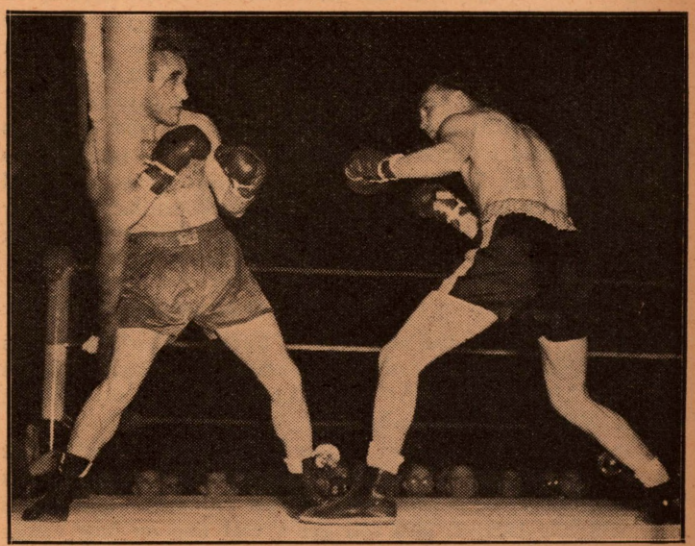
Al Davis, Brooklyn, N. Y., welterweight, sends Tippy Larkin into dreamland with powerful left hooks to the mid-section.



Steve Dudas, downed by Pat Comiskey, comes back to beat the Irishman on points and stop his winning streak.



Here we see Billy Marquart of Canada stopped by Lew Jenkins of Texas in the third round of their Garden bout that pushed Jenkins into the spotlight as lightweight contender.



Al Hostak, N.B.A. middleweight king, took less than a round to stop Erich Seelig. Note how Seelig's face was cut by the first punch landed by Al in their Cleveland Christmas Fund bout.

JOIN THE ANVIL CHORUS

Lt. Col. Harvey Miller

N. B. A. Officers See Much That is Bad in Boxing and Holler for Investigation—Yearn for So-Called "Good Old Days"

By "THE RING" EDITOR

WITHIN the last month, two public pronunciamentos have been issued by officials of the National Boxing Association. First came a statement from Edward C. Foster, of Providence, secretary of the association. Then, a piece from Lieut. Col. Harvey L. Miller, president of the N.B.A. Foster shouted that boxing was in need of a cleanup. Miller hollered that critics who were ignorant of boxing were tearing it down. Now the question is, who is tearing and what's all the shooting for?

It seems to be the aim of the N.B.A. to have a Congressional investigation of boxing, this to lead up to the appointment of a sort of Landis or Hays for the ring game. It is conceivable that if a Landis or Hays were named—and that is about as likely as a July blizzard in New Orleans—an official of the N.B.A. would be the willing Barkis.

This magazine does not impugn the motives of the officers of the N.B.A. for the good of boxing. But it does believe they are going about their work in the wrong way. In fact, they are getting nowhere terribly fast. They talk too much.

For example, in his piece about the national situation, the president of the N.B.A., in a Washington paper, writes:

"Among the older fellows who know boxing up, down and through the middle there is a most definite opinion that the salvation of boxing lies in 'giving it back to the gay 90's.' By this I mean the boxing, managing, promotion, training and sports writing of the 90's. It may seem incongruous to many—although the oldsters will agree—that reversion to a bygone day is what a modern day needs. Here are some concrete examples of what I mean:

"With the advent of Joe Louis reams were written about the 'new stuff' this great champion had on the ball. He had 1898 stuff—on balance, counter-punching. The crowds had been demanding, and getting, sock-'em, rock-'em fights with a lot of youngsters able to go 10 rounds until some of them wound up on their heels. Max Baer won and defended the heavyweight title by dint of an overhand right, Muddy Ruel to Bucky Harris. A punch like that would have landed on James J. Corbett every other Tuesday at 7:30 a.m., provided Gentleman Jim overslept.

"To put over that kind of boxing the trainers and managers must have called for it from the fighters. Thus the training has retrograded. Jack Blackburn, trainer of Louis, properly should be credited with Louis' style of fighting. Blackburn had been, for some years, 'out of circulation.' When boxing slid backward Jack was not in a position to slide with it."

* * *

NOW, what in the name of the Seven Sutherland Sisters has all this got to do with the boxing situation in the United States? Who wants to go back to anything we had in 1890 except world peace?

Where does the president of the N.B.A. get the idea that boxing in 1890 was on a better, higher plane than it occupies today? It would be a good idea for the N.B.A. to talk things over with the lads of 1890 and get a real line on how things were run back in that era.

For example—who wants a champion a la John L. Sullivan of 1890? Sullivan is still the darling of the Old Guard. But he was a fat man who refused to train or keep sober in 1890 and he was doing boxing no good whatsoever. In addition, he refused to fight Peter Jackson to make the world title clear.

Boxers of today are hot housed, as are athletes in all other branches. Professional ball players, and all the rest. But that is because of the impatient, restless times.

Boxers of today may lack the finesse of the old timers, but they are a better-behaved lot, in far better shape physically than the lads of 1890. Bologna, Col. Miller—bologna, cut very thin.

Miller continues: "Many old timers have been wondering why all nationally syndicated sports columns emanate from New York, liberally featuring New York opinions and blasting the pants off the N.B.A. or anybody else that disagrees with these opinions. N.B.A. officials were done up brown for insisting that Billy Conn get his chance. New York writers are nuts about Conn now, but conveniently forget that the N.B.A. jammed him in as champion.

"I have in my files 59 clippings of drivel worthy of a fishwife, all ridiculing the N.B.A. for naming Galento No. 1 heavyweight contender. Recall that the N.B.A. named Galento No. 1 after five convincing kayoes of good men and recall this was before he had pneumonia. Finally, New York brought Galento across the river. Nathan Mann was to belt over Tony. Only Galento couldn't see it that way and Mann left the Garden with resin on his panties, a lump on his chin and his hand over the lump.

"The pity is that Galento, after having been figuratively rammed down New York throats, had to 'lock up' with New York in order to get his title shot. Even after Galento's stand against Louis a nationally known columnist promised to send me a box of 'Krumpies' (not yet arrived and may he eat them in the biggest department store's window at high noon sans cream or sugar) if Lou Nova wouldn't slap over Galento in a couple of cantos.

"The New York idea seems to be to plug certain fighters and murder others. Locally we had an item only a few days ago referring to Daniels, Brescia and Barlund, three heavyweights. While columns of truthful, readable, crowd-drawing stuff could have been written about any of them, the article pointed out only the defeats suffered by all three, making a fair job of murdering all as cards before they ever had a fair chance. In the old days a boxing writer's job was considered to be to boost the sport that made his pay check possible. It still would seem to make sense today.

"Boxing hasn't had in recent years writers that knew the game like W. W. (Dad) Naughton, Bob Edgren and the like. They knew fights and would turn over in their graves to read about 'haymakers landing.' A 'haymaker' was a farmer's scythe-swinging attempt at a blow. It was a 'farmer' or 'sucker' punch. It never landed. That's why it was labeled 'haymaker.' Many had hoped the 'experts' had learned a lesson after all but one New York paper branded Ernie Schaff a quitter as he was carried up the aisle (against Carnera) to keep a rendezvous with the Grim Reaper. Schaff had to die to prove the 'experts' wrong."

* * *

WHERE does Miller get the idea that sports writing of the 1900's was superior to that of today? There is no comparison. The sports pages of the 1900's were a joke compared with the brilliant, complete, well-written pages of 1940. The old time fight writer perhaps knew more about the technique of boxing than does his successor of 1940, but the current crop knows more about writing and can turn out a better story all around. There is no finer lot of newspaper writers in *(Continued on page 15)*

OLD RING SIGNINGS RECALLED

SOMETIMES the return of things that used to be marks progress. Take, for example, the signing of Bob Pastor and Red Burman, who fight a dozen rounds in Detroit, March 14. In this venture Jack Dempsey and Jack Kearns, years ago a very flourishing concern in the cauliflower industry, will be co-promoters.

The signing of Pastor and Burman took place in Dempsey's restaurant. There was an air of the long ago about the whole thing. Years back, the making of a ring match was a big affair. Usually the papers were signed in a prominent cafe, and the festival was attended by wine agents galore. Now the wine agents are gone and ginger ale salesmen have taken their place.

Yet, the Pastor-Burman signing in Dempsey's brought back fond memories and was a truly gala affair.

Max Waxman, manager of Burman, and Jimmy Johnston, pilot of Pastor, were among the ring nobles in the exciting picture. It gave the old-timers a kick to see Dempsey and Kearns once again in the fistic industry.

Into the scene—and they opened wine, as of yore—walked Abe Adell. He scanned the crowd, and turning to Hype Igoe, said, "Hype, here's something. You and I are the only men in this room who were present at the signing of Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson thirty-one years ago, in Bob Murphy's Albany Hotel at Broadway and 41st Street."

Hype looked around and grinned. "Right, Abe, we are the lone survivors. That is, of the gang here. The others are Johnson, Jeffries, and Tommy Meade. It was a gala day, Abe. I can remember it well.

"Bill Mizner, Tad Dorgan, Bob Edgren, Johnny Pollock, Bill Rafter, Sam Berger, George Considine, Bob Vernon, George Little, Bob Murphy—all were there along with Meade, you and myself. I still can hear the popping of the corks. The Considines used to be the major wine-drinking signing celebrants of that era. Maybe those days are coming back, Abe."

Adell looked at Igoe and replied: "Well, maybe."

In the Pastor-Burman signing there was caviar. There was roast turkey, Virginia ham, sturgeon, steak, comfits and sweets.

In the old days champagne ruled the signings. Turkey and other comestibles were out of the picture.

Yes, the old days had a lot of interesting features which we could do with again. And, of course, they also had a lot of other features which we would not like to see back.

With the entry of Tex Rickard into the picture, boxing became big business.

Join The Anvil Chorus (Continued from page 14)

America than those writing for the sports pages. Many are drafted for big jobs outside sports.

Years back the boxing man did football and other sports, and taking him by and large, he was not exactly a wow. Just read the old files, Colonel.

As for dragging in a question regarding the real definition of "haymaker"—what's that all about? Any old-timer will tell you that in the argot of the ring, a "haymaker" is a knockout punch. No matter what it may mean in the hay-making business on the farm. In boxing, any fight fan will tell you, Colonel, that the "haymaker" is a knockout blow.

The crack at the experts is just another index to the N.B.A. idea of cooperation for the best interests of boxing. The N.B.A. certainly is not asking fight writers to boost bums just because boosting would be thimble rigging for someone. The N.B.A. keeps attacking sports scribes and yet asks their kind cooperation. Kicking one in the pants isn't the proper way to ask for cooperation.

The president of the N.B.A. winds up with a grand flourish, as follows:

"Boxing will survive as long as red-blooded men like to see a fight. When I speak of boxing I mean the contest itself, not the managerial connivance, whipsawing, the gate and other angles that are built around it. No other sport in the world ever has had to or would stand the beatings given boxing. What if a major league ball club was publicized in advance only by the games it had lost and the errors it had made? Baseball wouldn't thrive and neither does boxing.

"When our public reaches the stage of not wanting to see boxing it will be truly time to wail, 'God Save America'."

Now, Colonel, we are for boxing as vehemently as anybody else. But we have a suspicion that if boxing were barred in the United States, the United States would go right on doing business, oblivious of the blow.

The Colonel takes himself too seriously. If the public ever says, "Let's stop boxing for a while," there will be no call to wail "God Save America," or to ask the Deity to save anybody but the boxers and their managers, who would be out of work.

In short, Colonel, stop hollering "Wolf!" Stop hammering your critics. Stop sending out calls for cooperation which, in themselves, alienate many of those who are trying, as hard as you are, to see the sport thrive.

And stop yodeling for that silly idea that Congress should investigate boxing and appoint a Landis to see that right hooks are hooked with the right, and lefts with the left.

What boxing needs more than anything else is a national boxing association that will tackle the problems of today in a manner that will do credit to its membership.

* * *

ED FOSTER, Executive Secretary of the N.B.A., comes forth with another blast in which he declares that boxing is in a very bad way as we enter the year 1940.

> "Boxing is staggering and reeling from the repeated beatings it took during 1939, beatings handed out by the very men who should be its most ardent supporters and make their living from the game. If the people most vitally interested in boxing do not get together and clean house, then it is a positive fact that someone from the outside will be called in to do the job for them.
>
> "There is no doubt at all that conditions such as now exist in boxing are the motive power in causing Senator Johnson of Colorado and Representative Kennedy of Maryland to ask for an investigation of boxing with the idea of eliminating abuses by appointing a governing officer or power similar to Commissioner Landis in baseball and Will Hays in the motion picture industry."

How come, Ed Foster, that if the conditions of which you complain exist, your organization, a national body which has as its members more than three-quarters of the states of this country, is unable to curb such matters? Does the N.B.A., through its executive spokesmen—the president and national secretary—want to admit to the public its inefficiency in ruling boxing?

Again I say, dear Ed, there is no need for a National Commissioner of Boxing. The various state commissions are doing a pretty good job, especially in New York, the world center of boxing. They need no help nor request any.

New York's commissioners don't go shouting from the house tops every time something goes wrong. They try to tackle the evil as they did in the recent Thomas case, but I don't see that the N.B.A. went out of its way to help reach the root or even to investigate!

Talk of a National Commissioner of boxing is silly. It would mean just a few more jobs for some good politicians.

JENKINS' RISE RECALLS THE TEXAS TORNADO

Bobby Waugh, Like Sweetwater Lew, Was a Rip-Snorting Walloper Who Operated on the Theory That a Good Offense Was Also a Good Defense

By T. W. MCNIEL

THE sensational rise of Lew Jenkins, the Texas "one-man" army, to a prominent place in lightweight circles, has a two-fold reason for stirring up interest in Southwest ring circles. First, because the Sweetwater belter is the first Lone Star lightweight walloper to attain any more than regional importance in a score of years. Next, because his style, temperament and all-around ability so ably parallels the career of that other Texas lightweight star of yesterday—Fort Worth's walloping Bobby Waugh.

The name of Bobby Waugh doesn't mean a whole lot to present-day ring followers. In fact, I doubt that many of the younger fans recall him at all. But twenty-five years ago the mere mention of the little Stockyards phenom was enough to send chills up the spines of the nation's 135-pound top-hands.

Just as Lew Jenkins is today, Bobby Waugh was first, last and always a rip-snorting walloper. He belonged to that fast disappearing school of ringmen who operated on the theory that a good offense was likewise a swell defense. Nor is that theory altogether a lot of bunk.

But back to walloping Bobby Waugh. The time is back about 1910, when the nation stands aghast at the spectacle of a colored man, Jack Johnson, himself a Texan, by the way, reigning supreme in the world of fisticuffs. It was during this turbulent period of American ring history that Waugh, a product of the Fort Worth Stockyards district, began attracting nation-wide attention through a sensational string of knockout victories.

Over a period of some two years, Waugh flattened practically every lightweight that could be induced to swap wallops with him. Those two seasons saw Waugh go to the post some forty-one times, and on no less than thirty-two of those occasions did the Stockyards Thunderbolt emerge with a kayo victory. This is major league belting in any language and more especially so in view of the fact that his victims numbered such stars as Stanley "Soakum" Yoakum, Tommy Dixon, Kid Suggs and Roxy Roach. Names that have lost their importance with the passing of the years, but they were tough cookies in a tough era and don't let them tell you different.

* * *

ONE of those memorable brawls was a two-man riot with Charley White, the old left-hook artist, as an abetting member. It all happened when White dropped one of his celebrated hooks in forbidden territory and the Texan hit the canvas. Waugh claimed a foul and White claimed a knockout. Finally, when it seemed that the Texas Rangers might have to be called in to restore order, the referee claimed the whole thing a "no-decision" affair.

In view of the fact that a "no-decision" ruling failed to hurt anybody, the boys agreed to forget it and immediately agreed to do the whole thing over again, this time over the fifteen-round route. What White and Waugh did on this occasion was little short of a massacre for all parties concerned. Both pounded to gory pulps, they saw the referee call it a draw.

In 1912 Waugh kept up his terrific hitting spree, scoring nine kayoes in a dozen trips to the post. By this time he was being pointed out as a sure-thing bet to lift the lightweight crown, then being bandied about by competent warriors like Ad Wolgast, Willie Ritchie and Freddy Welsh.

Then came the crowning mistake of Bobby Waugh's career. For some unexplainable reason, the Texan and his handlers decided that he should become a polished boxer of the Packey McFarland type. Now, Waugh was essentially a socker. It was like trying to make a Babe Ruth of a Lefty Gomez. Needless to say, it didn't work. Waugh forgot his murderous hitting qualities and essayed to win his battles with skill. And, to the Texan's credit we must admit that he did about as well as could be expected. But how his stock in the sock market dropped can be gleaned from the fact that he scored only two kayos during the entire season of 1913. These were over Jack Redmond, a so-so fighter, and Oklahoma's Denny Magirl.

Then came a couple of losses at the hands of his stumbling block, Mickey Sheridan, this competent St. Louis mauler being a thorn in Waugh's side throughout his entire fighting days.

The year 1915 was another banner one for Waugh. Incidentally, it marked the first of his half a dozen gruelling mills with Benny Cordova, the Albuquerque Mexican, who, though he never succeeded in licking Waugh, never tired of trying.

About this time in Waugh's glove-wielding efforts, he married a lovely Missouri miss, Lela Kester. Their union, like all too many contracted by journeyman fighters, eventually hit the rocks.

Then came the World War, and with the establishment of Camp Bowie in his backyard, Waugh took on a new lease of life. Once more he whipped himself into tip-top condition and proceeded to run up a string of sensational wins over such competent hands as Sailor Kirk, Billy Wilson, Red Henderson and Young Denny. In addition, he fought Johnny Griffiths, boxing instructor at the army camp, a couple of terrific draws.

On St. Patrick's Day, 1920, Waugh was knocked out in the twelfth round of a bloody melee with young Jimmy Hanlon of Denver before a howling crowd of Fat Stock Show visitors.

That fight seemed to take a lot out of the now battle-scarred warrior. With commission-supervised boxing still a product of the future, Waugh was permitted to engage in battles that added fog to his already dimmed mentality. It was these last few unimportant contests that left the one-time knockout artist a shambling wreck, mentally and physically. To make bad matters worse, Waugh fell victim of an incurable disease about this time and by 1924 his name had slipped completely from the nation's sport pages.

However, he possessed a legion of friends in Fort Worth who never deserted him when days of adversity set in, and it was through their care and generosity that Bobby Waugh was enabled to pick up a vending concession at the Arlington Downs race track that provided enough to keep him from becoming a public charge.

Waugh died in Fort Worth in 1936.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Al Hostak

BORN in Minneapolis, Minn., a red-cheeked, blond youngster of Slavic origin. Has keen, sparkling blue eyes, a pleasant smile, looks like anything but a two-fisted, terrific puncher.

Is a quiet, unassuming boy, lives with his mother, pays strict attention to training, loves to fight and when once unleashed in the ring, tears away at a mile-a-minute clip until he has his man. Is 22 years old, strong as a bull, but looks anemic. Has a baby face, but how he can clout!

Is known as the world middleweight champion in N.B.A. territory but his claim is disputed by Ceferino Garcia, who is recognized by the New York State Commission as title-holder. At age of two moved with his parents to Seattle, where he has lived since. Loves farming.

Is called a "killer" because he puts his opponents away with rapidity. Is cool under fire, and can take it. Is a powerful finisher once he gets his man in a tight spot.

Has a splendid record. Has engaged in sixty-seven contests since starting his professional career. Scored knock-outs in forty-four bouts and won eighteen contests via decisions. He lost only two mills, one to Solly Krieger, whom he knocked out in four rounds in a return bout, and the other, as a welter, to Jimmy Best of Tacoma. He also fought three draws.

He won his claim to the middleweight crown, according to the National Boxing Association, by knocking out Freddie Steele in one round after Freddie had been knocked out in Madison Square Garden in nine rounds in an over-the-weight match, in which Apostoli was forced to come in half a pound beyond the weight limit, thus saving Steele his crown. Later Krieger beat Hostak in fifteen rounds to win Al's portion of the middleweight crown, and in their return engagement, Al regained his laurels.

Some of those who have felt the kayo dynamite in Hostak's fists are: Young Terry, Mike Bazzone, Leonard Bennett, Tony Fisher, Jimmy Sykes, Jack Hibbard, Swede Berglund, Chief Paris, Freddie Steele, Babe Risko, Allan Matthews, Irish Bob Turner, Otto Blackwell, Young Stuhley, Solly Krieger, Johnny Erjavec, Charley Killer Coates and Erich Seelig.

Was only a youngster in grammar school, weighing 120 pounds, when he decided to take up fighting. Joined hands with Eddie Marino, a featherweight of years ago, at whose gymnasium Hostak insisted training, despite the fact that as a schoolboy, he was often chased from the building. Six months under Marino's watchful eye and Hostak was ready to start his career. Began as an amateur. Engaged in twenty-four fights and scored seventeen knock-outs. Won all the others by decisions.

His first crucial test as a professional came when he fought Babe Risko, former claimant to world honors. Hostak came through with flying colors when he scored a knockout in the second round, a feat that Freddie Steele was unable to accomplish against Risko in forty rounds of boxing in which they engaged. That boosted Al's stock and he became a national fistic figure. He then put away the hard hitting Allan Matthews in nine rounds.

In fight with Steele, Hostak wielded a murderous left. Did same when he stopped Seelig in less than one round in Cleveland and cut Erich's eye with first punch. Dropped Steele three times before 30,000 fans who paid $90,000.

Started his career as a featherweight and advanced into each of the succeeding classes to the middleweight.

Stanley Ketchel

BORN on October 10, 1887. Christened Stanley Kiecal. Birthplace, Grand Rapids, Michigan. Known as the Michigan Assassin. Terrific hitter, often called the greatest of all middleweights. Was a fighting man in every sense of the word. Had every characteristic of a great fighter.

Powerful in physique. Was a most courageous battler. Of Polish descent.

He first began fighting in his sixteenth year. From start, showed power of his punch. Was a knockerout.

His first big battle came when on February 12, 1905, at Butte, Montana, he held Jack Sullivan to a draw in twenty rounds. Ketchel was only a novice at the time, but by sheer courage, held his own against the veteran. One after the other opponents were found for Stanley, and with ease he knocked all out.

His big chance came on July 4, 1907, on which day he met Joe Thomas. The latter at this time was generally considered the best of the middleweights; he was a clever fighter and a hard puncher. The bout went twenty rounds to a draw.

Their second fight took place at San Francisco, September 2, 1907, and this time Ketchel scored a knockout in the thirty-second round. Their third engagement took place at San Francisco on December 12, 1907, and Ketchel gained the verdict at the end of twenty rounds.

Ketchel was a boxer of no mean ability, but it was his rushing tactics and his fighting fury which made him stand out so brilliantly. There are two striking indices to his qualities—first, his ability to come back and regain the title after he had lost it to Billy Papke by a knockout, regaining it by stopping Papke just one round sooner than Papke stopped him; second, his going into a ring with Jack Johnson, then heavyweight champion of the world, Johnson scaling 200 pounds and Ketchel 160.

The Negro beat down the game white man, but Ketchel in defeat was greater than Johnson in victory.

Very rare indeed is the case of a champion who, having been knocked out, is able to stop his conqueror and regain the laurels. Ketchel turned the trick, and turned it in most impressive style. It was on September 7, 1908, that Papke, the Thunderbolt, and considerable socker on his own account, stopped Ketchel, the champion, in twelve rounds at Los Angeles. It was a stunning development for the Pole and his adherents. But Ketchel was undaunted.

On November 26, only eleven weeks later, at San Francisco, Ketchel came back with terrific fury. He battered his erstwhile conqueror and stopped him in eleven rounds. Ketchel had retrieved his crown. On July 5, 1909, in the ring at Colma, Cal., Ketchel and Papke met once more. Each was determined. Each had knocked the other out. Each threw everything he had into the effort—and out of the combat came a Ketchel again triumphant.

Ketchel's homeric battle with Johnson was fought on October 16, 1909, at Colma.

In the twelfth, though the spirit was willing, the flesh and the senses called a halt and Ketchel was knocked out. But what a fight—160 pounds to 200!

Ketchel scored forty-four knockouts. Twenty-one of these came in succession.

Ketchel led a turbulent life in the ring and he passed out turbulently. While still holding the middleweight honors he got into an altercation with one of the hands on his farm at Conway, Mo.; on October 15, 1910, Ketchel was shot and killed by a man named Walter A. Dipley.

The Greatest Fight

SEVENTY years ago a gruelling forty-one-round bare knuckles fight took place for the lightweight championship of America. The principals were Billy Edwards of New York and Sam Collyer of Baltimore. The scene of action was Mystic Island, Long Island Sound, and the date was March 2, 1870. The ring was pitched on the open ground and only a select circle of sports was permitted to attend the affair.

The bout and the conditions surrounding it will go far to emphasize the progress that has been made in the manly art since I saw my first boxing contest shortly after the Civil War. The tale at least will help to emphasize the vast difference between old-time prize ring fights and the modern boxing matches supervised by legislative bodies.

The ring stakes were driven into the frozen ground. The spectators, sports from New York, Jersey City, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Philadelphia, Portland, and as far west as Buffalo, thugs and pickpockets from the Bowery, gamblers from the swell joints on Fifth Avenue, gay blades from Down East, and mingling with them, a smattering of respectability, shivered in the wintry, salty blasts that caused the whitecaps to chase each other over the tumbling surface of the Sound, only a hundred or so feet away.

Many in that gathering of about 1,500 fight fans were shivering and red-eyed from lack of sleep. The boat that brought us from New London, the rendezvous where all hands from all cities gathered for the "take off," had been turned into a floating gambling house, similar to that which recently was raided by the United States Government officials in San Francisco Bay.

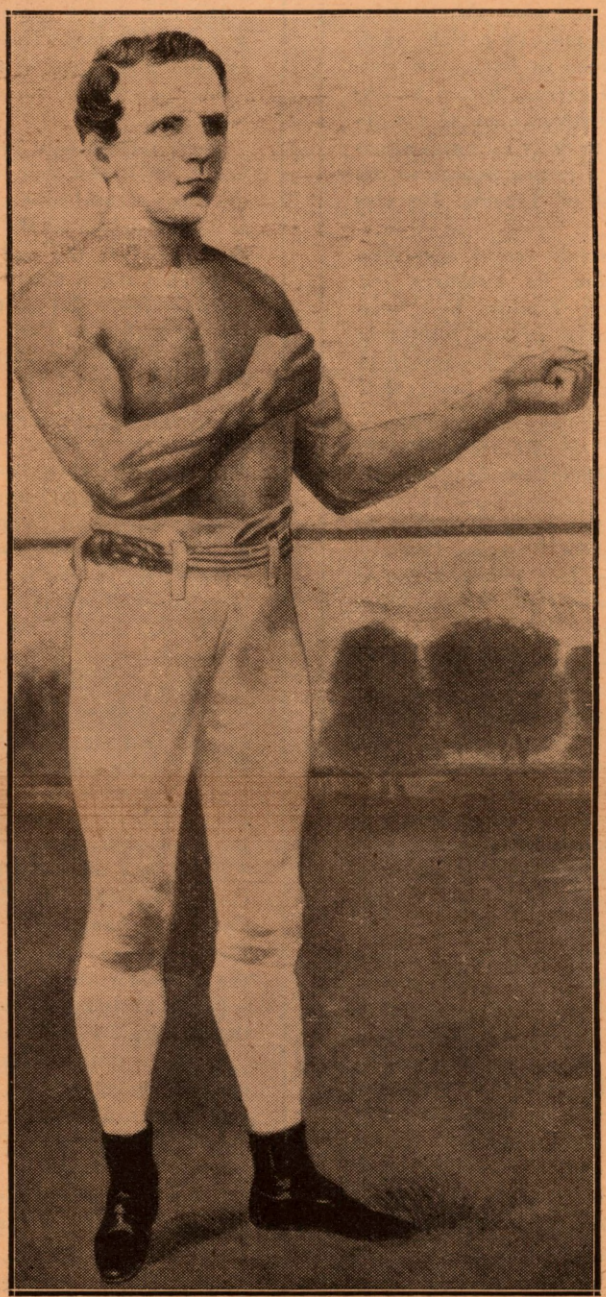
* * *

ALL night long the croupier's rake swept back and forth, the little ball whirled and the chips rattled on the tables. Booze flowed like water. The scenes on the City of New York, which boat had brought the fans up from New York, and on the open going tug that put out from New London and cruised about all night to give the passengers a chance to flirt with Fortune and make merry with Bacchus, were beyond description.

Pickpockets and gamblers reaped a harvest. Bankrolls, watches and jewelry met with many transfers. Even Barney Aaron, fighter, gang leader and prominent member of the underworld, was himself frisked. Dozing off about daybreak, he awoke with a start, shoved his hand in his pocket, pulled it out when he found it empty, and bellowed:

"Ye gods, they got me for my three hundred."

He got up, looked about sheepishly, and then, with a grin, said, "But I'll get it back soon."



Billy Edwards, lightweight champion in bare knuckle days.

And he did! He walked down the line, cornered three fellows who were pointed out to him as New York members of the pickpocket fraternity, and after clouting one on the chin, came back and remarked:

"Here it is. Intact. Those 'dips' didn't know me. No trouble at all getting my roll back."

* * *

EDWARDS and Collyer, stripped to the waist, fought forty-one rounds in that wintry blast but they were not half as cold as were the spectators despite the heavy overcoats the fans wore.

But even the most chilled among the spectators, myself included, forgot all the cold, the blasts, the aching heads and the hangovers in the fierce, savage, give-and-take bare knuckle fight which followed. For forty-one rounds, Collyer gave Edwards a great battle. He was beaten to a pulp, however, and was hammered into unconsciousness.

But I'm getting ahead of my story. I like to reminisce, and I think this is a fine time to do it. For more than seventy years I have been following the fight game in its every phase. I have seen honest bouts, dishonest ones, contests in which fighters have literally been torn into shreds, mills in which one or both contestants have had their ears dangling down their cheeks, bouts in which the meanest, dirtiest type of trickery, was employed to gain victory—the use of the wooden "brass" knuckles in the gloves—yes, I've seen them all, and I'm happy to have been permitted to be among those who have had the pleasure of living in the transition period and seeing the wonderful changes.

When I recall some of the early ring spectacles and compare them with the fistic encounters of the present day, such as, for example, the recent Garcia-Apostoli fight in Madison Square Garden, I cannot, as a veteran, help but remark: "What a change!"

* * *

BOXING has progressed wonderfully since the seventies. The greatest change, however, has been in the surroundings, rather than in the game itself, though it is true that a modern glove contest bears little resemblance to the old bare knuckle mills of the London Prize Ring days.

We had some great fighters then and we had some wonderful fights, and today we have a number of great fighters and we have seen, during the past few years, many thrilling, exciting contests. So you see, in that respect, there is a resemblance between the past and the present.

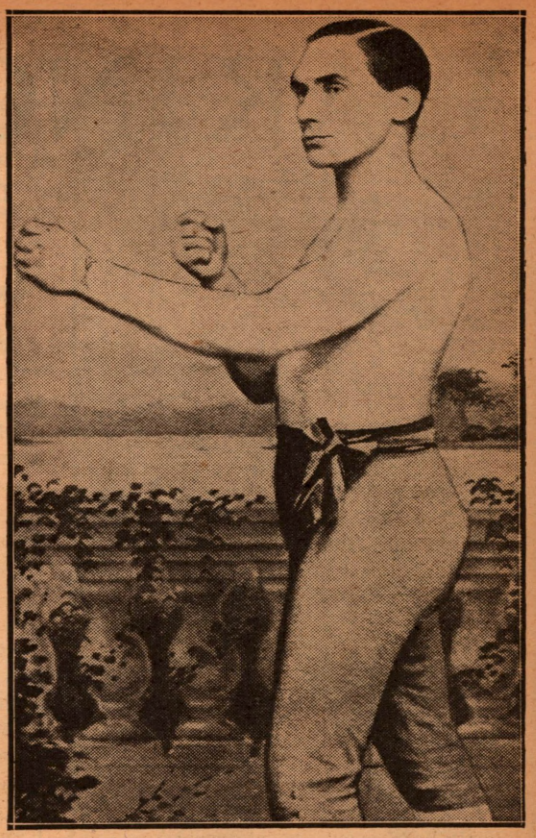
A few weeks ago, before I celebrated both my eighty-eighth birthday and Thanksgiving Day at the same time, my son-in-law, Nat

He Ever Saw

A. D. Phillips Tells of the Thrilling Battle Between Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards — Graphically Portrays Wild Affair and Equally Wild Scenes

By A. D. PHILLIPS

On November 28, A. D. Phillips celebrated his 88th birthday. The following morning he died suddenly. A few days before, he completed a new series of fireside chats, stories of the old days in American boxing history. There are six in all. As a memorial to him, THE RING is publishing these stories posthumously. His contribution is of historic value.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



Sam Collyer, Baltimore bare knuckle lightweight star.

Fleischer, THE RING Editor, and I sat in his study and discussed a few of the great fights we each had seen. I told him then what I now repeat—the greatest fight I had seen in more than seventy years of my attendances at fistic contests, was that between Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards when I was a kid of only eighteen. Perhaps it left such a deep impression on me because of my youth and because of the fact that it was the first big fight I had been privileged to cover.

* * *

I WAS a New Englander. I was living at the time with my folks in New London, as pretty a place as one could care to live in. In my youth, New London was not what could be termed a sporting town. The Yale-Harvard boat race and an occasional amateur game of baseball summed up the town's sporting activities.

In winter things were dead. There was so little to do that often I thought of quitting the town and running off to Boston, where I could get some adventure. But my plans were changed when the proprietor of the newspaper slapped me on the back and said:

"Phillips, how would you like to see a big prize fight?"

Would I care to! What a query!

I grabbed the opportunity, my affirmative answer being flung back to him like a rifle shot.

"What fight is it?" I queried.

"It's a secret, Phillips, but I'll tell you. You must keep mum or you won't see the fight, and if the police get wind of it, all hands will find themselves in the hands of the law. I'm warning you."

With that, he unburdened himself by telling me that Collyer and Edwards were going to fight, and he handed me my ticket. The names of the contestants were not on the ticket. The pasteboard simply read:

"Grand moonlight excursion. Steamer Thomas Swann, leaving Mitchell Dock, 10 p.m., March 1, 1870. ADMISSION, $10."

So you see that even in those days the price of admission for an important fight wasn't cheap. Ten dollars was more than I could have afforded to pay if I had been asked to do so, but to get the ticket free for the purpose of telling the story of the fight was certainly a treat. How I cherished the opportunity to see that affair!

* * *

I WAS tipped off where to go and how to act when I got to the pier. When the time came that evening, I went down to the river and clambered aboard the big ocean-going tug.

All that day I had been watching sports and toughs from New York City and nearby places drifting into New London. It was a motley gathering, such as I had never before seen in our city, and I got a terrific thrill out of the situation. They all were prepared to get on the Thomas Swann, and by degrees, one by one, they got aboard.

It was pitch dark when that boat steamed out into the blackness and I began to make a study of the characters. I scanned the faces of some of the passengers, but looked others over very carefully.

On that vessel were at least 300 toughs, the real brand, many of whom you'd hate to meet in a dark alley. Hoodlums and hooligans who were ready to get into a fist fight at the least provocation, the kind that the slums of the big cities, especially New York, were noted for, made it anything but comfortable for one not a member of "this gang" to tackle.

I didn't like the look of those fellows, and as later events proved, I was pretty accurate in my judgment of them. I stepped into a corner, removed my modest roll, took off my boots and stuck the roll for safe keeping into one of them. I then removed my watch and chain, and placed that in an inside pocket, protected by my handkerchief. I was young and green, but somewhat wise, as most Yankees from Connecticut boasted.

* * *

ALMOST everyone on board had a bottle on his hip, even yours truly, and as soon as the boat left the landing, tables were rigged up and play began in poker and faro. It lasted all through the night.

Drinking, carousing and scrapping went on continuously. It figuratively was hell afloat, with a capital H.

Harry Hill, famous Bowery character, the most renowned of those aboard, was the moving spirit of the whole affair. He was the owner of the dance hall and theatre on Crosby and Houston Streets near the Bowery of New York City, and he brought with him many of his henchmen. If they weren't laying odds, they were taking them on almost anything on which wagers were made, and as Hill was matchmaker, stakeholder, backer and peacemaker for the Collyer-Edwards fight, he and his men ran things on the boat.

It was he who hired the boat, collected the fee, passed out a few complimentary passage tickets to a selected few scribes, and took full control. When a plug-ugly became too boisterous or belligerent, Harry put the fellow in his place either with a tongue lashing in his Cockney English or with a clout on the chin.

I was so thrilled by his appearance and the manner in which he handled matters that I decided for the rest of the night to hang on to his coattails. We cruised about until about five in the morning. It still was dark and Arctic cold when we finally tied up at Mystic Island. There was a sea mist which turned to ice and coated everything it touched. Mystic Island was off the coast of Connecticut, yet was under the *(Continued on page 44)*

MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN

Bep Van Klaveren, back from Holland for a U. S. campaign.

FRANK BATTAGLIA peeled the soggy gloves from his hands and applied the turkish towel in a vigorous rub over features that were drenched with perspiration.

"Ernie," he said, "the kid will do. Watch him and he may do for you what I failed—win a title."

In the shower room the water was splashing over youthful Tony Martin. Exuberance sparkled between the drops. In a voice pitched to the high heavens, the youngster was taxing his vocal chords to capacity to the tune of "Beer Barrel Polka."

"Get out of there and get your rub."

Tony Martin obeyed the shout of Ernie Fliegel. The Milwaukee manager of mitt maulers stood beside the frame of his youthful charge as a trainer applied brisk hands in a musical massaging of the muscles.

"Obey me as fast in everything else as you do in running for your rubdown," muttered Ernie, "and you will some day win the middleweight championship of the world."

Born Tony Martin Cianciola twenty-one years ago in Milwaukee, the city of malt, hops and brew, Tony became naturally adapted to all forms of sports. As a youngster on the Lincoln High School basketball team, he was selected as the all-city forward in a consensus of scholastic sports scribes, and in later years he played football on a city league team. He was a fine prospect on the diamond and showed great speed in breaking away from the plate towards first base.

"Funny thing," smiles Martin, "I guess I could play most any sport, perhaps even including potsie. I just like it. Keeps me young."

* * *

AFTER several seasons of kicking a pigskin, Tony decided to try his hands for a livelihood, and turned to his brother for support in a career among the amateur boxers. Brothers Sam and Mike had engaged in professional boxing contests and young Martin handed himself over to brother Mike, the older of the two, for fistic instruction.

As an amateur, Tony favored the southpaw stance. He went unbeaten in twenty-four contests before he lost a verdict that called for an extra round of action. It was following that defeat that Martin turned to the orthodox stance and punched his way to three amateur titles.

He trained at the Milwaukee Athletic Club where brother Sam is the assistant athletic director, and pounded through to the Mid-Western, State, and Golden Gloves welterweight titles. In all he had forty battles as a simon-pure and lost but two decisions, both of which he reversed in subsequent bouts.

He turned towards the professional circle in 1936 and engaged in thirty fights in Milwaukee before Fliegel sent him East under the care of Ray Arcel, veteran fistic handler who is conceded today with being the best second in the world. Of the fights in his home town, Tony lost only one. Upon his arrival in New York, he dropped the last part of his name and decided to do all his fighting under the Tony Martin sobriquet.

His first fight in the Metropolitan city was in the plush-lined Hippodrome ring against aggressive and durable Gene Molnar. The fight was a humdinger and after the battle, amid a bedlam of thunderous acclaim, Tony Martin was proclaimed the winner. Established in New York, Tony has come on to make himself a decided favorite among the local fight clientele.

* * *

SINCE his arrival in the East, the Milwaukee scrapper has had thirteen fights up to this writing, and has had only two decisions rendered against him in fights that could have gone either way. In a losing battle with Freddie Red Cochrane last summer in New Jersey, he fractured his right hand in the first round and more than held his own the rest of the way only to find himself the victim of a home town decision.

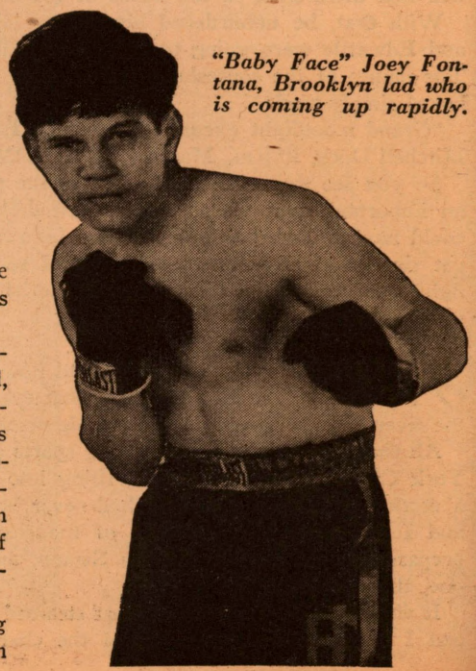
He has whipped among others, Gene Molnar, Johnny Barbara, Cocoa Kid and Remo Fernandez, and two months ago knocked out Enzo Ianozzi in four rounds in the White Plains ring. In his last two fights in New Jersey, he battled to draws with unbeaten Billy White, the young Negro scrapper.

And as Ray Arcel sends letters to Ernie Fliegel out in Milwaukee after every fight explaining just how things are going, the writer wonders whether the mind of Fliegel turns back to that day several years ago when his former fighter, Frank Battaglia, peeled the soggy gloves from his hands, and applying a turkish towel in a vigorous rub over features that were drenched with perspiration, said:

"Ernie, the kid will do. Watch him and he may do for you what I failed—win a title."

* * *

"BABY-FACE," is the nickname of Joey Fontana, Brooklyn (N. Y.) junior lightweight. While the nickname is highly descriptive of Fontana's facial countenance, it serves as a smoke-screen in the ring to his ferocious fighting.



"Baby Face" Joey Fontana, Brooklyn lad who is coming up rapidly.

Seated in the opposite corner of a rival, Fontana with his baby-face appearance is hardly expected to provide instinctive battling. Opponents often wonder the source of Joey's tireless fistic assault and speed.

Fontana not so long ago moved up in

weight from the 126-pound division. Joey's best fighting weight is 132 but it seems only a question of time before Fontana becomes heavy enough to make him a full-fledged lightweight.

Until that time, Joey will make no claim to a title bout. His managers, Tony Canzoneri and Irving (Whitey) Cohen, are sensible that way.

Canzoneri bought into Fontana's contract two years ago when he first saw the young lad in action. Joey's style pleased Tony.

Like so many other products of the East Side in New York City, Fontana owes his start in boxing to the fact that as a youngster he "had to fight to live." The East Side from where Fontana hailed is just such a district.

One of 15 children, Joey was forced to quit high school in the first term, when his father died. A bootblack was one of his many means to earn a few dollars for the poverty-stricken Fontana family.

Street fights being so frequent, Fontana soon learned to handle his fists to advantage and soon the lad visioned a career in amateur boxing. Before he turned pro in June 1936, Fontana captured the Kings County 126-pound A.A.U. crown.

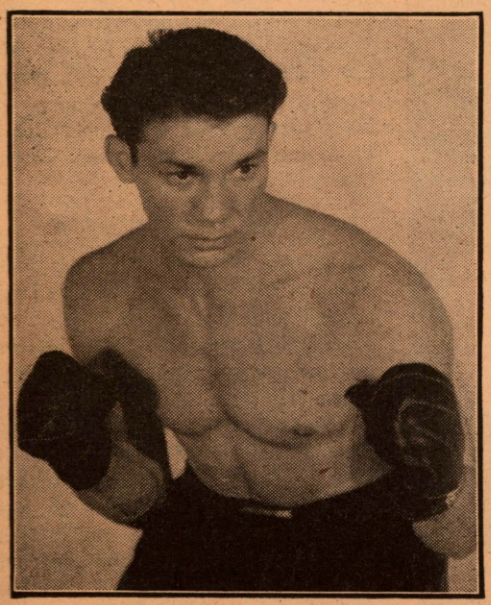
Under the careful guidance of Manager Cohen, Joey became a proficient mitt wielder. His pro record includes victories over Allie Stolz, Al Reid, Jack Sharkey, Poison Ivy, Hank Nakamura and Ginger Foran.

Joey has gone to post professionally 77 times, and has dropped ten decisions. He reversed the score against all but one of his rivals, Lew Jenkins of Sweetwater, Texas.

The fight with Stolz was staged in Madison Square Garden and made many new admirers for Fontana, a two-fisted, rip-tearing performer. The last three and a half years have seen Joey blossom forth into a neat-dresser and fast thinker. He has moved the entire family from squalid circumstances in the East Side to a big house in Bensonhurst part of Brooklyn. He is well liked and his mentors expect to take him on a Western tour this winter.

* * *

BEP VAN KLAVEREN, European middleweight champion claimant, is back in America. Van Klaveren, well known in America where he made a hit with his stirring fighting on his previous visit, is here to press his claim for recognition as a contender for the crown held jointly by Al Hostak, the N.B.A. title holder and Ceferino Garcia, the New York champion. He has out a challenge for each and, according to Mike Jacobs, he will be given an opportunity to show his wares in an elimination in which Fred Henneberry of Australia, Georgie Abrams, Billy Soose, Antoine Christoforidis and several other good middleweights will mingle. Van Klaveren beat Garcia when Bep was last here. Van Klaveren has a fine record. In Europe, since he left this country, his record shows twelve battles with only one loss, a defeat suffered at the hands of Antoine Christoforidis last year in Rotterdam in ten rounds. This year he had a draw in twelve rounds with Joe Besselman in Berlin; and ten round triumphs over Kid Janas, Al Baker, Assane Diouf and Cleto Locatelli, all in Rotterdam. Among his victims last year were Roger Stepanci, Kid Tunero, Jean Simon, Antoine Christoforidis, and Harry Rothier. He beat the French title holder, Edouard Tenet, in 15 rounds for the I. B. U. European title on July 17, then lost the crown back to Tenet in a return bout of 15 rounds on November 14. In 1937 he won six bouts, one by a knockout.

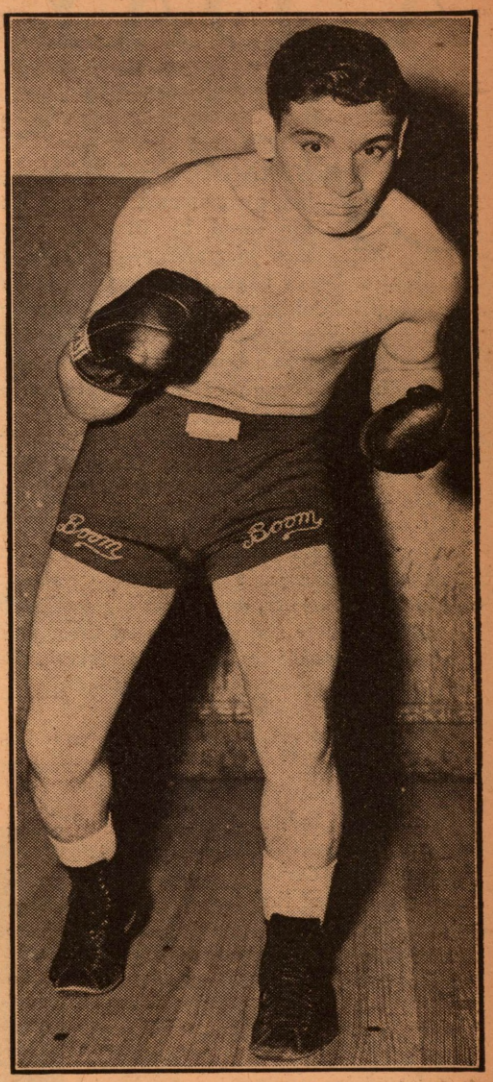


Tony Martin, Milwaukee scrapper, who is making headway.

* * *

HOW often does a diner find a pearl in an oyster? Hardly ever. When does a miner find a nugget in a coal mine? Practically never. And how often does a fight manager run across a natural scrapper? Well, certainly not very often. In fact, on exceptionally rare occasions.

For some unexplainable reason that species — A Natural Scrapper— seems to have become more or less extinct. Only once in a while does one of these priceless "naturals" appear, and right away he proceeds to win the plaudits of the fight fans with his "natural" style and two-handed punching.



Lenny Mancini, rugged Italian featherweight.

Which is exactly what a lad named Lenny Mancini did on his very first appearance in a new York fight club. His speed, aggressiveness and hard punching not only won him the battle, but a great number of admirers as well. After several four-rounders, Mancini had about five six-round bouts. Then he tackled the experienced Young Chappie in an eight-round semi final. Lenny polished him off in something like two minutes. And now Mancini is the topic of fistic conversation around the East.

The rugged young Italian-American was discovered by a man who knows the difference between a Fistic Nugget and a Lemon. When he saw this kid do battle in Youngstown, Ohio, he immediately realized that he was looking at a Pugilistic Pearl. Being a good friend of Frankie Jacobs, this fistic expert lost no time in communicating with "Jay"—as Mr. Jacobs is called by his intimate friends—and revealed to him his great find, adding his sage advice that Frankie had better hurry over to Youngstown and sign the youngster to a contract. Needless to say, Jacobs followed the advice and acquired for himself one of the most promising lightweights seen anywhere in a long time.

The boy was born Leonardo Mancino in Youngstown twenty years ago of Italian parents. He left Junior High School to work as a cook in a CCC camp, where he remained for some 27 months. While there he became interested in boxing, taking part in several "exhibition" tournaments—all of which he won. Later, as a simon-pure, Lenny boxed in his home-town; also in Akron and Wooster —annexing the featherweight championship of Ohio.

Under the capable management of the astute Frankie Jacobs who—it will be remembered—

(Continued on page 44)

A DAY IN THE GYM

By HARRY MARKSON

A STRANGER walking into one of the major boxing gymnasiums in New York cannot help being impressed by the surprisingly large number of men in training—sparring in the rings, punching the light or heavy bags, skipping the rope, shadow boxing, pulling the weights, doing calisthenics and just limbering up.

The observer must wonder as to when and where all these boxers perform, and how they earn enough to live, for there are, after all, not enough clubs in operation around New York to keep several hundred boxers going.

The stranger does not find the answer. Because not even the boxing men who frequent the gymnasiums daily—managers, promoters and trainers—can supply the answer.

Of course, this doesn't apply to the better boxers, nor even to mediocre fighters who are fortunate in having live-wire managers. This class manages to do all right. Perhaps some, unless they are real topnotchers, do not get big purses. But they can command enough for their services to keep them going quite satisfactorily and even to enable them to store something away for a rainy day.

* * *

THERE is one young fighter who has trained daily in the gymnasium for a year. He is most conscientious. He goes about his task with the degree of intensity of a fighter preparing for a main event at Madison Square Garden. Yet, during that year, I have rarely seen that boxer's name in the line-up.

One day I approached him, curious to learn how he manages to survive and to discover, if I could, what strange fascination boxing must have for him to keep him at it despite meager returns.

"There are no jobs around," he said. "I used to work in a printing plant, but I lost my job and wasn't able to land another. I tried and tried but it didn't do any good. So I'm a fighter."

"But do you make enough money at this sort of thing to keep you going?" I asked.

"Well, I must admit it's a tough grind," he said. "But I can scrape by. I make enough to eat and pay my room rent and my gymnasium fees."

"How?"

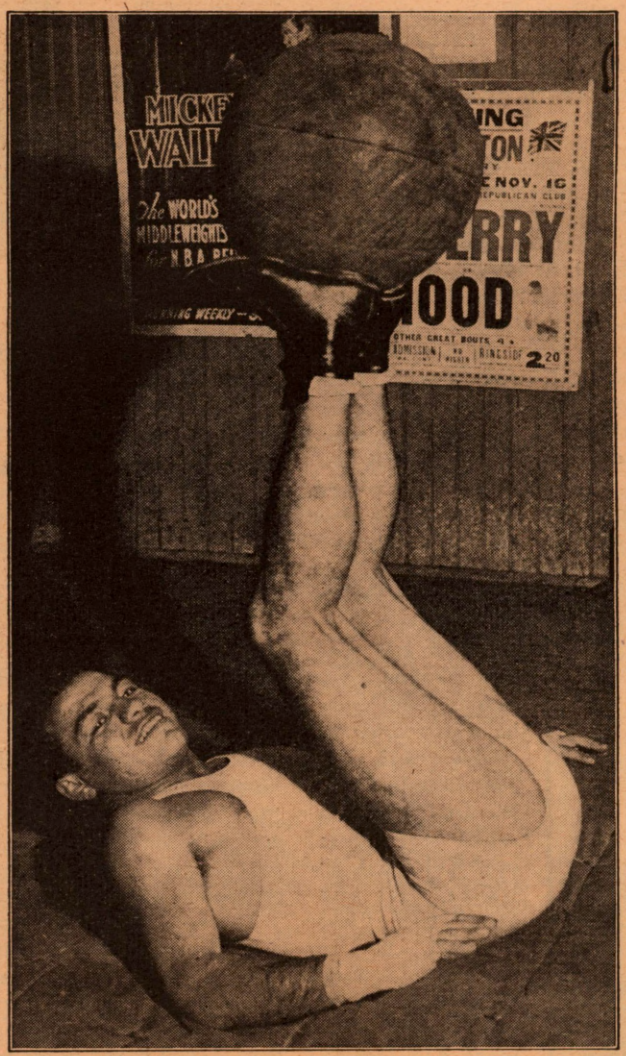
"Well, I stay in shape all the time. Then, every time there's a show scheduled, I go down to the weighing-in and wait around. Sometimes there's a break in the card, some fighter doesn't show up or reports sick, and if I fit in, why, I get the shot. It usually doesn't pay very much, but it's enough for board and meals for a week.

"Then, too, I earn a couple of dollars every week serving as a sparring partner. Some managers are better payers than others, and so naturally when I have a choice, I work for the manager who pays the most. When I don't have any choice, then I work for anybody and get what I can. After a while you get to learn the styles of a lot of different fighters and if you can adjust yourself to the right style, which I can, then you become an ideal sparring partner."

* * *

THE boxer of whom I write is by no means an isolated case. There are dozens of others in the larger gymnasiums who eke out a livelihood in similar fashion. Some are reconciled to their lot. They realize they will never be good fighters, but are content to take daily beatings in the ring or to fill in as substitutes when the occasions arise. Others never lose their confidence. They never seem to become discouraged. They cling to the hope that some day they will improve to the point where promoters will have to recognize their ability and will eagerly seek their services.

The busy hours for boxing gymnasiums are between 12 noon and 3 o'clock. Along about noon the fighters, trainers and managers begin to congregate. Some pugilists like to train early, to get through their paces in a hurry, perhaps so that they can spend the afternoons in the movies. Others prefer to train later, when the gym is less crowded. But by 3 o'clock, as a rule, the gym becomes deserted except for a few old-time managers and promoters who enjoy sitting around reminiscing and criticizing modern fighters and modern training methods.



Here is the type of calesthenic drills practiced by boxers in the gymnasium session following the boxing period. Tony Canzoneri is here working with the medicine ball. It strengthens the abdomen and the legs.

As you look around the Pioneer gym or Stillman's in New York, for example, you are impressed by the tremendous activity. Youngsters, veterans, capable talent, has-beens, raw novices—all working with enthusiasm. Over in the far corner is a trainer patiently instructing a youngster how to punch the heavy bag.

"Here," he says, "let me show you. The idea is to step in with your right after you throw the left. Try it again. Don't be afraid. The bag can't bite you.

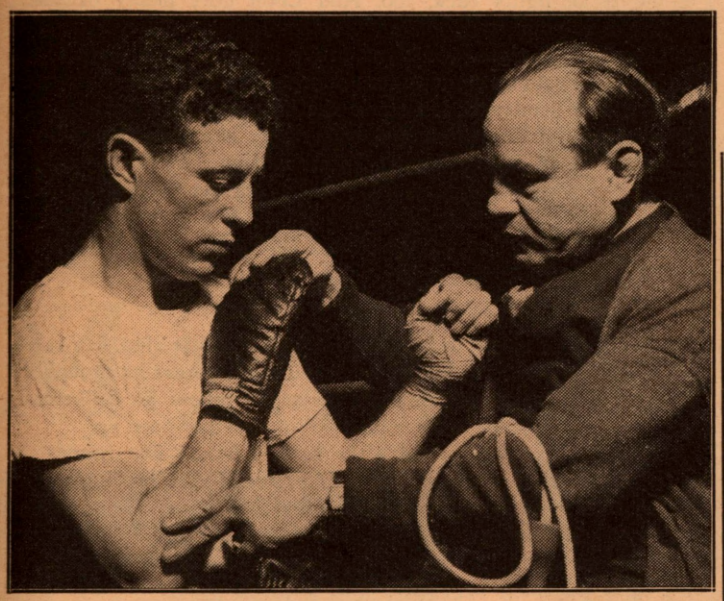
"No, no, not like that. Like this. That's better.

"Now keep that up until I tell you to stop. Don't do anything else. Just shoot that left and follow with the right. But step around, don't stand in one spot. Keep moving, keep your eye on the bag. Throw those punches a little higher. There, now you've got it."

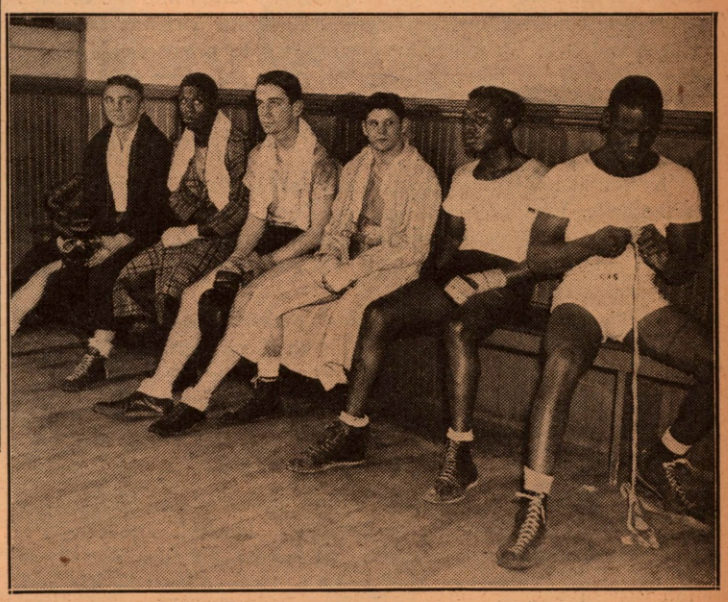
* * *

ON the floor are a dozen lads shadow-boxing, dancing around to limber up their muscles, or skipping the rope. Some boxers become masters of rope-skipping. Some of them display far more talent at twirling the rope under their feet and over their heads than they show in the ring. They can make the cord whistle and can cause it to make two revolutions during one spring into the air. And they rarely miss. Johnny Dundee and Young Stribling were masters of the art—for such it is.

The PARADE *of* PUGS



"Hands up," says trainer Charley Goldman who handles Lou Ambers, Joey Archibald and all the other members of Al Weill's championship timber. But it's not a hold up. Charley has seen some flaws during the training session of Austin McCann and is trying to give him a few pointers on how not to get hit.



A common scene at any of the gymnasiums any afternoon. Here are a number of lads awaiting their turn to enter the ring for their "daily dozen." They have already done their preliminary workout and are now waiting to don the mitts and give-and-take in a tune-up session that usually lasts half an hour. In this picture we see, left to right—Paulie Griffiths, Charley Roberts, Shoun Hayes, Frankie Gilmore, Buster Hall, Curtis Sheppard.

This looks like a "Battle Royal," but it isn't. It's just a scene in one ring where half a dozen lads are going through their paces—shadow boxing is an important part of a daily workout and that's what these boys are doing. Here from left to right are—George Menza, Terry Young, Lew Feldman, Tony Ferrara, Chalky Wright, and Solly Gerstler.

The pre-ring circus. This is the type of work the boxers do before they go into the ring for their boxing session. Calesthenic exercises of all kinds, particularly the kind that will strengthen the abdomen, the arms, legs and chest. Rope skipping is a leg strengthening exercise and also develops endurance. Those in this photo are—standing (left to right)—Larry Kellum, Joe Eschevaria, Chester Rico, Tony Ferrera. On table (left to right)—Mickey Farber and a Golden Glover.

The same thing is true of the lads punching the light bag. Some just never get the knack. Others acquire an ability that is amazing. They can play tunes on the bag and can do various tricks such as striking it with their elbows and forearms and make it bang in rhythm.

Sometimes three or more rings are being used at one time. As soon as two fighters step out, two others, with their headguards adjusted, are ready to step in. The handlers climb into the corners to give last-minute instructions and to smear vaseline over the gloves and over the faces of the fighters to prevent cuts. Then they step down as the automatic bell rings and their work starts. They lean against the side of the ring and yell instructions.

"Keep your hands up. Move in close. Both hands, both hands, use both hands.

"Keep that left higher. Break away fast and step in again. Hook to the body. Easy now, take it easy. Don't lose your head.

"That left hand, keep it higher, higher. Move, move. Move from side to side, you're standing still. Up on your toes. Don't clinch. Downstairs.

"Throw that right downstairs. Keep punching to the body. Don't stop throwing punches. Get away from those ropes. Stay out of that corner."

This sort of thing keeps up until the bell rings and we often wonder whether the fighters hear all the instructions yelled at them.

* * *

BUT it's when a top-notch fighter trains in one of the New York gyms that the excitement is keenest. The crowd is larger. More managers, trainers and hangers-on turn out to see the top-notcher in action. They come to observe what he has and, of course, to criticize.

Take the case of Billy Conn, who trains at the Pioneer Gymnasium, where Charley Doesserick, veteran New York fight impresario, holds forth. Conn always attracts a large crowd to the gym, because he invariably puts on a good show. Charley's gym is packed when Billy trains there.

Billy walks from his dressing-room wearing a green robe, which he discards as he comes to the ringside. He dances nimbly up and down the floor to loosen his muscles. Then he dons the gloves and the headgear and climbs through the ropes, skips around a bit and returns to the corner where his trainer rubs on the vaseline while his manager, Johnny Ray, gives him advice.

Conn is slow getting warmed up. The first sparring partner gets away easy, unless he happens to land a hard punch and then the Irish in Billy asserts itself and he lashes out with a sizzling left hook that promptly puts the sparmate in his proper place. Conn likes to be the boss in that ring, whether the ring is in the gymnasium or in Madison Square Garden.

Frequently, aspiring young fighters will halt their own training temporarily to watch Billy Conn box. They will study his style and watch how he blocks punches. They observe his stance, watch how he jabs, counters, ducks and slips—the master performer.

* * *

SEATED on a bench watching the performance is Jack Johnson, former world heavyweight champion.

"This fellow doesn't block right," says Johnson. "Here is the proper way to block."

And he steps down off the bench to demonstrate. The crowd watches and is thrilled by his exhibition—that of another master.

"That may have been the proper way when you were in your prime," counters Johnny Attell, matchmaker for the Twentieth Century Sporting Club. "But it's been a quarter of a century since you were on top."

"Makes no difference," answers Johnson. "You block the same way today as you did then, if you want to do it right. Here, ask Abe Adell, he was a master."

"There hasn't been a better blocker than Conn in ten years," says Attell. "What difference does it make whether he does it your way or his own way? He's just as effective doing it his way. And besides, Conn isn't strictly a defensive fighter. He doesn't spend all his time blocking punches. He throws plenty, too.

"He mixes his defense with an attack. That's why he's such a good drawing card. The fans don't like fighters who are on the defensive all the time. They like a clever defensive fighter, like Conn, if he fights back, too. And Conn does plenty of that."

"Have it your way, mister," replies Johnson. "I still say this lad don't block right, and I can prove it." And again Jack tosses off his coat, gets someone to toss punches at him and demonstrates.

Johnson's demonstration starts the ball rolling. Others take an interest in the discussion and soon there are several old-timers —Dan Morgan, Harry Lenny, John O'Brien, Bill Duffy—among others, showing what they think is the correct way of handling the situation. They each know the game from A to Z, and their pointers are absorbed by the young lads who watch their every move with eagerness.

* * *

BUT Conn seems to be doing all right in that ring. He rarely gets hit. Indeed, in the gymnasium, it appears as though the Pittsburgh Irishman doesn't get hit at all unless he deliberately gets careless in order to have his sparring partner open up.

Conn likes to work, and after he has boxed five rounds, he asks his manager to let him go a few more. Ray is willing and so he recruits a heavyweight, most often Mickey McAvoy, to go the few additional rounds with the light-heavyweight champion.

After the sparring session, Conn devotes a couple of rounds to the light punching bag, and as he goes through this part of the daily routine, a crowd gathers around him and watches his every move. Conn is a picture of grace whether he is boxing or merely going through his exercises.

Following the bag-punching, Billy devotes several minutes to skipping the rope and then to calisthenics. The Conn workout is the climax to the day in the gymnasium and when he leaves the floor the crowd starts to go, and pretty soon the gym is empty except for a few boxers winding up their day's labor.

The exhibitions are over. The hum of the huge gathering—both the Pioneer and Stillman's are crowded each day—begins. Criticism is under way. Here and there on the way out, one finds small gatherings listening intently to arguments on the day's workout of leading fighters.

"He looked terrible," says one.

"He looked like a million dollars," says another.

"He's developed a left hook that's a corker," chimes in a third.

They are all discussing the man of the hour—the champion, Billy Conn, because the interest of the day was focused on him.

But now and then the attention of the fans is taken from the champion or top-notcher and is directed on a mere novice—a newcomer who is being piloted by some big shot in the game. They see in this raw novice a fine prospect. They like the way he handles himself. They note that he can punch, can take it and is fast.

There is something in his carriage that attracts attention and henceforth, that newcomer has a mob following him. Word passes swiftly that Tom Jones has a heavyweight worth watching. The scribes listen to the fans. They flock to the gym to take a peep at the newcomer and soon the big time ballyhoo gets under way.

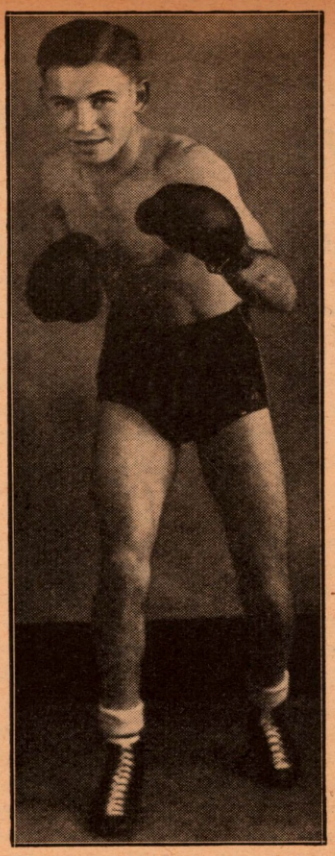
Sometimes it is a put-up job, but you can't fool the regulars long. One peep at the new chap is sufficient. And so it goes.

Often one watches with amusement a second giving instructions so obviously faulty that one wonders how such a handler can hold his job. There are dozens of such inefficient trainers, men who don't know a left hook from a right cross. They usurp the job of high class talented trainers merely because they have a financial interest in the boy who is being coached, and as a result, their charge is handicapped from the start.

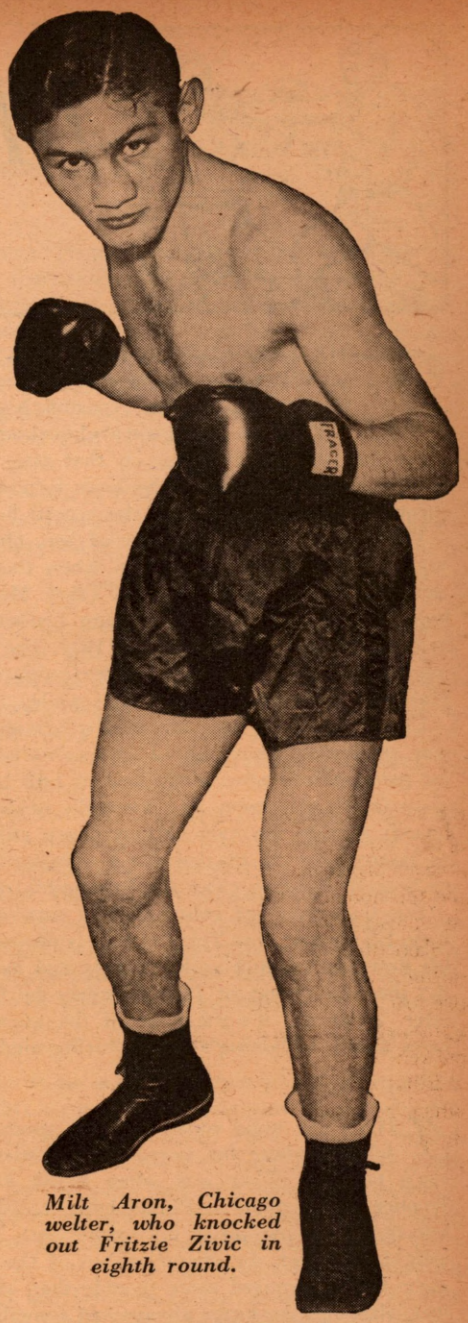
There are a number of competent trainers in New York, the center of American boxing, whose services are in demand. They are taxed to the limit. Whitey Bimstein, Ray Arcel, Dan Morgan, Dia Dollings, Charley Goldman, Charley Bennett, Harry Gordon, Benny Greenfield, Willie Ketchum, Al Ramo, Nick Florio, Dan Florio, Johnny Stapleton, Freddie Brown, Jimmy Brown and Charley Braun among others, rank among the best in the country.

Some of the above are managers as well as handlers. They watch their charges like *(Continued on page 43)*

In the NEWS *of the* MONTH

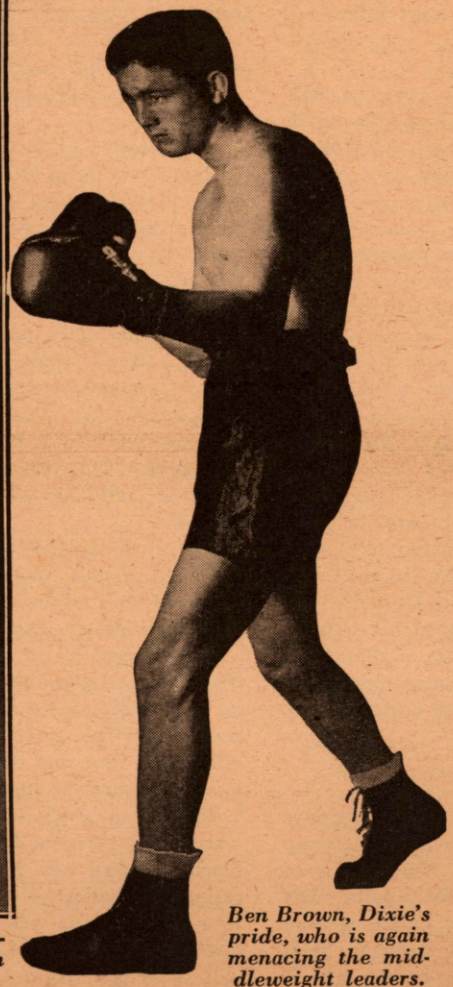


Tommy Kiene, bantam king of the South, who is anxious to enter bantamweight elimination tourney.



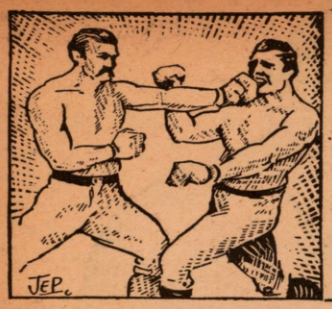
Milt Aron, Chicago welter, who knocked out Fritzie Zivic in eighth round.

Joey Iannotti of New Haven, a featherweight, now campaigning with success in New York.



Ben Brown, Dixie's pride, who is again menacing the middleweight leaders.

Lew Feldman, veteran lightweight, who is coming up with a bang.



I Remember When—

By GEORGE T. PARDY

THE betting favorite went down to defeat in the recent middleweight championship bout at Madison Square Garden when Fred Apostoli lost his title to Ceferino Garcia on a technical knockout. It wasn't only the gamblers who went wrong on that one, for a majority of the boxing scribes had picked the loser to win. And so another fistic surprise finish goes down in the record books!

Well, there have been plenty of 'em. One that completely flabbergasted the sport world was when that supposedly invincible terror among the little fellows—Terry McGovern—flopped under the right-hand wallops of Young Corbett at Hartford, Conn., in two rounds on November 28, 1901. The Old-Timer was covering fights for the Chicago *Inter Ocean* then. But didn't go to Hartford, as it didn't seem worth while.

Corbett was not only universally classed as the underdog, but was supposed to have about as much chance to win as would a fat pet poodle against a trained pit bull terrier. The battle took place in the afternoon, and when the news was posted on bulletin boards outside the various newspaper offices in Chi, traffic was so jammed by the excited street crowds that police reserves had to be called out to clear the thoroughfares.

But that event, of course, was a sort of landmark in pug history. So popular was Terry that it is no exaggeration to state that his downfall created as big a fuss and as much astonishment as did the first defeat of Jack Dempsey by Gene Tunney, a decade later. After all, it's the hope of the unexpected happening that rates as one of boxing's most alluring angles for sport followers!

* * *

I HAVE a vivid recollection of another scrap between little fellows where the unexpected occurred and had "the whole town talking." That was when Willy Jackson kayoed Johnny Dundee in one round at Philadelphia in 1917. Johnny, as everyone knows, was a marvel in his prime, both as a feather and lightweight, and won the championship of the former class. Also, he gave Benny Leonard more trouble than any other fighter Benny met, although the latter always had something of an edge on him.

Nobody thought Jackson worthy of being paired with Dundee. Montieth, manager of Johnny, figured the match as easy money for his cyclonic little battler. But I can still visualize that hectic opening—Jackson staggering Dundee with a right to the chin, Johnny tearing in, bouncing against the ropes, hurling himself forward—colliding with another right to the jaw—and going down for the full count—the senses clean knocked out of him!

Talk about a sensation! Dundee, participant in 180 fights up to that time, never kayoed until then, had fought and held his own with the best men of the feather and light divisions!

Dundee fought and won many a good battle afterward and never kissed the canvas for a full count again. Scotty Monteith and Johnny were like brothers, and the manager blamed himself for being too confident in the Jackson affair, but as a matter of fact he wasn't to blame. Monteith was a peach of a manager, and it's a well established fact that managerial tact and craft are two of the greatest assets a boxer can have.

* * *

MANAGERS were able to put over stunts in the old days that would be impossible now, with lynx-eyed boxing commissioners on guard in every state. In 1907, Nate Lewis of Chicago, who is still an important factor in the fistic game, was managing Kid Herman, a local lightweight, who had forged to the front rapidly under Nate's clever managerial steering. Herman was a good kid, but he didn't rate as a top-notcher, and it astonished me considerably one day when Lewis came to the sports desk and showed me a telegram from Goldfield, Nevada, offering a purse for a battle between Herman and Joe Gans, the then lightweight champ. Lewis said he hadn't decided whether to accept or not, but the news of the Goldfield offer was duly printed.

The former year Gans had won from Battling Nelson on a foul in Goldfield in 42 rounds, and was a big favorite in that section of the country. A few days after Nate came to bat with a second offer for a Gans-Herman bout, this time from Tonopah, Nevada. Nate accepted the Tonopah terms, and the fight took place January 1, 1907. Herman was easy for Joe, who kayoed him in eight rounds. But the loser's end was a good one and worth playing for. Later Nate, chuckling gleefully, explained the deal to me.

Goldfield and Tonopah were both mining towns and there was a lot of jealousy between such Nevada communities. Tex Rickard promoted the Gans-Nelson contest the preceding year for the purpose of bringing a big crowd there, and arousing interest in his mining properties. The scheme worked out well, and the Tonopah chaps were sore to think that Goldfield put one over on them. Nate had a friend in Goldfield, and wrote him to get busy on the wire.

Hence the telegram which promulgated the notion through the press that Goldfield was hankering after another ring appearance of Gans in that bailiwick. Nate's pal wasn't strong enough financially to promote a dog fight, but there was no law against his making a telegraphic bluff. When the news of the Goldfield offer, circulated by the *Associated Press,* reached Tonopah, the sports of that burg got together and swore they would outbid Goldfield for the proposed fistic attraction if it took the last dime Tonopah could raise.

As a matter of fact, Tonopah was a rich little community and it didn't take long for the raising of a handsome purse, as purses went in those days. It was easy to sign up Gans, who rightly figured he was being handed a prize on a gold plate, and the title scrap, so skilfully engineered by Nate, went through on schedule.

* * *

HARKING back to the "surprise finish" in contests, it seems fitting to bring in the night that middleweight champ George Chip took the knock from Al McCoy in 1914. McCoy was a southpaw, a poor boxer, but capable of absorbing punishment as a sponge soaks up water, and possessing a heck of a punch. He was only regarded as an ordinary run-of-the-mill scrapper, and Chip estimated him at that ratio, much to George's sorrow.

For the bout wasn't two minutes old when Chip was rapped on the jowl with a swinging left and went out like a wind-blown candle. Chip's admirers, and he had a legion of them, were frantic over the disaster. But there was nothing to be done about it.

McCoy was never popular, some writers referred to him as the "cheese champion," and he certainly looked bad in action. But he did nearly all his fighting around New York State, where the no-decision rule governed bouts. So, though plenty of opponents outpointed him, and he took some awful wallopings, nobody could kayo him, and he hung on to his title tenaciously.

He was a good drawing card, for many fight fans came to watch him perform in the reverent hope of seeing him get his block knocked off. Nevertheless, he remained as the actual, if rather synthetic, boss of the middle grade until Mike O'Dowd, who could box as well as he could slug, tackled him at a Gotham club on November 14, 1917. In the sixth frame, Mike got home with a straight right on the chinpoint. Al went down and stayed

down. It was a clean kayo and the yell of exultation that went up shook the building, for the fans had attained their heart's desire—the elimination of an unpopular title-holder.

* * *

THERE was an odd surprise climax in the Benny Leonard-Jack Britton battle of June 26, 1922. Jack was welter and Benny lightweight champion at that time. Both master scientists, the bout was a treat in the line of cleverness. I think few of us present expected a knockout on that account. But in my opinion, the tide had set in Leonard's favor by the 13th round.

Then Britton was knocked down. And Benny, who was never known to lose his head within the ropes, deliberately struck his opponent while the latter was still down. Britton was immediately declared winner on a foul.

The prevailing opinion was that Leonard didn't want the welter title, preferring to carry on as king of the lightweight class, where the financial rewards were greater, and took his own way out of the difficulty. If so, it was a bit of strategy that cost his friends plenty of jack, for Benny's many admirers always wagered on him to the limit whenever he ducked under the ropes.

* * *

AN abnormally queer termination to a six-round bout at Chicago in 1900, between welters Frank Bartley and Shorty Ahearn started arguments as to the correctness of the verdict which raged from coast to coast. Bartley, long in reach and tall, jabbed his short, colored antagonist silly right up to within eight seconds of the final round.

Then Ahearn, a terrific puncher, landed a right on Bartley's jaw, knocking him cold. Referee George Siler began the count. At "ten" the gong clanged and the round was over. Bartley's seconds dragged him to his corner, shoved the ammonia bottle under his nose and his eyes opened. Much to everyone's amazement, Siler then walked to Frank's corner, raised Bartley's right glove and declared him winner. Yells of protest arose from those who had bet on Ahearn. When the crowd quieted down Siler explained his action.

The veteran referee said Bartley had won every round up to and including most of the sixth. The single knockdown scored by Ahearn did not offset the points won by the white boy. As there was no way of telling whether or not Bartley might have recovered sufficiently to keep on fighting within the time limit, Siler claimed that he had no alternative but to award him the decision. So that was that!

* * *

IN 1923 Joe Jacobs took Mike McTigue, then light-heavyweight champ, to Columbus, Georgia, for a 10-round tilt with Young Stribling, who was then forging into prominence as a Southern entry for high fistic honors. Joe was allowed to bring along Harry Ertle of Jersey City as referee, something that would certainly not be permitted under present day rulings. At the end of the bout Ertle pronounced it a draw.

The crowd got hostile over what they considered a robbery of their favorite. Whereupon the promoter, Major White, entered the ring, argued with Ertle, and when the latter refused to change his verdict, held up Stribling's hand and declared the Georgian victor. Jacobs, McTigue and Ertle made an automobile getaway from the angry fans.

Arriving at Atlanta, Ertle made an affadavit that he had called the battle a draw. The Georgians never agreed with that decision, but it was accepted everywhere else, and McTigue continued to be recognized as title-holder, until he was defeated by Paul Berlenbach.

* * *

I HAVE a very keen recollection of the uproar which arose in Madison Square Garden in January, 1931, when Max Baer was declared winner on a knockout over Tom Heeney of Australia in the third round, as a result of a mixed-up count. Heeney had the better of the two opening frames. In the third, he was pushed, rather than knocked, out of the ring.

Referee Dempsey counted only "eight," but the timekeeper, Arthur Donovan, made it "ten." After a hot argument, Dempsey accepted Donovan's count. Heeney, who governed his actions by the referee's count, was on his feet at "eight," although he could have arisen sooner. So the Australian lost a battle which he might have won, had he received a fair break.

* * *

ANOTHER Garden "surprise finish" was that in 1928, when Jim Braddock, then boxing as a light-heavyweight, met Tuffy Griffiths. The latter came out of the West heralded as the hero of a long list of kayo victories, and hailed as a coming champ by his many admirers. Tuffy's record as a sledge-hammer puncher made him the betting favorite. But Braddock upset the fistic dope by knocking him out in the second round with a stunning right on the jaw, and Tuffy's championship dreams went up in smoke.

Seven years later Braddock provided a still more startling upset for the dopesters when he annexed the world's heavyweight championship by defeating Max Baer.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY'S three-round knockout of the giant Willard at Toledo in 1919, will always figure as one of the most spectacular upsets in ring history. But Willard also astonished the fans a little over five years later when he tried a comeback. His opponent was a fast-rising young heavy, Floyd Johnson, who had achieved a long list of knockouts and was rated as being of championship timber by many critics.

Few of us in the press stand who witnessed that bout, expected much of Willard after his long layoff. But the big fellow gave everybody a thrill by kayoing the youngster in 11 hard-fought rounds. Two months later, big Jess was permanently retired from active service by Luis Firpo, the South American slugger. Jess got his by a kayo in eight frames at Jersey City. But the crowd gave him a big hand for his gallant efforts. Jess, never a favorite with boxing patrons when champ, was curiously popular in his hour of final defeat.

* * *

THERE was a time in fistic history when an established ring maxim asserted that there could be no appeal from a referee's decision. But since then several instances have occurred where ring patrons heard verdicts given, only to learn later that these had been reversed by the "powers that be"! One early example of this sort of thing happened when Kid McCoy and Tommy Ryan fought six rounds before the Tattersalls Club of Chicago in 1900.

Nearly every student of ring events knows of the bitterness that existed between McCoy and Ryan, after the latter was kayoed in 15 rounds in 1896 by the artful Kid. It was claimed that McCoy tricked Ryan on that occasion by agreeing to "lie down" and that Tommy, anticipating an easy victory, entered the ring in half-trained condition. However that may have been, Ryan always believed he could whip McCoy, and he was in the pink when he faced him at Tattersalls. It was a very even affair, but at the conclusion of the six rounds, Referee Malachy Hogan gave McCoy the decision.

The newspaper men present had been told that the bout was to be declared a draw, if both principals were on their feet at the end of the sixth frame, but Hogan denied that he had been notified of any such arrangement. We were not greatly surprised, therefore, to see the enraged Ryan spring at the referee and cut loose at him with his still gloved fists. Malachy, renowned as one of Chi's most redoubtable rough-and-tumble scrappers, lost no time in getting back at Tommy, and the two mixed it until police hurdled the ropes and separated the combatants in a battle not on the program.

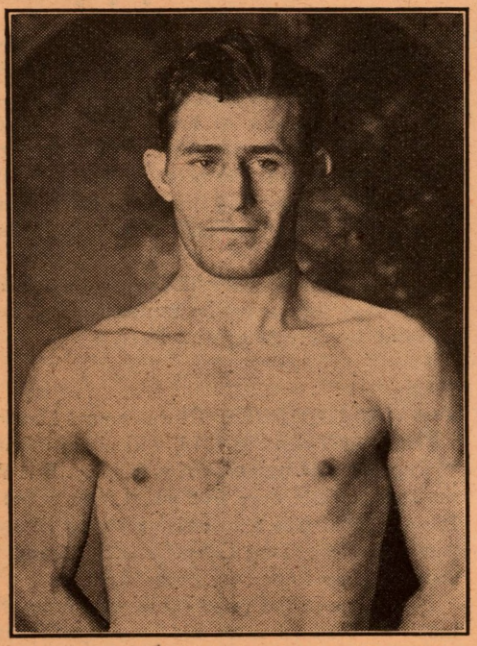
The following day club officials went into session, and as a result of the conference a decree was issued reversing Hogan, and declaring the bout a "no decision" contest, under which heading it appears in the record books.

* * *

ON two occasions, I saw Tommy Loughran participate in bouts in which the verdicts were afterwards reversed. The first took place at Philadelphia, *(Continued on page 43)*

NEW FACES

THE Bronx section of New York City has turned out many young boxers of note during the past 20 years, but it is doubtful if two better prospects have been found in that sector in that time than Mickey La Marr and Chester Rico who are making rapid strides. They may never reach the top rung of the ladder, but they'll surely keep the Bronx in the spotlight. Many critics regard them as the outstanding lightweights across the Harlem River.



Jack Baggett, Chattanooga middleweight.

Both are members of Italian-American families composed of nine children and both are piloted by the team of Jimmy White and Eddie Reilly, a young brain-plus-brawn combination. Rico, 19 years old, is tall and long-muscled; La Marr, 22, is short, knotty-muscled. Chester is a clever boxer; Mickey a slugger, a knockout puncher.

Rico, swarthy, dark-haired like La Marr, has engaged in 25 fights, winning 24, a record slightly better than La Marr's. His only defeat came at the hands of Carmine Fatta, one of the most brilliant 135-pound prospects in New York today.

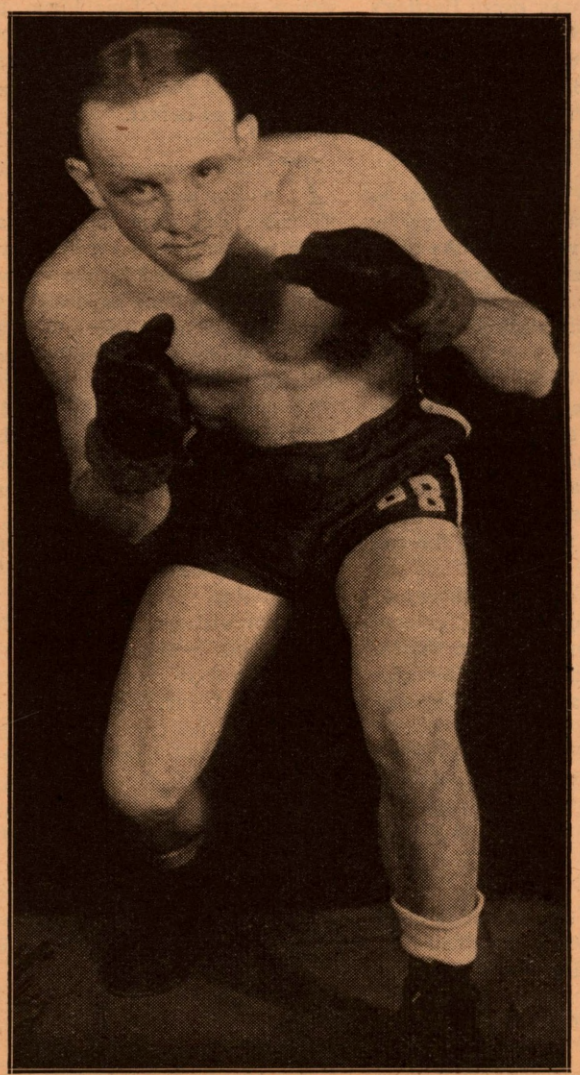
A pleasing fighter, Rico got his first top spot and big chance when he went into the Coliseum ring January 9th in an effort to out-step and out-punch the bombarding Puerto Rican, Primo Flores, and he came through.

La Marr, a painter by trade, has fought in the professional ring 24 times, winning all but three bouts. Showing ability in his early contests, he was moved along into losing encounters with Maxie Shapiro, East Side boy, and Frankie Conn and Nunzio Bisogno, Jersey belters.

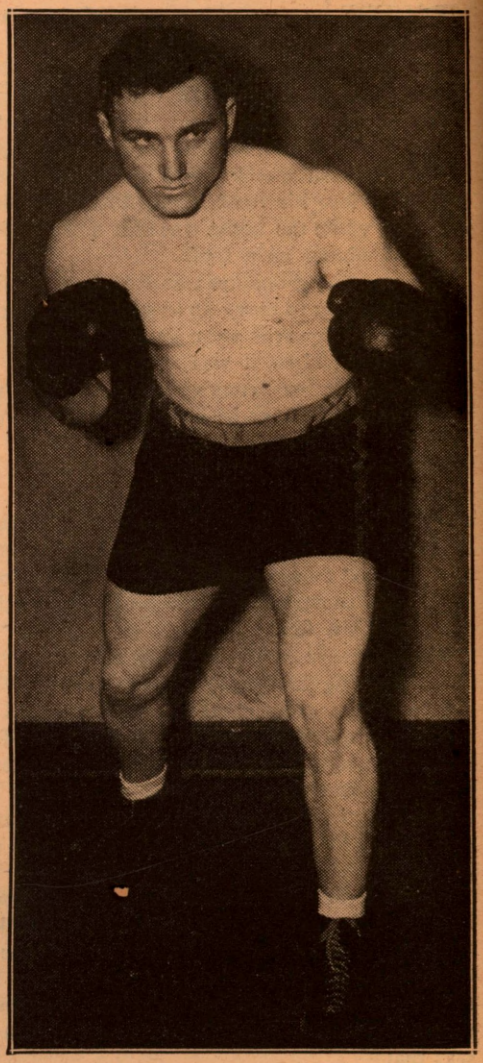
Handicapped in these losing contests by brittle hands and eye injuries, a lay-off corrected the condition. In his last start, at the Bronx Coliseum, he knocked out Joe Memoli with a right cross to the chin. He thinks the tide has turned and there'll be no stopping him now!

* * *

IN Fall River, Mass., there is a young featherweight by the name of Billy Buckley, whom the fistic followers think will develop into a good drawing card. He is called the Blond Buzz Saw and has been doing most of his scrapping around southern New England. Johnny Jorden, former pro battler, is his mentor.



Billy Buckley, the Blond Buzz Saw from New England.



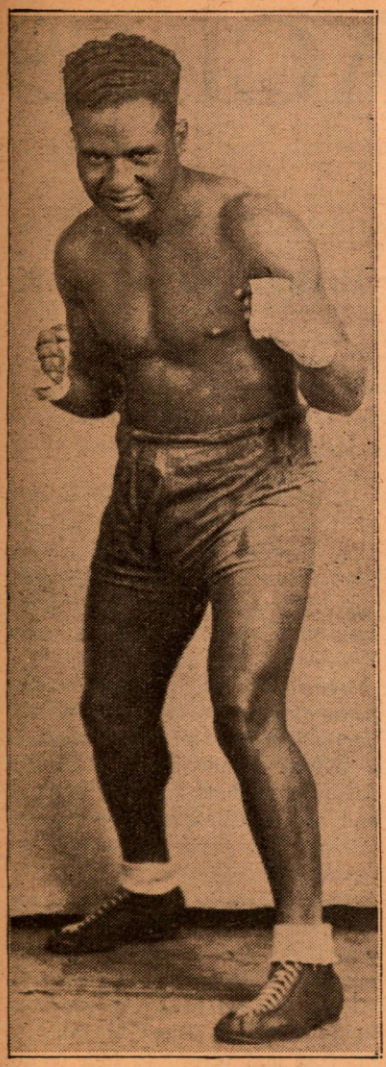
Dynamite Joe Horvath, heavyweight prospect from Akron, Ohio.

Billy is a graduate from the amateur ranks where he won 27 out of 30 contests. He then turned pro and at this writing he won 17 fights and drew in one. He is 22 years old.

Buckley is a combination fighter and boxer. He is a clever lad and a good puncher, as has been demonstrated by his seven knockout victories. He has defeated among others, Martin Taber of Providence, Jimmy Ritchie of Hartford, Conn., Bobby Martinez of Boston, Malditeo of New York and Francis Walsh of Worcester, Mass. His latest victory was over Tony Dupre.

* * *

HE was christened Joseph Nicholas Stephen but his ring name is Dynamite Joe Horvath. He was born at Akron, Ohio, on October 13, 1918, and started his boxing career in the Golden Gloves tournament at the Jewish Center of Akron where he scored three knockdowns but lost the bout on a foul because he hit



Luther Beetie, middleweight prospect from upper New York state.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By RIGHT CROSS

his man while his opponent was on one knee. Since then, however, Horvath has been giving a good account of himself and today he is being touted by the scribes of his locality as a fine heavyweight prospect.

The place that gave to the heavyweight ranks K. O. Christner seems to be over-enthusiastic over the prospects of its new and latest "find," and if the record of Horvath can be kept up, he's sure to live up to their expectations.

Horvath is managed by Clarence Si Marsh, who in the past trained or handled such stars as Christner, Gorilla Jones, Frankie Erne, Chuck Burns, and worked with Petey Sarron, Johnny Risko, Harry Greb, Tiger Flowers and Young Stribling, among others. Si should know a good fighter by this time, and he thinks he has found a heavyweight of promise in young Horvath.

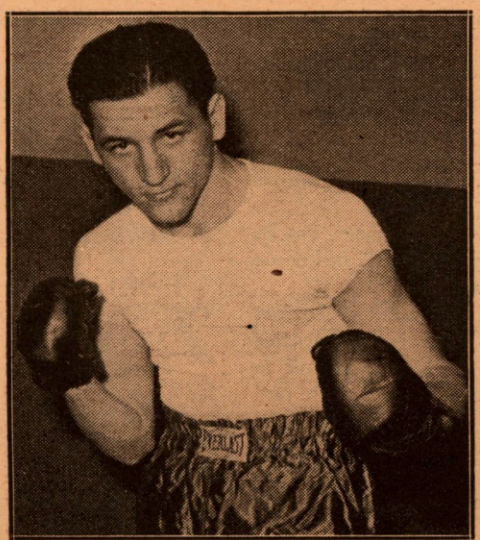
Most of Horvath's victories have been via the knockout route. He has scored many knockdowns, which testifies to his hitting powers. He scored six knockdowns against Young Wilcox, five against George Ceorsky, six against Chick Freeman, dropped K. O. Kid Huff five times and put Bernie Jones down twice before scoring a K.O. in 20 seconds of the first round.

Watch Horvath is the signal from Akron, Ohio. He is 21 years old, weighs 205 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches, and has a reach of 74½ inches, a neck of 18 inches and can sock and take it. He is an American born lad of German-Hungarian parentage.

* * *

JN Jack Baggett, sunny Dixie shines forth with a good prospect. The boy hails from Chattanooga, Tenn., and it is his ambition to place his native state on the fistic map. This professional fisticuffer is 28 fights old. Jack boasts of a 10-round draw with Ben Brown, Southern middleweight star. His kayo wins include Ray McNatt, Frankie Allen, Harold Glymph, Buster Isenburg and Chet Gideon.

Jack garnered decisions over Texas Joe Dundee, Danny Murphy and Smiley Wallace but the major fact that is giving him considerable notice along Dixie's Cauliflower Row, is the sensational consecutive knockout victories he has developed in the past several months. The number is 13. His latest victim was Chet Gideon and the place, Atlanta.



Chester Rico, lightweight from the Bronx, one of New York City's best prospects.

Mickey La Marr, New York lightweight.

Jack's only loss was to Young Allen, another Southern heavyweight hope who is under the tutelage of Pa Stribling. With the winter annual boxing season in Florida in full bloom, Baggett hopes to reap a bigger name for himself in the sunshine state. He is capably managed by Stiffie Williams, also of Chattanooga. Baggett fights as a light-heavy and heavyweight.

* * *

LUTHER BEETIE, who is managed by Amos Dorsey, is a colored middleweight from upper New York state who has a bright future. Last year Beetie engaged in 38 fights, a number with pretty good talent, and scored 22 knockouts. He often has found it necessary to fight boys 10 to 15 pounds over his weight because of lack of competitors of his own weight.

New York scribes who have seen Luther work, declare that he is a fast, aggressive type battler, who can give and take it. He tosses many punches and carries a good wallop. He is 23 years old and his manager, Dorsey, who knows a good fighter when he sees one, has hopes that his charge will make the grade this year. Dorsey expects to have Beetie campaign around New York City this spring. Dorsey can be reached at P. O. Box 352, Glens Falls, N. Y.

* * *

ALEX BAGINSKI, the Blond Flash, started his career as a boxer by winning the New England Amateur bantam title in 1938 from a large field. Chief among his victories since that time are those over Larry Bolvein of Providence, Max Perfetti of N. Y., Allie Stoltz, N. Y., Young Richards of N. Y., George Pepe of Meriden, Conn., Bobby (Poison) Ivy of Hartford, Conn., and many others.

He lost six decisions but beat each one who had defeated him previously in return bouts. He weighs 133 but has taken on opponents as high as 149. He was knocked out at that weight in a Connecticut bout, and decided to stick to his own class thereafter.

Alex's ambition is to be a champion in his class. He is only 19 years old. He is a classy boxer and one of the stiffest hitters ever turned out in Massachusetts. He is trained and handled by Joe O'Brien of Springfield, Mass., who developed Deby Debryant, light-heavyweight of the Pacific fleet, Young Ace Clark, heavyweight champ of Vermont, Jerry Maloni and Dave Deshler of Cambridge.

MIRACLES

By

BOB EDGREN, JR.

Hostak, Garcia and Blackburn, a trio that figures in news of the year.

WHEN is a boxer all through?

Not seven weeks, or months, but seven *years* ago, they said Ceferino Garcia was all washed up.

The error dates back to October 5, 1932, when the late Louie Parente had matched Garcia with Young Corbett III. Corbett was in his prime then; he had beaten Young Jack Thompson and Jackie Fields, both welterweight champions, in over-the-weight matches.

Parente thought the aggressive Filipino would be a good opponent for counter-fighting Corbett, but he was afraid of one thing. Garcia had shown signs of slipping. He'd had a lot of fights while still in his teens; mostly preliminary bouts. When he reached the age of twenty he began losing.

So Parente had it written in the contract that he could call off the Corbett-Garcia fight if the Filipino didn't get at least a draw with Freddie Steele in Los Angeles.

This Steele kid, seven years ago, was an up-and-coming youngster beginning to make a name for himself.

He flattened Garcia in two rounds. Garcia didn't get the Corbett fight. He had a poor year; was knocked out three times and beaten three times.

Papers said: "Parente cancelled the fight because the veteran Garcia wasn't a fit opponent for Corbett . . . . Everyone knows Garcia is all washed up."

Record books have varying versions of Garcia's career, but in the last eight years he's been knocked out five times and has come out a loser in one way or another in about twenty fights.

Garcia always had a terrific punch. He didn't seem to be fast enough to land it on Barney Ross or Henry Armstrong in battles for the welterweight title, but he landed it on Fred Apostoli to win the middleweight championship, so far as New York and California are concerned.

* * *

IT'S a queer world.

Teddy Baldock, a clever British boxer, would say "Amen" to that.

Teddy had never been knocked out, and was proud of his record. Not long ago he trained at Hurstpierpoint, a few miles inland from Brighton. His sparmate was a local boy. The two boxed along, not hitting hard.

A friend came in. Teddy turned his head to say "Hello!" His sparring partner threw a punch no harder, no more difficult to duck than the rest. It landed squarely on Baldock's chin and down went Teddy.

Charley Belanger, the Winnipeg heavyweight, suffered a similar embarrassing incident last March in a fight at Omaha. The men entered the ring, walked to their corners, and Belanger leaned on the ropes, talking to his manager, who sat just outside.

The bell rang. Carl Vinciquerra, Belanger's ring rival, dashed across the canvas while Belanger was still talking and floored him with a left. Alex Fidler, who has refereed thousands of fights, pulled Belanger to his feet and waved to him to get going. Charley was bewildered. Down he went from lefts—up he came—down he went a third time. And out.

He was so intent on his conversation that he hadn't heard the opening bell.

Probably his manager was telling him how to win.

* * *

A TITLE changed hands as the result of another of 1939's queer knockouts. Jake Kilrain of Glasgow, British welterweight champion, was counted out while he rested. In the seventh round of his bout with Ernie Roderick, there was a lively mix-up. Roderick knocked Kilrain to the canvas with a right to the jaw. Kilrain wasn't hurt. He rested on one knee to take full advantage of the count. Too full advantage, in fact. When the referee barked "Out!" Kilrain jumped up and sailed into Roderick. He was thunderstruck when the arbiter pushed him away and told him the bad news.

He thought he had gotten up in time.

That cost him money, too. The winner was matched with Armstrong for the world's championship in London.

* * *

JOE LOUIS made $86,400 a minute in his two fights against Max Schmeling and John Henry Lewis. He finished both men in a total time of four minutes and thirty-three seconds. This led a gentleman who was sitting near us at the ringside to remark:

"Louis had done more to increase attendance at the preliminary bouts than any other man. People are so afraid of missing Joe Louis that they get there early and see the preliminaries."

In past years, when a heavyweight title fight was staged, the ringsiders would come in just about the time that the semi-final was to be staged. Now they're on the spot, in their seats, before nine o'clock. They don't want to miss that Louis thrill.

OF THE RING

DID you ever hear of a boxer who got $5,375 for losing his courage?

It happened in 1939 at Liverpool Assizes. Bernard Sydney Leigh, a lightweight, was suing for being injured when he was knocked off a bicycle.

"I will never face an opponent in the ring again," he said. "I could never overcome the fear that a heavy blow might kill me."

Justice Hallett suggested that psychological treatment might help him. Leigh shook his head. He had lost his courage.

Since his fighting career had been brought to an end by the accident, he was awarded a sum equivalent to $5,375 damages.

* * *

WHAT good fighter made more money as a trainer than he made in the ring?

Jack Blackburn grinned as he answered that question for us. "When I was fightin'," he said, "we fought more often than modern boxers do. We had to, or we woulda starved to death. You'da laughed at some of the purses.

"Why, I fought Sam Langford fifteen tough rounds at Lieperville. My share was $54. I hadda split that with my manager. I fought a lotta times, but I'm makin' more money right now as a trainer than I ever did as a boxer."

It's interesting to note that Blackburn is a firm believer in the thoroughness of old-time training, and that under his care Joe Louis has become one of the best conditioned men who ever pulled on a glove.

"When we're gettin' ready for a fight," said Jack, "Joe goes out on the road for six miles, early in the mornin'. He gets plenty o' runnin'."

It has changed Joe's build, too. When he first started fighting, his legs were very thick. Now they are more wiry and tapering; runner's legs. Efficient. No waste weight.

* * *

JOE LOUIS is like the old-timers in another way. He fights often. His eight fights in the first two and a half years he held the title set a record for champions since the days of Tommy Burns.

Burns had fourteen fights in the first two and a half years of his reign. Burns was the busiest of them all and the only one in modern times to outdo Louis. Some of his opposition wasn't much. He took on Jim O'Brien and Jim Walker on the same day, March 28, 1906, and knocked them both out in a round.

Most champions become overpowered with the instinct of self-preservation. They want to hang on to the title. Even years after they have lost it, the memory of having held it is the thing they cherish most.

A touching instance of that is the career of Johnny Basham. He won one of the eight original Lonsdale belts. It was a massive affair with medallions and links of twenty-two carat gold. Its value had been estimated at $6,000.

Basham, living on a shilling earned here and a few pennies there around the training camps near Newport, often felt the pinch of poverty. There were times when he had little to eat. But sell the belt?

"I'd rather starve," remarked Basham. That belt recalled to him the time when he was champion of his class in the British Empire.

* * *

TO hear the managers of some of the rival middleweights complain, you would think that Al Hostak had preserved his title by refusing to fight outside Seattle. The howl was raised that a boxer from another part of the country couldn't win in Seattle—which was nonsense, because Krieger did it. There is nothing wrong with Seattle as a fight town.

There are powerful reasons why Hostak likes to fight in Seattle, and they are not connected with any real or fancied advantage he might have in the ring. Hostak was discovered and brought along to championship class largely through the efforts of a clever Northwest promoter, Nate Druxman.

Al made very good money in Seattle. He got about $9,000 for beating Steele; $8,000 when he lost to Krieger; around $11,000 for the return match in which he won back his title. In what other city have middleweight challengers been paid $9,000 and $11,000 a fight?

For the friendship and assistance of Druxman, Hostak was naturally grateful. If he went to box in New York—where Garcia was champion—he would probably have to sign up with Mike Jacobs and not fight for Druxman any more. Further, he wouldn't get the champion's 37½ per cent in New York as he would in any N.B.A. state. All he was offered by Jacobs was 25 per cent.

When Hostak lost his title to Krieger, Solly's manager, Hymie Caplan, looked forward to getting the champion's end of the purse in the re-match. But to his anguish, the contract, according to reports, gave Hostak 32½ per cent and Krieger only 22½. The champion was getting LESS than the challenger!

Hostak hadn't asked a guarantee from Druxman for the first championship defense, so in return Druxman had protected Hostak with a big challenger's percentage to even matters.

* * *

TRACK and field ability seems to be a jinx to battlers. Big Jack Torrance was the greatest shotputter in history. He should have had a terrific punch. But he couldn't fight a lick.

Lou Nova, in training for Galento, perfected a "javelin" punch. It was supposed to be modeled on the throwing motion he used when tossing the spear to a high school record.

We do not need to tell you what happened to Lou when he tried the javelin punch on Galento.

Jack Roper, in training for his fight with Joe Louis, put the shot with BOTH hands. He used to go out in back of the training camps at Soper's Ranch with a sixteen-pound shot in his left hand (he was a southpaw) and a twelve-pound shot in his right.

He worked on his weaker right hand until he could put the twelve-pound shot about forty-two feet. This was supposed to make him more dangerous. He put the shot with his left hand, too. Roper clipped Joe with a couple of stiff lefts, then wound up in a shotputter's pose and let fly a punch that was supposed to make Louis sail forty-two feet.

Joe pulled back just far enough to let this haymaker whiz by, conked the wide-open Roper on the side. Roper spun into the ropes. Joe playfully tagged him a few times on the chin and it was all over.

* * *

ROPER was a funny fellow. He could keep you laughing. To hear him tell it, the hardest punch he ever felt was landed on his chin by Ernie Owens thirteen or fourteen years ago.

"I heard a big bell, 'sbig as this room," he said, stretching out his hands to help describe the size.

"I woke up in the bathtub, in an epsom salt bath. My brother, Captain Bob Roper, was helping me sit up. I said: 'Say, wasn't I supposed to fight tonight?'

"Bob said, 'You did. You've already fought.'

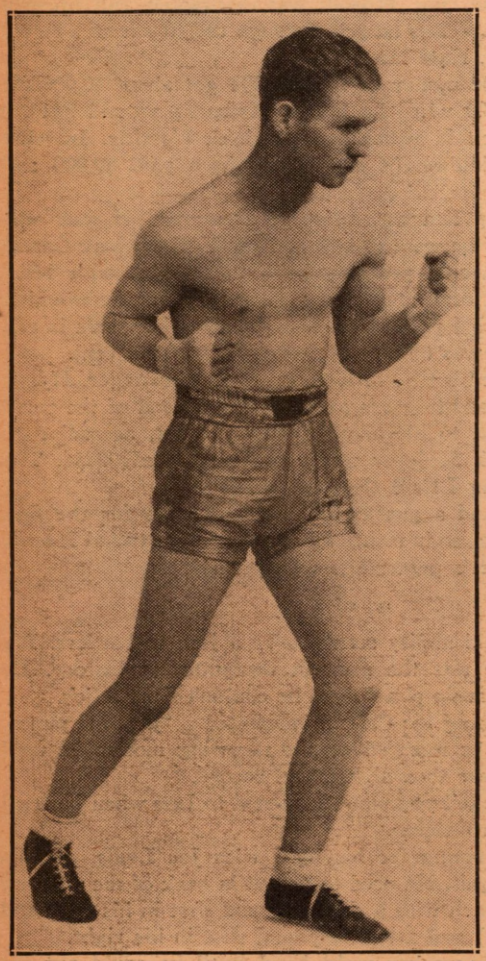
"'That so?' I came back. 'What round was I knocked out in?'

"'You weren't knocked out. You won the fight.' Bob stopped talking and looked at me kinda funny for a minute. 'SAY!' he roared, 'you mean to tell me you been unconscious all this time?'

"'Guess so,' I said. And I surely was.

"'Why, I gotta notion to push you under and let you drown,' Bob screeched. 'Do you know that we've been out to a restaurant to dinner, an' you said, 'Let's go for a drive'? 'Don't you remember taking the wheel and driving me all the way up the mountain and across the dam on that winding Mulholland Drive? An' you were OUT all that time?'"

With BRITISH



Jim Lawlor, British welterweight of promise.

WAR time conditions that prevail at this writing, make the game of boxing very difficult to pursue. Many fighters are not available, having joined the colors and big time promotions are at a stand-still, due of course, to the fact that a Government decree forbids any promoter to have more than a certain amount of customers in the hall. Despite these obstacles, several places in the country enjoy boxing and the more fortunate fighters are managing to obtain a few engagements.

Even though the "noble art" is suffering a temporary blackout, we have several fighters who we would like to introduce to our readers. We set the ball rolling with Bert Gilroy, middleweight champion of Scotland, and a challenger for the British title.

Gilroy is 21 years of age and like many more outstanding fighters, is of Italian parentage. His people settled down in Scotland some years back, and it was in 1918, that Antonio Rea, pugilistically known as Bert Gilroy, first saw the light of this world. His present mentor, Tom Gilmour, a fellow well versed in fistic knowledge discovered Gilroy when he was a gangling kid about 16 years old and weighing around nine stone. Gilmour coached the lad, giving him only six-round contests, building up gradually his strength and physique, until Gilroy blossomed out a fully fledged welterweight. He went to the post 14 times in the 147-pound class, coming through undefeated. When he found himself unable to cope with increasing weight Gilroy wisely moved up into the middleweight division, where he has fought with commendable success.

At this writing, Gilroy has suffered three losses as a middleweight, and these defeats have been reversed in later contests. He has won verdicts over the following: Jim Mount, former Scottish middleweight champion, eight rounds T.K.O.; Tommy Henderson, Scots cruiserweight title-holder, two rounds, knockout; Jack McKnight, Irish champion; Johnny Clements, 10-round knockout; Tommy Smith, for the Scots middleweight championship; Paul Schaeffer of Canada; Ken Robinson also of Canada, seven heats, T.K.O.; Ben Valentine won 10 and drew with Ginger Sadd.

In the opinion of his mentor, the Scottish champion is now at his best and ready to fight any middleweight in the world. Gilroy would give much to make a trip to the United States and pit himself against the best opposition there. If such a trip did materialize, Gilroy would not be averse to fighting Ceferino Garcia, Fred Apostoli, Solly Krieger or any other outstanding U. S. middleweight. His style of fighting is one that would go down well with U. S. fans, he is a rugged two fisted battler with dynamite in both gloves. He packs a mean left hook that spells disaster and curtains for the recipient.

* * *

MANY sporting fans would like to see Jim Lawlor, Lowestoft welterweight reach the top and many more would like to know the reason why he has never gained official recognition in spite of the many outstanding victories he has achieved at the expense of numerous topnotchers in the British Isles. At the outbreak of war, Lawlor, formerly a seaman, rejoined the fleet. He is now stationed with the Navy, in parts unknown.

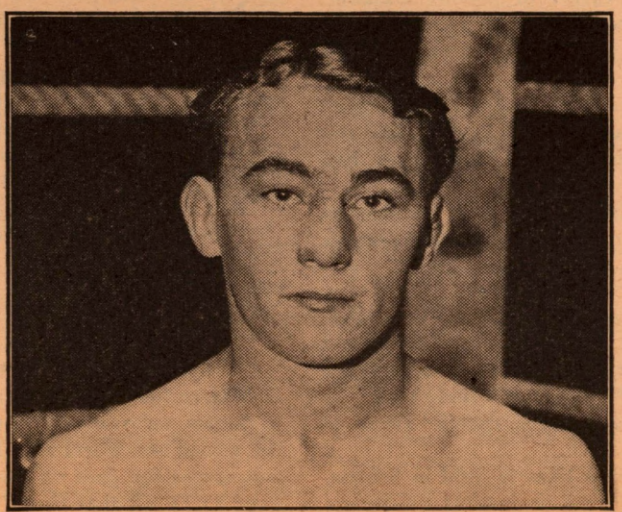
Lawlor's southpaw style and heavy artillery seems to frighten the opposition, for the gallant seaman has the wallop that knocks 'em kicking. Jake Kilrain, former British welterweight king, knows this. Lawlor had him down for a nine count when the referee suddenly stopped counting and ruled Lawlor out for hitting low.

Lawlor has frequently challenged Ernie Roderick, British welterweight kingpin but there has never been any acceptance of these persistent challenges. True, they have been matched on two occasions but the bouts fell through. Lawlor has an outstanding record and owing to the paucity of welterweight opponents, many middleweights have crept into the record of the fighting sailor.

He has whipped George Rose, Jack Forster, Pat Haley, Bob Scally, Paul Schaeffer, Charlie Parkin, Panther Purchase, George Davis, Ercole Buratti, Tim Sheenan, Tommy Smith, Mog Gwilliam, Paddy Roche, Stafford Barton and George Odwell, to mention only a few of the battlers who have fallen by the wayside after a broadside from the sailor's gloves.

Ernie Roderick has been given plenty of publicity from time to time, about the number of knockouts that he has achieved, but comparison with the record of Lawlor reveals that the seaman has scored more short victories than his welterweight contemporary. The boxing game has been very disheartening for Lawlor, who in order to obtain fights, has had to accept any old job, scrapping even light-heavyweights in order to get engagements. Many are the welters in England, who have sidestepped the hard punching, two fisted Lawlor, and many are the supporters of Lawlor who are convinced that Jim is the uncrowned welterweight champion of Great Britain.

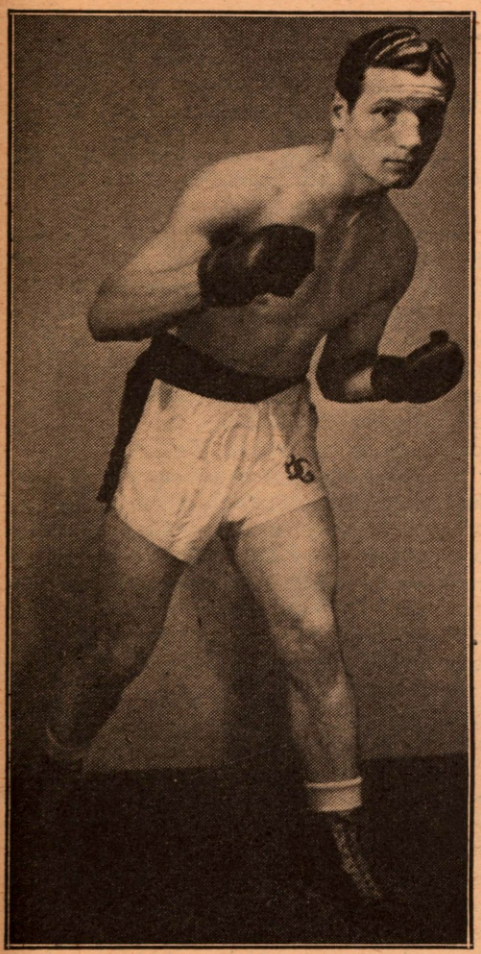
Lawlor is willing to prove his superiority against any 147-pounder in competition today, but undoubtedly what he yearns for most is that crack for the British title. Lawlor in fighting lives up to all the ability of the British Navy in action, the tougher the going, the better he likes it. He has a powerhouse punch in either glove, but a wallop in his left that rocks 'em to sleep. Lawlor is a fighting man, first and last, what he can't do in the ring, he'll accomplish with the British fleet, a



Jimmy Mallott, Bethnal Green featherweight.

BOXERS

By
GEORGE FARMER



Bert Gilroy, middleweight champion of Scotland.

fellow of few words but plenty of action, Jim Lawlor.

* * *

YET another British flyweight has broken forth into the ranks of the championship contenders, and now, after several years of hard fighting and perseverance, is flying high towards a title fight. The boy is Joe Curran, two-fisted, hard hitting Liverpool lad, stablemate to Jimmy Walsh, ex-lightweight kingpin of Britain, and Kid Tanner, sensational scrapper from British Guiana.

Curran took up boxing as a member of a club attached to St. Joseph's R. C. School at Liverpool. The club he boxed with also boasted as a member, Ernie Roderick, the present welterweight king. Curran burst into the fistic limelight when he dropped a K.O. across Paddy Ryan, in the first heat, although Ryan reversed this victory, by notching a one-round win in a return contest.

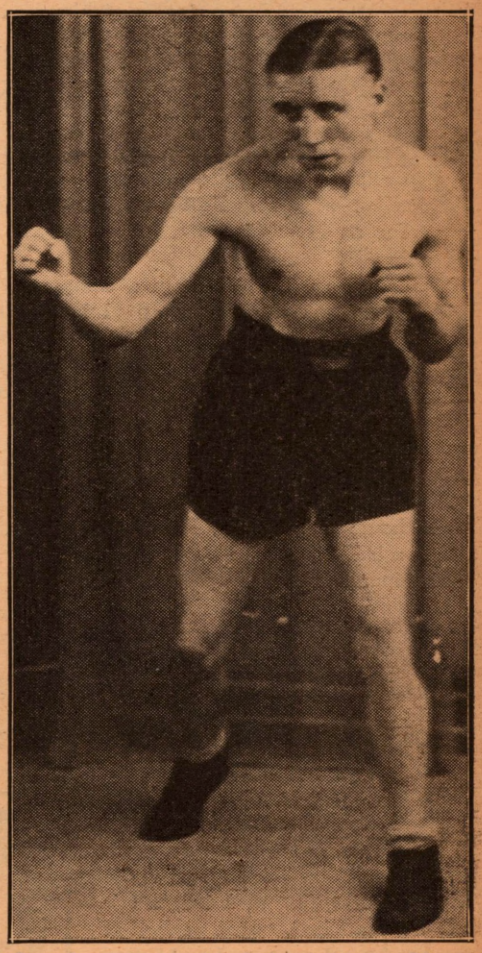
One of Joey's best bouts was against Peter Kane, who was put down twice for nine counts but went on to win a hairline verdict. Curran has since badly wanted a return fight but is still waiting.

He must be one of the lightest of flyweights, scaling only 106 pounds fighting fit. In spite of several sea trips in the endeavor to gain a few extra pounds, Curran still remains at this weight. Undoubtedly this lack of weight has held him back for some time, but now he has topped his peak, there seems to be no holding this flyweight stick of dynamite. In turn Curran has served in the capacity of sparring partner to both Freddie Miller and Bobby Leitham, both of whom had the highest praise for his capabilities. Among the Curran list of scalps are such notables as Jackie Patterson, flyweight champion of Great Britain, who has lost twice to the Liverpool lad. Curran won the first bout on a foul, and stopped Patterson in the return encounter. In their third bout, Patterson won on points, scaling over half a stone heavier than his opponent. The present flyweight champ afterwards said that Curran was the best he had fought, a nice compliment from a lad who today reigns as king of British 112-pounders. Tut Whalley, Paddy Ryan, Mickey O'Neill, Phil Milligan, ex-Northern Area flyweight champion; Frankie Bonser, Pat Warburton, former Welsh flyweight title-holder; Dave Kellar, ex-Southern Area flyweight kingpin; Ronnie Bishop, Welsh flyweight champion; Peter Miller, Eddie Doran, while at this writing his current win and one of his best, was against Tiny Bostock.

Outside of boxing, Joe's pet pastimes are swimming and a game of billiards. He pays much tribute to his managers Dom and Tony Vairo for the attention they have given him and adds that it is largely due to their care that he has gone so far in the give and take game. His comentors have made application to the Board of Boxing Control for a title fight, and if the application succeeds, there are many followers of boxing especially in the north of England who will wish Curran well.

* * *

UP till several months ago, a young boxer was fighting out of London with success, but finding himself outgrowing his natural strength, he wisely took the advice of his mentor and had a layoff from the game. The lad is Jimmy Mallott, Bethnal Green featherweight, who is now back in harness, ready to pick up where he left off and if he does, we shall be hearing much more of this lad.



Joe Curran, two-fisted, hard hitting Liverpool lightweight.

Mallott is a clean fighting, brainy boxer who on more than one occasion has been referred to as a Len Harvey in miniature, because he chooses to use his head where otherwise sheer force might do the trick. Outside the arena he is a quiet, almost shy lad who speaks little of his achievements in the ring, and prefers to spend his spare time coaching the lads of St. Anne's Catholic Club in the noble art of self-defense. Mallot followed his brother, Bobby Fordham, into the paid ranks after boxing for several years among the amateurs of Working Lads Federation of Boxing Clubs. Mallott never hesitates to box with anyone in the gym. In doing so he has picked up many useful hints from such boys as Dick Corbett and Freddie Morris, both of whom speak highly of the prospects of young Mallott.

Mallott has met many first class featherweights, among them being Jackie Hurst, Jack Treadaway, Tom Thomas, Johnny Softley, Jackie Rankin and Billy Walker. He began his professional career by boxing his way to the final of one of the well known Crystal Palace open competitions and ran up a string of 36 straight wins before losing a decision.

Mallott is fortunate in possessing a wise hand in the game like Jack Carey for a manager. Jimmy has been with him since he was a schoolboy champion. At the age of 22, Mallott is now back in the game he loves, fit and well and rarin' to go places. He has only to show his past ability and he is sure to climb the heights again. He has lots of what it takes to get there and if being conscientious counts, then some of Britain's featherweights had better watch out.

A WORLD TRAVELER

British West Indian Preliminary Boy Tells of His Tour— Boxing Afforded Him the Opportunity For Globe Trotting

By ENRIQUE "YOUNG" FREEMAN

IT isn't often that a young preliminary boy, a lad with just ordinary fighting ability such as I possess, is permitted to sit with The Editor of THE RING and chat with him for an hour or more. That was my pleasure and how I did enjoy it!

You see, even though I am a comparatively unknown in the field of boxing, The Editor and I have a number of things in common—we love the sport and we like travelling. I am only a boy of twenty-one, but I have seen many parts of the world and though I am a boxer of little means, I have worked my way around by plying my profession, winning a bout here and there and taking it on the chin on other occasions—but getting enough out of it all to pay my way and live the life I love.

About four years ago I met THE RING Editor in my lonely island home in Trinidad. He knew of my record as an amateur and I asked his advice about going to New York to work as a professional boxer.

"Don't do it," he advised. "There are plenty of good boys walking the streets or hanging around the gymnasiums and the fight clubs doing nothing. At least here at home you are assured of your room and board, why give those up for an uncertainty?"

I thought his advice was sound but I made up my mind that I wanted to travel and since I had no funds, I figured I could get sufficient by fighting my way around. Two months later, I surprised the Editor by my appearance in his office.

"So you decided to make the trip," he said, and as I laughed it off, he continued, "well, now that you are here, I suppose I had better give you the name of some manager who will be able to feed you while you're training. But you had better make good. He won't keep you long if you can't produce."

So I went to George Sheppard, the fight manager, who took care of me, fed me, gave me a room and sent me to Stillman's Gymnasium to train. Well, I failed him. I couldn't make good. I couldn't cope with the boys from New York who I thought I could lick and rather than take advantage of Sheppard, I quit the Big City and started for California.

As an amateur, I was an excellent fighter, but as a professional, you need far more than I possessed as a simon-pure. I was only eighteen years old then, but I had had a lot of experience and I wasn't afraid to face the world alone.

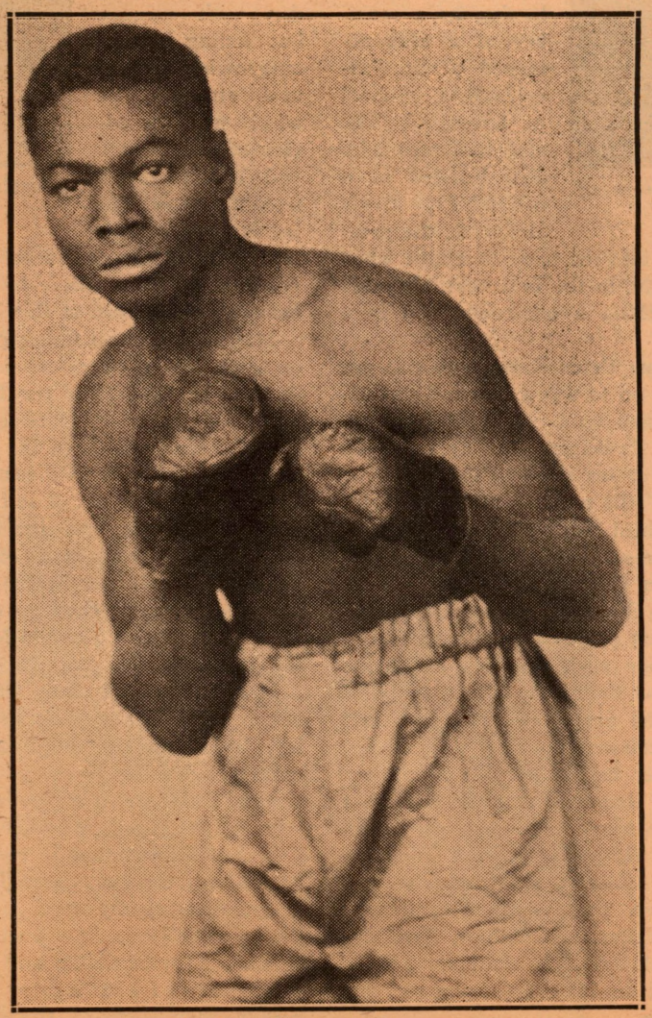
I had engaged in 31 fights as a bantam in Trinidad, of which I had lost only two decisions and had won fifteen fights by the kayo route. My dad was an excellent fighter, the lightweight champion of the West Indies and I took to boxing naturally. Also to writing, for frankly, even though I say it boastingly, I can write a good story and tell it with interest. I am not being aided in what I am now recording.

I am a little ahead of my story. Before coming up north, I went to Caracas, Venezuela, where I fought twice with success. Then I went to Curacoa, Dutch West Indies, a fine place, but I found that the city didn't support boxing as did Venezuela or our country. Port-au-Prince was my next stop and there I found boxing at its dullest. Without funds, and no work in my chosen profession, I decided on New York and a week after my decision was made, I saw the sky lines of that great, thrilling city.

As featherweight champion of the British West Indies, which I admit, after seeing the American boys in action, doesn't mean more than a preliminary boy in the States, I thought I would have no trouble scoring a hit, but destiny decided otherwise. Perhaps lack of proper training was the result of my failure.

I just couldn't get down to work, so thrilled was I at the sights, that I was in a daze. I fought a number of times, twenty-four all told, of which I lost half of the bouts. At nineteen years of age, I figured I was through. It was then that I decided to tour the world or as much of it as I could.

Four weeks of travel, brought me 4000 miles away, out in California. Los Angeles is a beautiful city but Hollywood is tops. The movie people make it so. It is also a good fight center. But both were not strong enough to hold me.



Enrique "Young" Freeman

Mexico City wasn't so far away so I decided to make that my next stop. It's beauty kept me there for a while, during which time I engaged in several losing fights, because of the high altitude, and then off to Tia Juana, the place where one can enjoy a good bull fight. But the heat finally got me.

It is far hotter than in my native country and off to Los Angeles, on a return trip, went I. In one of my fights I was struck quite low and a rupture developed which necessitated an operation, and following my recuperation, I took the first boat out for Honolulu.

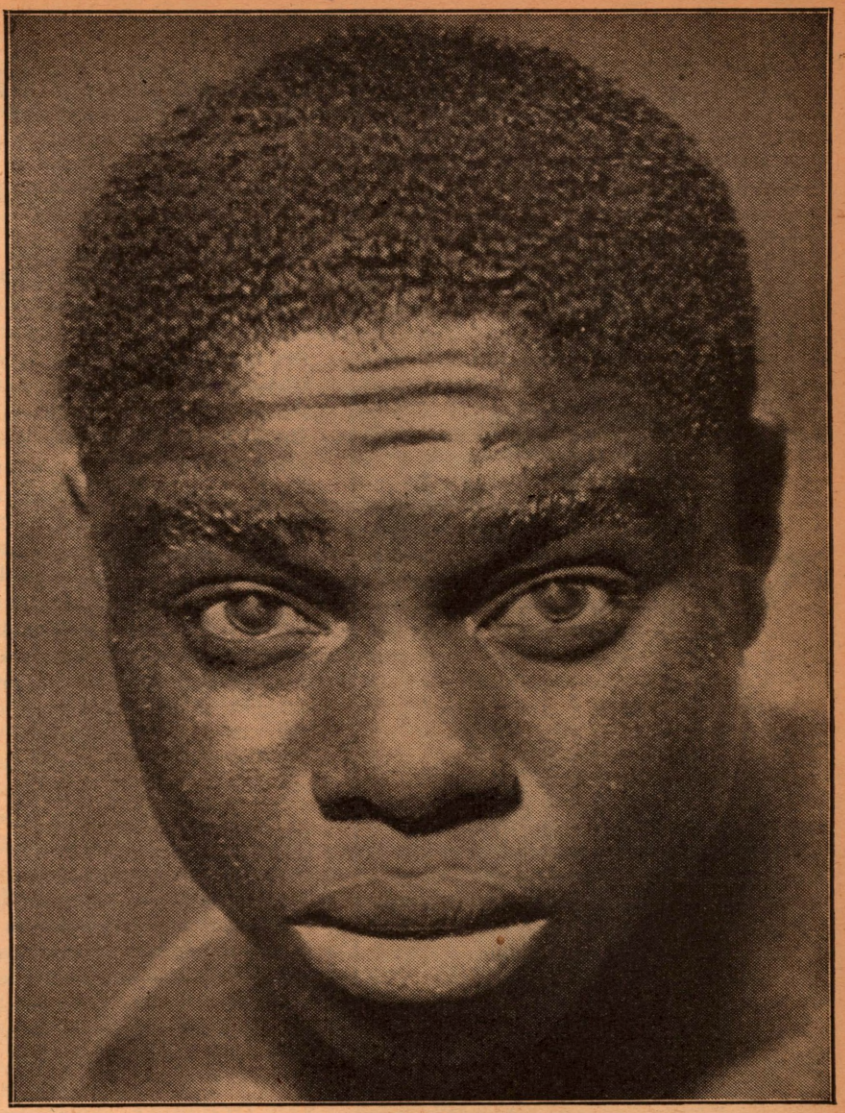
When I landed, imagine my surprise to find on a stand nearby THE RING Magazine. What a thrill I got out of that, considering that I had met the Editor, had been to his headquarters and had received sound advice from him which I had not followed!

During my trip around the States, in Mexico and Venezuela I had made a total of about $2100 in purses, and with my savings, amounting to a little more than $1300, I had plenty for a good time in the land of the Hula Hula dancers. I appeared in exhibitions, and picked up some extra change which *(Continued on page 44)*

Pugilist Turns Artist

Jackie Wilson, Former Olympic Star, Now California's Outstanding Lightweight, Uses Ring Earnings to Study Painting — Seeks Armstrong's Welter Crown

By GENE VINASSA



Jackie Wilson of California.

THEY wrote a play about "Golden Boy," the violinist who turned pugilist. Somewhat parallel is the case of Jackie Wilson, who hails from Cleveland, Ohio, but for the past three years has been fighting in California rings. Wilson seeks to use boxing as a means to a higher grade in life and apparently his efforts are yielding results.

There have been other men who acquired an education by means of a ring career, so why not Jackie Wilson? There was Bob Sage, the Fighting Lawyer, now Judge Robert Sage of Detroit—and serving his second term on the bench.

Wilson was the outstanding member of the United States Olympic boxing team in 1936. An atrocious decision deprived him of the world's amateur bantamweight title. And that, incidentally, was the only decision he ever lost—either as amateur or pro!

Last June, Wilson graduated from Los Angeles high school. He specialized in commercial art, and did rare work on the school posters. He was told he had a bright future in art, but how to carry on his studies was the query he had to answer for himself. He did.

He decided his fists and his cleverness would do the trick and he is out to make good. He decided that the best way to accomplish his end was to spoil pretty "pusses" in the ring and with the money he earned, to continue his studies. That's what he is now doing. Just that. He is spoiling the fighting career of many a young prospect, but building up his own, both as a fighter and a painter.

Wilson has rare promise as an artist. He plans to continue his studies and is using the ring as a means toward attaining his goal. If, in the process of acquiring funds to further his education, he happens to annex a title or two, that will not alter Wilson's plans.

This writer believes Wilson will make good in both professions. As an amateur, Wilson had forty-nine fights—winning all of them. He captured the Cleveland and Chicago Golden Gloves titles and won the U. S. National A.A.U. championship and the New York national and international honors. Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis and Benny Leonard were among the spectators at Madison Square Garden when Wilson won the A.A.U. title, whipping the Olympic Games champion, and each raved about the Negro lad.

Dempsey remarked that Wilson was the "sweetest thing on two legs." Leonard rated him "one of the best natural boxers he ever saw." And Louis, queried on Wilson's ability, remarked with a grin, "I'm glad he's not a heavyweight."

Wilson turned pro in Los Angeles two years ago. He is under the capable management of Walter Melrose, prominent attorney and sportsman of Palm Springs, Calif.

The first year in the pro ranks, Wilson scored seven first-round knockouts. His victims were Speedy Espita, Hede Watanabe, Archie Grant, Jack Rymer, Felix Torres, Everett Simmington and Louie Flyer. The latter defeated Bobby Pacho and knocked out Milo Theodorescu, Roumanian welterweight champion.

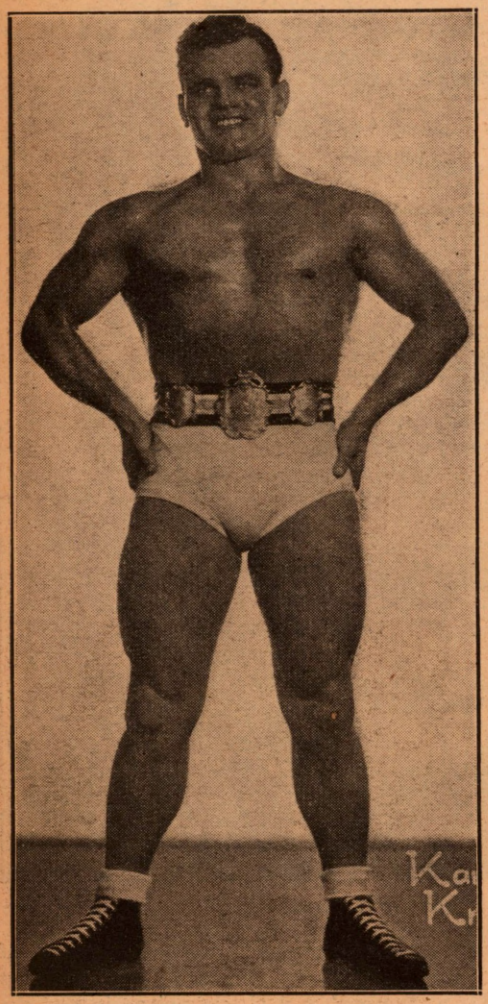
Wilson, incidentally, is the first fighter to knock out Ritchie Fontaine, who holds a victory over Henry Armstrong. The lanky Negro flattened Fontaine in six rounds at the Olympic.

A few weeks later **Wilson** stretched Young Peter Jackson in four rounds. Just a few weeks before that, Jackson lost a close one to Pedro Montanez. Henry Woods, Eddie Cool, Utah Jackie Burke, Babe Brandelli and others have been knocked out by Wilson.

No less a fistic judge than Jack Root, former light-heavyweight champion, now a retired businessman in Los Angeles, offered $7,500 for Wilson's contract last October. Manager Melrose turned a deaf ear to the bid. James J. Johnston and Suey Welch were also in the *(Continued on page 45)*

Wrestlers *in the* Spotlight

By EDDIE MERRILL



Karol Krauser, Polish heavyweight star.

ITALIAN wrestlers are figuring prominently in the news of the mat world. Jack Pfeffer and Rudy Dusek, rival promoters in New York, have cornered as many of the Italian top-notchers as they could get. Each realizing the drawing power of a good Italian grappler in Eastern mat circles. Pfeffer garnered two good men recently in Michele Leone and Primo Delmonte to offset the edge that Dusek had in the Garibaldi brothers, Gino and Ralph; Tony Calasamo and Giuseppe Mazza. In addition to Leone and Delmonte, Pfeffer also has a good wrestler in Luigi Bacigalupi, and from now on until next summer, New York mat fans who are hot Italian rooters, will have an opportunity to see plenty of action among men of their own race.

Leone is a black haired athlete while Delmonte is bald.

Delmonte is rough—he makes no bones about it. He is just a plain "mat villain." who lacks science. Nothing pleases Delmonte more than to rip them apart and the boos which greet him when in action only make him rougher in his work.

He was born in Palermo, Italy, 27 years ago. He lived in the hills of his native Sicily, made a living at all sorts of jobs and wrestled for the fun of the thing most of the time to show how strong he was. In Sicily, Delmonte tells us, wrestling is a pastime, but its real tough. The participants wrestle outdoors. There is no money to be won, only glory, but those who come through, are real tough hombres, men who can stand the gaff and will stand up under the most gruelling punishment. Delmonte is that type of man.

In fact his entrance in pro wrestling is unique because he never wrestled professionally until he came here at the request of Jack Pfeffer. Since he came to this country, he has been a consistent winner. He is a man of terrific strength and endurance and has a knowledge of the game which stamps him as a "natural"-born wrestler. Primo weighs 200 pounds, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and has powerful legs. He is one of the outstanding Italian wrestlers in U. S.

Luigi Bacigalupi, another Italian who is popular in Eastern mat circles.

Michele Leone is the oppoiste to Delmonte. He was groomed for the mat for several years before he turned pro. He was born in Abruzzi, near Rome, the town which produced Italy's greatest poet, Grabriel D'annunzio. He is 25 years old, stands 5 feet 8 inches, has massive shoulders, and tips the scales at 215 pounds.

Leone was developed through the European system of wrestling. Coached slowly by experts, he was taught the ancient and modern art of wrestling. He won the Bologna tourney, considered the most important in Europe, and thus earned the title of champion of Italy, recognized by the Federazione Italiana Atletica Pesante, the body which governs wrestling in Italy.

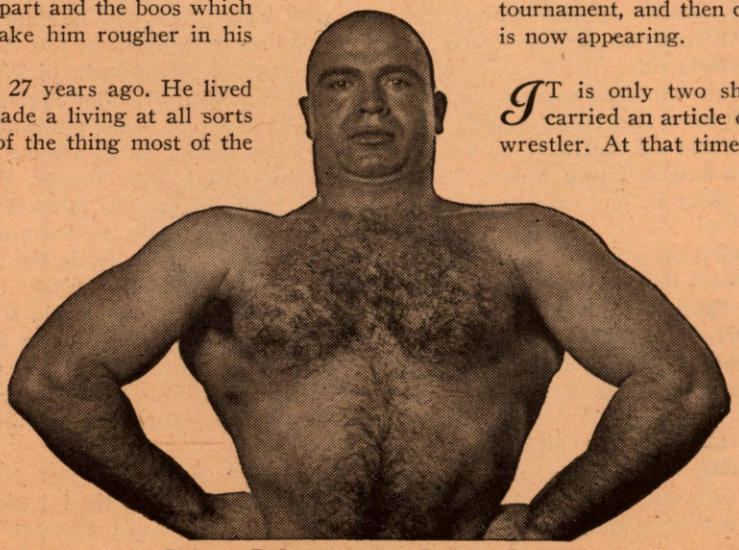
Following that victory, Michele Leone received two offers for his services, one to participate in the Buenos Aires wrestling tournament and the other from Jack Pfeffer to come to America. He first went to Buenos Aires, where he won the tournament, and then came on to New York, where he is now appearing.

* * *

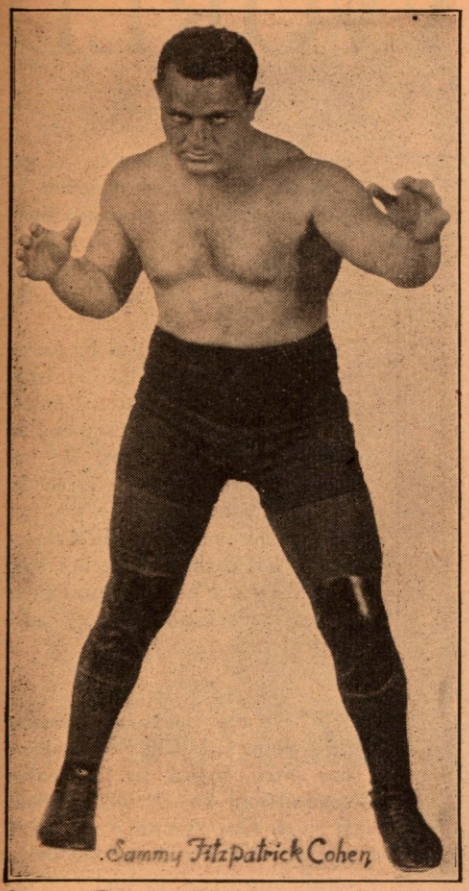
IT is only two short years ago that THE RING carried an article on Karol Krauser, Polish master wrestler. At that time Krauser had only just arrived here and although he came highly recommended, it remained to be seen just what he could do against top competition in this country. Wrestling fans now know that Karol Krauser has made good.

He has established himself firmly with the headlines, and once more placed wrestlers of Polish birth in the category in which they belong—that is, with the world's best.

Krauser's success on the mat is due largely to his careful training for the mat game. All



Primo Delmonte, an Italian heavyweight, who is rated a rough grappler.



Sammy "Fitzpatrick" Cohen, the "wildman" from New York City.

his life he has figured in some sport or other. He was born in Cracow, Poland, 26 years ago and weighs 200 pounds. His height is 5 feet 11 inches. He is well proportioned, with strong legs, a large torso and powerful arms. He first attended the Polish Cadet school at Gniezne, where he made a name for himself in wrestling, track, swimming, skiing and weight-lifting. He entered the University of Cracow when eighteen years old and continued his sport activities. They met with such success that he was given a free trip to the Amsterdam Olympics as a reward for being the foremost all-around athlete in Poland.

Later Krauser was selected from hundreds of entries to fill the position of physical instructor on the government branch of athletics known as Zwiazek Sczelecki. For two years Krauser trained hundreds of cadets in wrestling, swimming and other sports, meanwhile keeping himself in condition. At the end of his government contract, Krauser decided to enter the professional wrestling ranks and has been at it ever since.

The Polish star is a regular snow bird. He loves skiing, at which he is an expert and rates with the champions. He likes to swim, and even in the winter he is often in for a dip at the beaches around New York.

Off the mat, Karol Krauser has a pleasing personality. He is quick to make friends and keep them. He numbers among his many friends not only prominent men and women in the Polish colony, but also many Americans who have a real admiration for the clean-cut, gentlemanly Polish mat star.

* * *

TARZAN WHITE, former college and professional football star, is making good with a vengeance in the pro wrestling ranks for Rudy Dusek, who books him. Tarzan, former Alabama athlete, who played with the New York Giants eleven when they won the pro title, is one of the most powerful matmen in the East. As a schoolboy and later as a college athlete, he garnered many records and now White is out to add to those in the mat sport.

He was an all-America guard with Alabama in 1935 when he played against Stanford at the Rose Bowl, and the same powerful attacks he showed against the Californians than he displays in all of his wrestling matches. Under the guidance of the Dusek brothers, who have coached him in the grappling art, he has acquired much of the rough tactics that they employ, and with his knowledge of football, he is a very dangerous man once the gong sounds and his match is on.

White is comparatively small as wrestlers go, being only 5 feet 8 inches, but what he lacks in height, he makes up in strength. He scales 210 pounds and has no trouble raising a 250-pound opponent off the floor. He has been wrestling in the East and also out in California, where Lou Daro thinks a lot of his ability.

Among those whom he has defeated on the Pacific Coast are Sandor Szabo, Man Mountain Dean, Hans Steinke, Nick Lutze, Dutch Schultz, Carl Davis, Hans Schnabel, Jim Henry, Dud Chick, Ed Payson, Al Billings, Hard Boiled Haggerty, Dick Raines and Howard Cantonwine. In addition, he wrestled a thrilling draw with Jim Londos. Quite a record for a comparative novice. Although most of his wrestling has been done in California, he is now one of the big stars appearing in the Metropolitan district.

Incidentally, Tarzan is still on the roster of the New York Giants. Bronko Nagurski of the Chicago Bears once held the world's grappling title, and anything a Bear can do can be done quicker and better by a Giant, says Tarzan, who feels confident of being able to cop the mat crown before the end of the current indoor season.

* * *

SAMMY COHEN is Jack Pfeffer's favorite mat villain, even though he lacks wrestling ability. Sammy is a product of the sidewalks of New York. Born in the greatest metropolis in the world, he fought at the drop of the hat when a kid, and he is still doing it. He has been wrestling professionally about four years.

During the summer months, Sammy is a lifeguard. He passed his Civil Service examination nearly eight years ago, and since that time he has been a lifeguard at Rockaway Beach every summer from the middle of June to the beginning of October, where his athletic, bronzed body is known to thousands.

Sammy Cohen is 27 years old. He weighs 235 pounds, all brawn and muscle, and stands 5 feet 9 inches. He has powerful arms and legs.

Tarzan White, famous Alabama football player, who is making a hit in pro wrestling ranks.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By "THE MATMAN"

WITH the New Year, we hope to have a new leaf turned over by those who are promoting wrestling in this country, so that the sport will have an opportunity to flourish as it did prior to the application of the garrote by those who made the most money out of it. Wrestling, as I have so often pointed out, is a fine sport. It deserves to live as do other sports. Throttling tactics employed by the promoters in all parts of the country have brought wrestling down to the lowest level ever experienced in America, but it is not too late to remedy the situation. Here is how it can be done:

1. By eliminating the cut-throat methods now pursued by those who seek to do away with open competition.

2. The acceptance of a bone fide opponent for a world championship match with Jim Londos the defender, such an opponent to be selected from open competition in which there must be no strings attached to the contestants by title-holder or the promoter.

3. The elimination of the so-called "Wild Man" stunts for honest-to-goodness wrestling.

Bill Panzen in a new role, that of a Connecticut motorcycle cop.

THE RING Editor stands ready to sponsor a world heavyweight championship match with Londos the defender, if the Greek Adonis will say the word and permit THE RING to select his opponent. As already stated, THE RING Editor will offer a handsome belt to the winner and through the open competition which he will offer, he will automatically do away with the claims of the horde of so-called title-holders, not one of whom has earned his "title" on his merits as a wrestler.

Let's get together, Jim. It can be done. Why continue in the mire when the opportunity to bring the game back to a sane standing is open to all!

* * *

JIM LONDOS, far from retiring, is still on the go. He has been touring the country and is doing pretty well for himself, but it is the opinion of the "Matman" that Londos can do still better if he will agree to accept the challenge of those who most merit a crack at the world championship which he holds. Jim is a great wrestler and there is no doubt in the minds of his army of followers that he is still good enough to take the best of the crop into camp. But he should prove that by facing the best, especially his strongest rival for international honors, Jack Sherry.

Sherry, finding it impossible to obtain work in the Metropolitan district without submitting himself to the whims of the promoters, decided to go up to Boston and place himself under the guidance of Paul Bowser. Not that such a move makes it any better for him since Paul controls several of the big fellows, the Casey brothers and O'Mahony among others, but because Sherry is tired of inactivity and he figures at least with Bowser he will be assured plenty of work and has been promised that his matches will be fought on their merits. Sherry doesn't mind losing a match when he finds that such a loss is merited, but he refuses to be a party to collusion and that's what I like about him.

It is hoped that Bowser, who is most friendly with Londos, eventually will be able to get Londos and Sherry together in Boston for the world crown. Such a bout will be a big affair in New England if backed up with Irish talent, such as Bowser has in his booking.

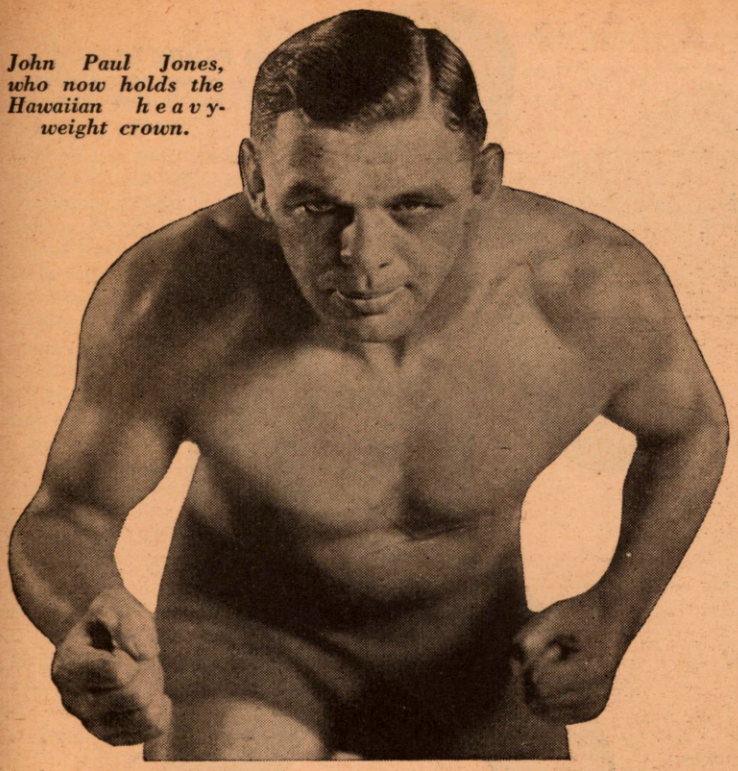
Of all the promoters in America, Paul is probably the best businessman. He is a shrewd fellow with plenty of iron nerve and an abundance of foresight. He has tried hard for the last six months to get his co-promoters together so that the mat sport could thrive again, but each time he has been balked by one or more promoters who are suspicious of every move a rival makes.

* * *

THE retirement from the mat game of Gus Sonnenberg has been urged by a boxing commission in New England. It was Gus, former football player, who introduced the flying tackle into wrestling and soon developed it to such an extent that he revolutionized the sport from a straight, scientific game to a combination roughhouse, acrobatic sport in which all science was tossed to the winds. His entry into wrestling was the means for creating a demand for college football players and in less than two years, practically every graduate of a big institution who was willing to take up wrestling as a career after having made a name for himself on the gridiron, found himself signed by the late Jack Curley and Toots Mondt.

Dazzler Clarke, who with Karol Zbyszko, Scotty Grimes and Hans Van der Walt, are the "flying quartet" in South Africa.

But the shock which these football players received by the constant pounding and the other type of punishment they received in the ring, caused many to develop a softening of the brain,



John Paul Jones, who now holds the Hawaiian heavyweight crown.

others to be maimed by the dropkick attacks and still others to retire when they found that it was a pretty tough way to make a living. Thus the craze for college football players has died down.

The foreign wrestlers are more in demand today and the sport by degrees is losing much of its gridiron play. But the roughness still remains. I predict that it won't be long before that finally passes out of the picture and there will be a complete return to the science displayed by such stars as Londos, Sherry, Pojello, Szabo, Nick Lutze, Strangler Lewis, Hans Steinke, the Zbyszkos and Wyckoff among many others.

As for Gus Sonnenberg, wrestling fans would prefer to see him retire. It would be in the best interests of the sport and himself that he quit the field in which he was once champion and restore his health through a rest cure.

* * *

BILL PANZEN, Ukrainian wrestler, has turned motorcycle cop. This fine athlete, an aspirant for heavyweight honors, has been appointed to the motorcycle corps of the Gershaw County Police in Connecticut, where he not only will fill the duties of an officer, but will help to keep his fellow members in condition. The new job doesn't mean that Bill will give up his favorite pastime, wrestling. He hopes to continue that as a side line whenever opportunity presents itself.

Recently up in Montreal, Panzen pinned Rudy De Glane, claimant of the independent Canadian heavyweight title, in 37.05. Bill is a splendid wrestler who should be a demon law enforcing agent. The Ukrainian societies of the East are planning a rousing welcome for Bill on his first appearance in their midst. He is one of the most popular athletes among his people.

* * *

WRESTLING tidbits from South Africa, sent in by Ken Duncan, follow: Johannes Van der Walt, acknowledged South African heavyweight champion, and two self-styled Scots with strong American accents, Scotty Grimes and George Dazzler Clarke, and Karol Zbyszko, are the big fry of wrestling in the Union at the moment. They flit from town to town, making fleeting appearances in the Golden City and Capetown, engaging one another in spectacular matches, of which Van der Walt does not seem to be having the best. In his last seven matches, the crowd-drawing Van der Walt has lost two, drawn two and won three.

Dazzler Clarke has conquered him on two occasions. In a so-called needle affair at Capetown, he won by the only fall of the match. About a fortnight later they grappled again at 6,000 feet. But the high altitude had little or no effect on the dashing Dazzler, who after giving as good as he got for a few rounds, secured a second decision over the South African, who was disqualified for an irregularity on the platform outside the ring.

The incident—a mule-kick at the dashing Dazzler as he endeavoured to regain the ring—was the culmination of a series of unapproved actions which got Van der Walt in bad with a section of onlookers. The South American recorded one-fall-to-nil victories over Zbyszko (twice) and Grimes. In two later brawls with Van der Walt, Grimes secured draws at one fall apiece.

* * *

EUROPEAN WRESTLING NEWS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follows: Cash customers at the sport stadiums of neutral Italy and Spain will be privileged to see the best wrestling attractions this coming season. Wrestling is still going strong in England, but many of the outstanding performers are missing. News clippings from Milano, Italy, announce the arrival at that port of Freddie Ebert, Pietro Konstantinoff and "The Angel." They are all heavyweight stars and will join the team of international matmen, led by Karl Pojello, which is already barnstorming there. And here is some data about the trio:

FREDDIE EBERT is a stocky Austrian-American with a reputation for world traveling. He is well-known in the United States, especially in the Middle West and California. Los Angeles fans will recall that he was a jouster in Lou Daro's famous 1935 tournament. Ebert, too, has been to Australia, South America, the Far East and has taken part in countless numbers of European tournaments. He is a proficient exponent of any style from jui-jitsu to catch-as-catch-can. More recently he barnstormed in Spain and Portugal.

PIETRO KONSTANTINOFF is a top ranking member of Europe's younger clique. Born in Bulgaria, he was discovered by Dan Koloff. He claims the heavyweight championship of his native land and headlined at Jeff Dickson's Palais des Sports, Paris, a year ago versus the choicest of talent. He has been hailed as the coming heavyweight champion of Europe. Konstantinoff scales in the neighborhood of 215 pounds.

"THE ANGEL" is that freakish personality of the mat who was found in a Central European circus by Karl Pojello. Last season press polls rated him as the greatest drawing card ever to appear in England and France. Time and again, he broke all existing box office records. Because of his weird—almost horrifying features—police officials in Manchester and other English wrestling centers banned his showing. Weighing more than 252 pounds, he has, so English promoters advertised, "A head the size of a horse." No matman, with the exception of Earl McCready and Londos, ever received more publicity in the National Press of England than did this grotesque star. And the British press is not usually partial to giving publicity to anything to do with wrestling.

Harold Lane, greatest of British promoters, is proposing to make a comeback in the London wrestling field. Lane, who gave British jui-jitsu expert Bob Gregory his start, has been absent from the mat world ever since his celebrated London Club closed last year.

* * *

WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII, by Teddy Yamachika, follows: Paul Jones, who hails from Texas, became the new Hawaiian title-holder by dethroning the week-old champion, Ignacio Martinez, in a match which was fast and furious. It took Jones about an hour of hard work to clamp his famous "figure 4" hold on the Portuguese strongman for the only fall of the evening.

Two weeks later, these two behemoths met again in another hectic battle but after an hour each wrestler was still limited to one fall apiece. Although Martinez gained the first fall in 22 minutes and 18 seconds with a body press, Jones evened the score within the next two minutes. During the remaining minutes each tried desperately to gain the deciding fall but to no avail. The

bout was called a draw and the way it looks from here, sooner or later there must be another encounter between these two.

Paul Jones has been away from the mainland United States for about two years. Traveling around and meeting every kind of opponent, he has polished his style to such an extent that he should not be reckoned among the world's foremost contenders for Londos' crown. There is a good chance that he'll be headed for the United States after he's had enough of the Hawaiian sunshine. He's a well-built, clean-cut wrestler who is well liked by the fans.

* * *

The introduction of team wrestling by Promoter Al Karasick some time ago proved so popular with the fans that there are all the indications of its continuance. To win the match, a team must pin its opponents four times, twice each.

It is generally accepted that the greatest team of wrestlers in the country today is that of "Rowdy" Rudy LaDitzi and Yukon Jake. As a combination, they are still undefeated.

* * *

Jack Gacek, who recently won the popularity contest at the Ocean Park Arena in California as the outstanding wrestling star to show there during 1939, is again in Honolulu. Gacek has been here many times before and his popularity is such that they are always calling him back.

He picked as his first opponent Paul Boesch and beat him, two out of three falls. If this match was any indication of Gacek's form, we are pretty sure that he'll be demanding a title bout with Paul Jones soon.

* * *

Summing up wrestling in Hawaii for the year of 1939 this is what Promoter Al Karasick had to say: "This year was the greatest year of wrestling in the history of Hawaii. We had more than seventy new wrestlers from all over the world, including such stars as Jim Londos, Harnan Singh, Dean Detton, Danny Dusek, Lofty Blomfield, Dick Raines, Wong Buck Cheung, Vic Christy, George Zaharias, Chief Thunderbird and a flock of others. We had some outstanding matches including the two world's title bouts in which Jim Londos successfully defended his crown. And to climax the year, we are having the greatest figure in the sporting world, none other than Jack Dempsey, come to Honolulu to referee a match."

* * *

"Rubberman" Higami, the biggest drawing card as far as Honolulu is concerned, is scheduled to arrive here soon. He is now a light-heavy but as usual will have to take on heavier men for competition. He is an expert at jiu-jitsu.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY, who was the third man in the Garcia-Lee middleweight title bout held in Manila recently, stopped off at Honolulu, on his way back to New York, long enough to referee a wrestling main event before a large crowd at the Civic Auditorium. The ever popular Manassa Mauler, who was brought here by Promoter Al Karasick, stole the thunder from main eventers Jack "Killer" Gacek and Ignacio Martinez.

The ex-heavyweight king really went to town from the starting gong and livened the bout by making the wrestlers step at a fast clip. With a few minutes left in the main event, Jack finally took four good socks at Martinez, softening him up for a quick kill by Gacek. Until then, each wrestler had one fall apiece.

Dempsey's action did not come as a surprise to the fans. Throughout the bout Martinez kept antagonizing and defying the referee. Finally Dempsey's temper flared up and down went Martinez. Jack Gacek stepped in just at this moment to gain the deciding fall.

The fans were well pleased with Jack Dempsey's ring work which was flawless. Dempsey was not afraid and called everything as he saw it.

* * *

"DYNAMITE" JOE COX will no longer be known as the Mauling Missourian. Henceforth this rugged wrestler will be referred to as the Clouting Camdenite. Cox has sold his home in Kansas City and his Mountain View, Mo., farm, and he and his wife are now residents of Camden, N. J. . . . . The younger brothers of Steve "Crusher" Casey, Jim and Tom, are stealing the thunder away from the eldest member of the Irish clan . . . . Diminutive Tommy Nilan, Australian speedster, is all the rage around the Middle West and Canadian territory. The Down Under gripster, who shares with Abe Coleman the unusual honor of being the shortest heavyweight bone bender at five feet five inches, is a noted globe trotter. He has seen action in all parts of the world. This is his second trip to the United States . . . . Cliff "Swede" Olson is doing his torso tossing around Florida . . . . Chick Garibaldi, kid brother of Gino, will be on the sidelines. He recently suffered a broken leg.

Carl Pojello, whose traveling wrestlers are doing well in Italian competition.

Last January 5, Ernie Dusek, captain member of matdom's famous Riot Squad, celebrated his twenty-eighth birthday. The following day was brother Rudy's thirty-eighth natal day. Oddly enough, the ten-year span between the two brothers lends more color to the bold, bad Bohemians. The other members of the Quarrelsome Quartet are Joe, the youngest of the band, and Emil, who is between Ernie and Rudy . . . . Ray Steele, the Glendale, Cal., veteran, recently returned from a highly successful tour of the world, seems to have found the Fountain of Youth, if reports are true . . . . Another absentee who has returned is Chief Little Wolf, the Navajo Brave. He also has been in foreign climes. The inventor of the Indian Death-Lock may appear in Eastern rings shortly . . . . Leon Balkin is responsible for the mat art taking on a new lease of life around Detroit, Cleveland, Canton and Canada. Balkin is making his headquarters in Cleveland . . . . In the Philadelphia area, Promoter Ray Fabiani is having a good season. Alfred Aceto is his matchmaker.

Feature Fights

(Continued from page 5)

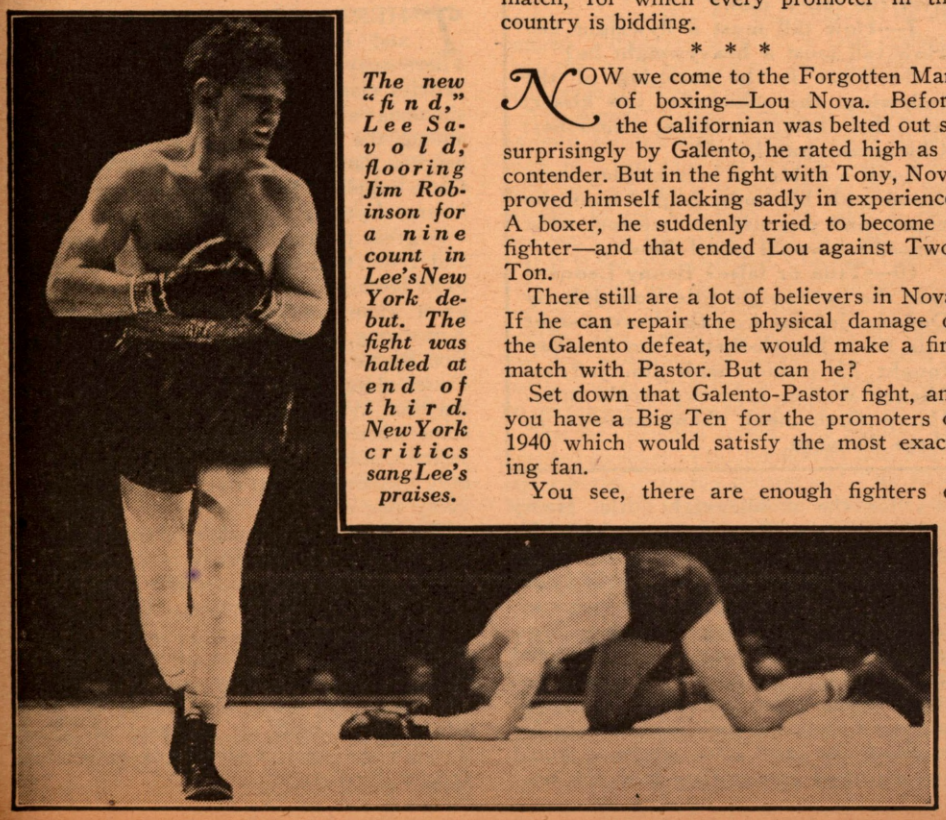
class show in our list for the first time in the No. 5 spot. Opinion is that a welterweight championship battle between Henry Armstrong, holder in that division, and Lou Ambers, the lightweight title-holder, would draw a tremendous gate, and would have a vastly beneficial effect on boxing in the classifications under the heavyweight.

Ambers and Armstrong are about on a par as for weight. Lou and Henry have fine public relations. They exemplify fine skill and ring magnetism; they are good magnets at the box office; they never fail to give the fans a run for their money. Why not another Armstrong and Ambers fight? Here again we are not concerned as to locale, though it very likely would be fought in New York.

Behind the Armstrong and Ambers match we discover another engagement involving big fellows. There is a distinct call for a battle between Pastor and Billy Conn, who has gone into the heavyweight class. Conn could be bigger. He scales under 175 pounds, but he is an attractive fighter who has intrigued the crowd, and the writers. Yes, the promoters, as well.

The writer does not believe Conn will get very far in his heavyweight campaign. Nor does he think Billy ever is going to be a really big man. The fact is, if Conn were to make a determined effort to gain weight he might injure one of his prime recommendations—speed. But they say a Conn-Pastor fight would be a great thing. So—let's have that, too, Messrs. Promoters.

For Armstrong there is another rival—Al Davis of New York, who threatens the Negro champion. Davis is what you would call a crowd-pleaser. He drew $40,000 for a fight with Tippy Larkin in the Garden. Davis would have some ten pounds on Henry and it would pack any indoor arena in America.



The new "find," Lee Savold, flooring Jim Robinson for a nine count in Lee's New York debut. The fight was halted at end of third. New York critics sang Lee's praises.

There is a distinct demand that Ambers get busy in defense of the lightweight championship, and there is a general feeling that the first shot belongs to Sammy Angott, the Pittsburgh lad. Angott has been coming along very fast ,and should not be asked to wait too long for the chance at the championship. Since Ambers always has been a fighter, the prospects are fine for this match, for which every promoter in the country is bidding.

* * *

NOW we come to the Forgotten Man of boxing—Lou Nova. Before the Californian was belted out so surprisingly by Galento, he rated high as a contender. But in the fight with Tony, Nova proved himself lacking sadly in experience. A boxer, he suddenly tried to become a fighter—and that ended Lou against Two-Ton.

There still are a lot of believers in Nova. If he can repair the physical damage of the Galento defeat, he would make a fine match with Pastor. But can he?

Set down that Galento-Pastor fight, and you have a Big Ten for the promoters of 1940 which would satisfy the most exacting fan.

You see, there are enough fighters of class, enough gate-drawers, there are enough matches.

The trouble is that boxing has become so much Big Business that it has over-businessed itself. Too many managers are over-cautious.

Now let us go over the various classes. In the heavyweight division, 1940 demands these matches:—

1, Louis and Galento; 2, Pastor and Galento; 3, Louis and Pastor; 4, Galento and Baer; 5, Burman and Galento; 6, Pastor and Conn; 7, Pastor and Nova; 8, Conn and Nova; 9, Burman and Paychek; 10, Burman and Nova.

In the light-heavy class, the demand is strongest for a battle between Gus Lesnevich and Dave Clark.

For the middles, of course, there is the Hostak-Garcia fight, with Ken Overlin and Ron Richards second. Richards is an Australian, and if he could be got out of that country, would prove an attraction.

In the welter class, we find Armstrong and Ambers No. 1, Armstrong and Davis No. 2 and Hank and Milt Aron No. 3. Holman Williams, and Charley Burley also figure in this class.

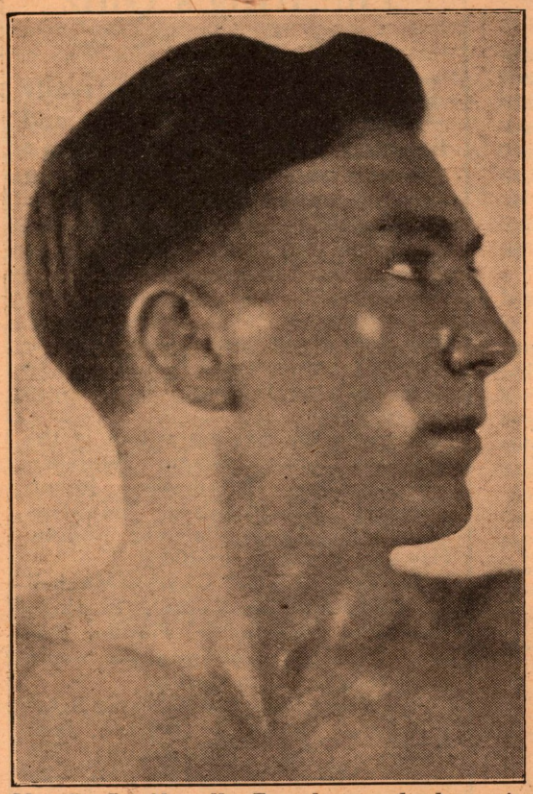
Moving among the lightweights, we find the Ambers-Angott fight No. 1, and Ambers and Jackie Wilson No. 2.

In the featherweight division, the big demand is for a match between Joey Archibald and Pete Scalzo. No. 2, Archibald and Chavez, in Venezuela; 3, Archibald and Jimmy Perrin, Southern feather champion.

Among the banties, one match is attractive—K.O. Morgan and Tony Olivera. The flyweights offer Little Pancho and Little Dado.

Going over these lists, do you see any

(Continued on page 50)



Maurice La Chapelle, French ace, who has quit the Pfeffer camp.

Latest Mat Trickery

THE RING Editor regrets the error made in our last issue, in which it was stated that Maurice La Chapelle and Maurice La Chapnelle was one and the same wrestler. Jack Pfeffer launched a "phony" on the public to take the place of the original La Chapelle, who had quit him, and used a name similar to that of La Chapelle, one of the leading wrestlers in this country.

The use of such similar names, a new piece of trickery in Pfeffer's attack on wrestling, is resented by those who are thus belittled. In addition to La Chapelle, Pfeffer has given the name of Brunek Zagurski to Al Nowosielski, an ordinary wrestler, to confuse this fellow with Nagurski, the football player. THE RING Editor will discontinue the use of any wretsling news if such unsportsmanship tactics are continued by Jack Pfeffer.

Dream Fights

(Continued from page 7)

LOUIS again, with Pastor and Galento in New York. There are two thrillers which must come though, and at this writing I'd say that the pair of them would go the way of all Joe Louis victims. Pastor, if he is a little more cautious than he was at Detroit, might skim through to win the decision. He has the speed and speed is the one thing which is going to overtake Louis, sooner or later!

The speed of a non-hitter. That's why Pastor and Conn would always have a chance with Louis, Conn of course to fight him only after Billy had gained ten or fifteen pounds.

Galento and Pastor in New York. There is a good dream fight, one which might be signed for any day. They are the two leading contenders right now, though Jack Dempsey tells me that Red Burman should get his chance. Pastor has lost twice and in all fairness to the others, he should step aside for the time being.

A whale of an attraction for Chicago would be a fight between Galento and Max Baer. If the big Californian would only keep fighting himself into trim, he would go places. He never has learned the lesson of fighting himself into shape.

* * *

DREAM fights! Why not Gus Lesnevich and Melio Bettina, both of whom had to bow to Billy Conn's masterful boxing? These two are punchers. They give no quarter and I'm certain that it would be a hair-raiser.

If the hateful, cat-and-dog war in Europe would only run itself ragged, Billy Conn could go to England and fight Len Harvey for the undisputed light-heavyweight championship of the world. Len thinks he is the champion and we say Billy is. Let them have it out.

If Billy can't go there, let Harvey come here and arrange to turn over a goodly part of his purse to the British war charities.

Tommy Farr and Louis, again, perhaps. A game showing Farr would be an ideal attraction against either Baer, Galento or Louis.

They've talked a lot about the hard hitting of Al Hostak. Why not put on the dream fight between Hostak and Ceferino Garcia, who knocked out the great Fred Apostoli? This is one of the hottest matches on the horizon. They'll make the pact some day though not until Hostak breaks away from the Oregon boot with which he is shackled.

An Oregon boot, you know, is the heavy steel anklet they clamp around prisoners up in the Northwest. Hostak deserves a better break because he can hit.

Then bring Ron Richards over here to meet the winner, or send the winner to Australia to meet Richards before the largest crowd to gather at a fight in the Land Down Under, since the day little Tommy Burns tried to defend his title against big Jack Johnson. Richards holds the middle, light-heavy and heavyweight titles of Kangarooland. He must be pretty good.

A dream of some pumpkins would be a welterweight battle between Fritzie Zivic and Henry Armstrong in St. Louis or Pittsburgh. Armstrong and Garcia are going to fight out in Los Angeles for the middleweight title. Henry would be spotting Garcia a lot of weight. He did it before and whipped Garcia. He might do it again though at his new middleweight poundage, Garcia is a dangerous customer.

Ambers and Marquart, Jenkins or Sammy Angott. Let's have Joey Archibald against Simon Chavez, Pete Scalzo or Sixto Escobar, either here or in Venezuela. Team up Lou Salica and Georgie Pace for Cleveland, the only place where it would draw a packed house. Then have the winner fight Peter Kane, the British Empire champion, here or in London.

A honey would be an international battle between Little Dado, the American flyweight champion, and Enrico Urbinati, the European champion. Then, if he is successful, a fight between Dado and Jackie Paterson, the British flyweight champion. Then they could bring K.O. Morgan, and the winner of a bantamweight elimination series together to settle the ownership of the title vacated by Sixto Escobar.

Joey Archibald and Jimmy Perrin, in New Orleans, for the featherweight title. Perrin is an idol there and they will draw tremendously on February 26. They are now matched.

* * *

I GUESS I've trotted out the best of the dream matches. I'd like to see them hook up. There may not be a Berlenbach and Delaney thriller among them. The fight fan is a fickle bird at best. He has his hero one day and hisses him the next.

The other night they hissed Pat Comiskey in Madison Square Garden when he was introduced before one of his fights. Why? In heaven's name, WHY? Here is a young giant who has made good from the start and because he is successful, because he has knocked out twenty-four in some twenty-seven fights, he is booed! The day will come when they'll be going into raves over him as I've indicated, should he ever meet Joe Louis for the title. A fellow like Comiskey must be considered dangerous.

I went to Baltimore, Md., to see him stop hard-hitting Maynard Daniels, a fellow never before defeated. Maynard came out of that fight with one of his eyes closed tight behind a badly swollen temple. Both of Comiskey's hands were puffed as though they had been nipped by a rattler.

It was a savage fight and deserved a better setting than the small crowd which viewed it. It was a big time fight squandered on the low time!

* * *

THERE may not be a Mickey Walker and Paul Swiderski battle on tap. There may not be a Fitzsimmons or a Jeffries classic. There may not be a Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher hitting duel among the lot but who can tell to what heights Pat Comiskey may go? Will Billy Conn supplant Jim Corbett in the eyes of lovers of purely scientific boxing?

A great parade of matches is on the way and I don't think that the fans are going to go boxing hungry. Never have there been great champions like Joe Louis, Henry Armstrong, Lou Ambers, Sixto Escobar, Ron Richards or Ceferino Garcia, but there comes along someone just as great to flatten him. We never thought the day would come when Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson or Dempsey would become only memories. That day came to each and every one of them.

The thing which makes boxing fascinating as a sport is that there is always a new wonder off in the woods who hasn't come out of his deep wilderness. He comes and is electrifying. That is the true charm back of our beloved sport, the sport which sends a game man into the ring, on his own, where his enemy is always—in front of him! Boxing will hold up its head all down through the ages. I dream of newer and greater thrills!

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with five out of ten you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—True or false? Tom Sharkey won the heavyweight championship when he knocked out Kid McCoy in New York on January 10, 1899, in ten rounds.

2—Give the fighting names of the following famous boxers: Benjamin Leiner; Louis D'Ambrosio; Joseph Carrora; Al Rudolph; Stanislaus Klecal; Dr. Louis Wallach; Andrew Haymes; Bernard Rosofsky.

3—True or false? Charley Mitchell knocked out Jim Corbett in three rounds at Jacksonville, Florida, January 25, 1894, and won the world heavyweight championship.

4—Where were the following fighters born? James J. Jeffries; Jack Dempsey; Bob Fitzsimmons; Joe Louis; Henry Armstrong; Barney Ross; Billy Conn; James J. Corbett; Tommy Burns; Jack Johnson.

5—What fighter was nicknamed:—Gentleman Jim; the Manassa Mauler; the Benecia Boy; the Hard Rock from Down Under; the Will o' the Wisp of the Ring; the Black Uhlan; the Toy Bulldog; the Nebraska Wildcat; the Cleveland Rubber Man; Dead Pan Louie?

6—If you are the referee and a fighter is knocked down, takes a count of seven, starts to rise and falls to the canvas again, how would you count over the fallen man?

7—How tall must a flyweight be? How tall must a heavyweight be?

8—What is the meaning of the following: the schnozzle; the kisser; on the fritz; suckers; moocher; Chinaman; pan-faced?

9—If a fighter is in a helpless condition with his body draped over the ropes, and you are the referee, what procedure would you follow?

10—True or false? Benny Leonard won the lightweight title from Johnny Dundee. Jeffries won the heavyweight title from Jim Corbett. Tom Sharkey fought 25 rounds with Jim Jeffries. Mickey Walker held two world titles. Harry Greb held championships in three divisions.

A Day in the Gym

(Continued from page 24)

a hawk. It is serious work with them.

For every Paderewski, there are a million piano-pounders that never succeed in doing anything but enraging the neighbors, and for every Joe Louis, Gene Tunney or Jack Dempsey, there are a million young men who have nothing to show for their love of fist-cuffing but a collection of scrambled ears and concave noses. The cauliflower ears that bloom to blush unseen and unillumined by the spotlight of fame, usually have their roots in the thousands of athletic clubs that dot the nation. In these clubs and gymnasiums hundreds of hopefuls set out to climb the fistic ladder to fame, but only one in many, many, many thousands, succeeds in getting to the top.

However, the boys do have a lot of fun trying. The majority of them get wise early and turn to other careers, making boxing their hobby. But a few become ham-and-eggers and run the gamut of sixth rate bouts until they become slug-nutty, slap-happy or wallop-wacky. We are not going to concern ourselves with these. We want to show you the boys who box for the love of boxing, who spend every spare minute they have away from their regular work seeking to make themselves better exponents of what has been called "The Noble Art."

I Remember When—

(Continued from page 27)

July 26, 1925, when he met Jack Delaney. At the end of the 10 rounds, the judges disagreed, and the referee awarded the honors to Delaney. This caused a big rumpus, Loughran being so deservedly popular in Philly, and a near-riot occurred. Commissioner White then took a hand in the game, and an hour later declared it a draw, which became the official record.

The second time the fans were given a face-about surprise was again in Philadelphia, in 1928. Jack Gross was Loughran's opponent, and a draw was announced. This aroused a storm of protest. On the following day, the referee admitted that he made a mistake. He hadn't added up his totals correctly. Examining his notes, he found that he had tabbed Tommy as winning four frames, Gross three, and three even, and should have tipped Loughran as victor.

The error was corrected for the records by the Pennsylvania Commission. But at the same time, the Commission members tempered their justice with a slam at the winner. They clapped a suspension on Tommy for kicking up such a row in the ring when insisting on his rights, because his actions came near starting a riot, contrary to the best interests of boxing.

* * *

WHEN heavyweight Jim Maloney was still a big Boston favorite he went to Syracuse in 1928 to fill an engagement with a huge local scrapper known as "Tiny" Jim Herman, who scaled at 235 pounds. In the second round, Maloney landed an uppercut that raised Herman off his feet and draped him across the top rope. He hung there, balanced swaying to and fro. As his feet were off the floor he was technically "down," and referee Crowley began to count. But each time Crowley raised his arm to count, Herman slithered a bit forward and his feet touched the canvas. Then Crowley would halt. Then Herman swung back on the rope, neatly balancing, and again Crowley would begin the count.

At last Herman regained his feet, and the fight went on. A fraction of a second before the bell rang, Maloney shot a right to the jaw that laid out Herman. His handlers dragged him to his corner, and then claimed a foul on the grounds that Maloney had hit their principal after the bell sounded.

It had been a close thing, but Crowley said the punch was fair. When the minute rest ended, Herman was still hearing the birds sing. He slumped back on his stool, and Crowley counted him out for keeps. But Herman's Syracuse cohorts never got over arguing that he had been robbed.

A referee's life is never a too happy one!

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 12)

for a count of three and in the eighth the Nebraskan was floored for an eight count. Three times he went to the canvas in the eleventh and the two knockdowns in the thirteenth ended the affair. According to Dempsey, he didn't halt proceedings but counted Lee out.

* * *

BOTH Garcia and Hostak ended the year with sterling victories, Al having disposed of Erich Seelig via the knockout route in the first round in their Christmas Fund bout in Cleveland. Each is a terrific puncher, and it is the hope of the editor that a bout between them to settle world supremacy will be clinched. Pity that this bout, in my opinion the most attractive of the year from a point of view of fighting ability, is confronted with obstacles that make it impossible for the affair to be arranged. I disagree with those who contend that the bout belongs to Seattle where it will outdraw New York.

The punch is what counts in boxing and as both Hostak and Garcia possess it, and each is a colorful performer, New York will pay as much if not more than will Seattle to see the boys mix. But it isn't necessary to stage the fight in either place if that is the only obstacle. Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and several other boxing centers will be glad to get the mill. The important part is that the fight fans of America are awaiting the outcome of such a battle and no manager or promoter should be permitted to stand in the way of this bout.

The fans demand action. The fighters are entitled to share in the popularity and financial returns of such a contest and THE RING Editor, in his eagerness to eliminate the divided championship claim, will agree to offer to the winner the most expensive belt this publication has even given.

* * *

NEW JERSEY has a one man commission whose efforts on behalf of boxing are worthy of recognition. Abe Greene is his name. He is the Managing Editor of the Paterson *News* who, as the head of boxing, has done much to build up the sport in the Skeeter State since he took over the helm thirty months ago.

During his regime the sport has been carried on in a safer, saner manner than ever before. Lack of scandals, clean, honest-to-goodness fights, better supervision over boxers, closer scrutiny over promoters, managers and seconds, a higher class of officials and as a result, better officiating and decisions than heretofore—those are only a few of the changes for the betterment of boxing that have gone into effect since Abe Greene became commissioner.

Abe is a stickler for physical fitness. Unlike other commissioners who have been willing to shut their eyes to ailments that should have acted as a ban on the fighter, Commissioner Greene has caused eighty-six boxers in a year and a half to quit the ring either because in his opinion and that of his medical advisory staff they were suffering from a softening of the brain or one or both eyes were in poor condition. Greene is the type of leader that boxing needs.

Our congratulations to the Commissioner from New Jersey for his latest stand on behalf of boxing. In a report to the State Governor, Commissioner Greene advocated a neurological test for all boxers in an effort to ascertain their mental alertness. According to Abe, it isn't sufficient to have a fighter physically fit, he should also be mentally fit. That's a fine point.

Commissioner Greene pointed out that not only has he, as head of the boxing board, compelled fighters to hang up their gloves because when he found them physically unfit, but also forced boys who lost too consistently to retire. That's how it should be. In acting as he has, Commissioner Greene has been following a suggestion often made by THE RING Editor to our National Boxing Commissioners.

* * *

THE year started off auspiciously for Dave Castilloux, who hereafter will compete as a lightweight. THE RING's No. 4 ranking featherweight who, through lack of contestants fought most of his battles against heavier boys in 1939, came through with a ten-round triumph over Leo Rodak at Montreal in launching his 1940 campaign. Castilloux, a boy who has been close to the top in the feather ranks for several years, by defeating THE RING's fourth best lightweight, gained a high spot in that division.

The Montreal battle was a close one. The entry of Castilloux among the lightweight contenders should add interest to that division. With Sammy Angott, Davey Day, Dave Castilloux, Leo Rodak, Jackie Wilson, Georgie Crouch, Wesley Ramey, Lew Jenkins, Billy Marquart, Bob Montgomery and Tommy Spiegel in competition, the lightweight class should be one of the most active this year.

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The Greatest Fight

(Continued from page 19)

jurisdiction of New York. It was an easy place to escape from police molestation.

We finally went ashore and the ring was pitched in the cold and dark. Betting was lively. Harry Hill, Fatty Collins, Dan Noble, Robert Smith, Top Truax, stroke oar on the old Atlantas; Kit Burns, proprietor of Magdalen Shrine on Water Street in New York City; Sheffield George, the noted English dig handler; Randall, famous oarsman from Portland, Maine; and Walter Brown, the champion rower, were Edwards' leading backers.

While Edwards and Collyer were being aroused from a sound sleep, a preliminary match was put on between Teddy Maloe and Hoboken Chipper and the pair had only gone one round when Edwards appeared and his hat was sent skittering into the ring as was the custom in those days, followed closely by the fighter himself. A few seconds later, Collyer's "dicer" was tossed over the ropes.

Collyer's bottle holders were Owney Geoghegan, the notorious Bowery gangster and dance hall proprietor, and Barney Aaron, equally notorious fight character. Edwards was seconded by Dooney Harris and Bob Smith. William Tracey was agreed upon as the referee. The bout got started as soon as the sun appeared over the horizon.

* * *

THE pair of fighters stripped to the waist in the bitter cold and the contrast between them was striking. Edwards was tall, slender, pale. He looked like a divinity student. Collyer was in appearance, every inch the real "pug." He looked and acted the part and needed no makeup. He scaled 123½ pounds to 121 for Edwards.

The battle opened up fast. Each started out at top speed, if for no other reason than to keep from freezing. First blood was even. They used to bet on first blood in those days and each scored at the same time, Billy opening a gash over Collyer's right eye and Sam drawing the claret from Billy's nose with a right. The round ended when Collyer dropped Edwards with a right to the chin, a knockdown or fall in those days, terminating the session.

During the early rounds Collyer roughed Edwards considerably and most of the rounds ended by Collyer throwing Edwards. Under the old London Prize Ring rules in vogue at the time, a round ended when either or both men went to the ground from a fall, a trip or a wrestle. It was not until the sixth round that Billy's clean hitting began to tell on the sturdy Baltimore slugger. A right to the head sent Collyer sprawling.

When the seventh got under way, both men were covered with blood. Edwards methodically, with excellent boxing, kept cutting his opponent literally to ribbons, Collyer's face looked like a piece of raw beef. It was cut in a dozen places and every portion of his body above the waist line showed their marks.

* * *

IN the ninth round a constable came on the scene. He hove to and ordered the fighters to give up and the spectators to disperse. They all laughed at him. One of the Hill entourage was seen to discuss the situation with Harry and shortly after the man approached the constable, slipped some bills in his hand and all was quiet. A few minutes later, when Edwards lashed out a left to the eye that almost closed the optic, the constable applauded Billy vigorously. It was not long before he became the most ardent rooter and the most excited. What a few bills can do!

In the twenty-fifth round, one of Collyer's left-hand swings sent Edwards flat on his back, but in the twenty-fourth, Billy caught Sam coming in, and crashed a right to the jaw that dropped Sam like a log. From that stage on, it was a losing fight for Collyer.

Slowly but surely Edwards was beating his man into submission. Billy ended the fortieth round with a right to the jaw that dropped Collyer and left Sam in a bad way. It was doubtful if he could toe the scratch for the next round, but he did.

But he was in a helpless condition. He could barely stand. He had been beaten to a pulp. Blood was streaming from nose, mouth, ears and a dozen or more places on other parts of the body. It was a gruesome sight, yet the Edwards backers cheered to the echo as Billy again went after Sam.

Collyer was game as a pebble and gamely reeled toward Edwards. Measuring his man, Billy laced a combination left and right to the jaw and knocked Sam senseless. Collyer was carried to Judge Brewster's house near by where he recovered consciousness. Edwards suffered some cuts on the face and, like Collyer, he had many body bruises, a number of those cuts coming from contact with the frozen ground.

* * *

IT was a terrifically fought battle, and because of the gruesome sight and the circumstances under which the affair was fought, it left an indelible mark on my memory. I could never forget the pre-fight scenes and the battle itself. Of course I was young and impressionable at the time. But when I hear modern glove contests called prize fights, I have to laugh. There is as vast a difference between a modern glove contest and old bare-knuckle prize fights as there is between the East and the West.

The greatest change is in the surrounding conditions. Boxing today is a clean, manly, healthy virile sport devoid of brutality and ancient evils. Rightly directed and supervised, boxing is an ideal sport, typically American, a health and character builder and worthy of national protection and encouragement. It is a sport that will live as long as mankind lives.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 21)

was responsible for the grand success of Jackie "Kid" Berg, when the latter came here from England, Lenny Mancini, (he changed from Mancino), has been making the fight fans sit up and take notice and stand up and cheer every time he entered a ring to do his "Boom-Boom" battle. And when this pudgy little pugilist bounces in against his foe, on springy legs and begins to bombard him with a barrage of stinging punches, it's enough to make the blood-pressure of the most indifferent fight fan leap to a dangerous point.

His kayo victory over the clever Solly Pearl was sensational because the Hebrew lad is not an easy one to outpoint, let alone knock out. Then when Lenny halted the rugged and vicious-punching Johnny Cockfield in less than two rounds, the skeptics began to nod their approval.

At the present time, Lenny Mancini is one of the most talked-of fighters in New York City. Out of his ten pro battles, only two have gone the limit with him. His last victim—a durable young fighter who had been boxing main events for over three years, and whom the gamblers backed to win—was Jimmy Lancaster. Mancini gave Jimmy an unmerciful beating and stopped him in seven heats. This sterling victory proved that Lenny was the genuine fistic article.

His style is interesting and thrilling. He is dead game and amazingly confident. He does not rush at his opponent heedlessly, but stalks him bravely and carefully—like a tiger, watchful for the chance to tear in and inflict the necessary damage. When he has jabbed his foe off balance, Mancini hops in with sharp left hooks and choppy head-jarring rights. And when in close, he lets loose with fast short uppercuts. The speed with which Mancini moves about the ring is also pretty to watch. He works smoothly and lightly, like a cat. But he changes into a pit-bulldog when attacking.

The face of Lenny "Boom-Boom" Mancini is new on the New York fistic horizon, but it is increasingly becoming a familiar one to the fans there; a tense defiant face with two watchful eyes that tantalize opponents into making a lead—and which, when they do, spells their doom.

A World Traveler

(Continued from page 34)

aided me considerably when I returned for the third time to Los Angeles.

A week at Catalina Island and then I moved back to Hollywood where I fought several times. My travels took me over a stretch of about 21,000 miles. I saw all types of fighters, all colors, and all styles. Needless to say that New York boasts of the best. Those who are not native New Yorkers, train there quite often and it is an inspiration for a young fighter, just starting, to watch the talented boxers go through their daily drills.

Honolulu has some good boys, most of them of Japanese descent. The best fights in Hawaii are staged by the soldiers at Schofield Field. Many a splendid scrapper who never will be seen in the professional ring, can be seen in action in the inter-company contests.

In California, what impressed me most, was the number of good boys in the lower divisions. While New York caters to the fighters from the welters up, to a far greater extent than they do to those in the division below welterweight, California's best talent is in the flyweight, bantam and featherweight divisions, with a number of fine fighters also in the lightweight class.

In the middle-west, I found that the interest in boxing is not as keen as it is in New York or California. The smaller clubs are not operating as frequently as they used to. The fellows in the divisions other than the heavyweights are working frequently, especially in the lightweight, welterweight and middleweight classes.

New York Stars

(Continued from page 9)

Jimmy Bronson's Bronx Coliseum one December evening recently to see a couple of local rivals, Joey Iannotti and Curley St. Angelo go to it. Nobody regretted coming after seeing the miniature war the lads put up. Iannotti was the winner thereby preserving his undefeated record but there was glory for both.

Neighborhood feuds such as these are what help keep New York the capital of the pugilistic profession. Iannotti and St. Angelo are the type of ambitious youngsters who supply the spark of competition that makes boxing the biggest sport in the biggest town.

* * *

CONSPICUOUS among the many other metropolitan prides who do more than their share in keeping New Yorkers boxing conscious, are such as, Paul De Bello, Tony Marteliano, and Walter Franklin. De Bello became embroiled in what looked like one of the greatest lightweight fights in years when he tangled with the veteran Johnny Bellus at the Coliseum on Dec. 27. Both men had hit the deck and were in the middle of one of the greatest slugfests seen at the club in some time, when their heads collided. DeBello suffered worse, and this caused the fight to be stopped and the victory awarded Bellus. Although it goes down in the record books as a kayo scored against the Italian, he lost little prestige with those who witnessed the scrap.

Marteliano, a busy two-fisted warrior, compiled a long winning streak before running into a slump last summer. The squat 135 pounder has rebounded from the kayo he suffered at the hands of Julie Kogan some months ago. He turned in a slashing victory over Primo Flores, the tough Puerto Rican last month, and is headed up the ladder again. Of the bruising club fighting class Marteliano is of the type designed to lure the customers.

The same thing applies to Walter Franklin, tan-skinned North African Jewish middleweight, who comes from the Bronx section of New York. Walter does not always win but never fails to excite the patrons. New York has seen more thrilling middleweight embroglios than the Balsamo-Franklin shindig.

Tony Ferrara, Vinnie Vines, and Primo Flores are another trio of New York attraction who have been godsends to the smaller clubs. Vines has only been beaten once in his pro career by the surprising Eddie Dunne. A Puerto Rican, Flores is a rough brawling mauler who is a great favorite all over the metropolis, and Ferrara is in the same category.

Just a notch or so below these already mentioned in the New York pugilistic scene, there are such fast rising comers as Carmine Fatta, a consistent winner among the 130 pounders. Tommy Fallon, a west side Irish middleweight, who has a punch, Star Harvey, outstanding colored lightheavyweight prospect, Andy Holland, equally promising middleweight future great, Chester Rico, Monty Pignatore, and Charley Varre, potential stars in the lighter classes, and smooth boxing Oliver White, Brooklyn's nominee as the best looking prospect among the younger lightweights.

Up with the big boys, there are likely looking prospects in Henry Morosz, Joe Ritz, an Irish-Jewish boy from Brooklyn, Tony Triolo, and Bill Poland, highly regarded youngster from the Bronx. They stand out as excellent timber.

Not all the credit for the rejuvenation of boxing in New York belongs to the beginners. Veterans such as Harry Balsamo and Al Reid still act as magnets for New York fans who like plenty of action with their fisticuffs. Balsamo may lose, but he is never boring, and the same thing goes for Reid who showed he still has plenty left when he snapped Maxie Shapiro's long winning streak.

Shapiro had boxed 39 bouts without a defeat before meeting up with Reid. Despite this setback at the hands of body punching Al, Shapiro must be reckoned with in any resume of New York boxing.

Also worthy of mention are Jose Basora, Puerto Rican pulverizer, Sean Hynes, a son of the Ould Sod, who brings back memories of the last great Irish born boxer, Michael M'Tigue, and a highly promising pair of preliminary performers, Norman Hi-Ho Silvers and Lulu Constantino.

With this army of colorful talent holding the fort, New York fight fans can look forward to a long siege of thrilling bouts.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 42:

1—False. Sharkey never held a heavyweight title. Bob Fitzsimmons was the champion at the time. That summer he lost the title to Jeffries at Coney Island.

2—Benjamin Leiner, Benny Leonard; Louis D'Ambrosio, Lou Ambers; Joseph Carrora, Johnny Dundee; Al Rudolph, Al McCoy; Stanislaus Kiecal, Stanley Ketchel; Dr. Louis Wallach, Leach Cross; Andrew Haymes, Fireman Jim Flynn; Barnard Rosofsky, Barney Ross.

3—False. Corbett knocked out Mitchell in three rounds.

4—Jeffries, was born at Carroll, O.; Jack Dempsey, was born at Manassa, Colorado; Bob Fitzsimmons, was born at Helsten, Cornwall, Eng.; Joe Louis, was born at Lexington, Alabama; Henry Armstrong, St. Louis, Mo.; Barney Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Billy Conn, Pittsburgh, Pa.; James J. Corbett, San Francisco, Cal.; Tommy Burns, Hanover, Canada; Jack Johnson, Galveston, Texas.

5—Gentleman Jim, James J. Corbett; Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey; the Benecia Boy, John C. Heenan; the Hard Rock from Down Under, Tom Heeney; the Will o' the Wisp of the Ring, Young Griffo; the Black Uhlan, Max Schmeling; the Toy Bulldog, Mickey Walker; the Nebraska Wildcat, Ace Hudkins; the Cleveland Rubber Man, Johnny Risko; Dead Pan Louie, Luis Firpo.

6—The referee should resume counting where he left off. His count should start at eight.

7—There is no height limit to any division in boxing. Only weight determines the class.

8—The schnozzle, the nose; the kisser, the face; on the fritz, in poor condition; suckers, the paid spectators; moocher, one who begs a pass; Chinaman, a dead head, one who gets into a fight club on a pass; pan-faced, expressionless, one who has a poker face.

9—The referee should cause his adversary to go to a neutral corner and begin to count over the helpless fighter, the same as if the fighter were down on the canvas.

10—False. Leonard won the title from Freddie Welsh. False. Jeffries won the title from Bob Fitzsimmons. True. Sharkey fought 25 rounds with Jeffries. True. Walker held the welter and middleweight titles. False. Greb held the middleweight and lightheavyweight titles only. He regained the latter after losing it to Gene Tunney.

Pugilist Turns Artist

(Continued from page 35)

market as buyers—but Melrose said "nix."

Wilson is putting on weight. When he turned pro, the tall colored boy scaled 124. He now tips the beams at the 138-pound mark.

"I believe I'll be a welterweight some day," smiles Wilson.

Jackie was twenty-one last January. He stands 5 feet, 11 inches.

Wilson would welcome a match with Henry Armstrong, Lou Ambers or Sammy Angott. While critics talk about Wilson's deadly right-hand sock, Jackie believes his left is the best punch . . . . "but the fans love to see right-hand punchers, and I'm anxious to please the fans, and make myself popular," says Jackie.

And Jackie has been doing a nice job! Here is his record for 1939:

April 25—Everett Simmington, K.O., one round.

May 9—Young Peter Jackson, no-contest, 10 rounds. Referee claimed that Wilson was not exerting himself.

May 16—Young Peter Jackson, K.O., four rounds. California ordered them to meet again one week later and Wilson proved his superiority unquestionably and caused Jackson to retire from the ring following that bout.

June 6—Henry Woods, K.O., six rounds.

June 20—Louie Flyer, K.O., one round.

July 25—Ritchie Fontaine, K.O., six rounds.

August 29—Eddie Cool, K.O., four rounds.

October 17—Jackie Burke, K.O., eight rounds.

Chico Romo, K.O., six rounds.

December 12—Tony Chavez, won ten-round decision.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I WAS very much interested in the article of Clarence Gillespie, former editor of the old *Police Gazette,* on Jim Coffey, the Roscommon Giant, which appeared in your January issue. The story, brought about through the rise of Billy Conn to fistic fame, recalled to the memory of the old timers the period of white hopes, 1910 to 1916, when many giants including several Irishmen, were trying to make good as possible opponents for Jack Johnson. Jim Coffey had a hold on the sons of Erin such as the great Peter Maher had on us when I was a youth. Coffey was a handsome lad, well conditioned, well built and could fight even though he failed to reach the heights.

Sons of Erin and their sons have made great names in ring history. The most popular Irish champions that ever ruled the ring at one time were the three famous Jacks. They were the Mighty Son of Swat, John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, and Jack MacAuliffe. They ruled the heavyweight, middleweight and lightweight divisions in the same era. All fought with bare knuckles and later on, defended their titles with the gloves. During that same era, Gentleman Jim Corbett was tops, and Johnny Reagan, now a New York Boxing Inspector, was a top liner, as was Harry Gilmore.

In later years, there came another great crop of fighting Irishmen—the Sullivans, Jack and Mike Twin; Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Frankie Neil, Peter Maher, George and Jimmy Gardner; the great Terry McGovern; Tom Sharkey, Eddie Hanlon, Alex Greggains, Elbows McFadden, Ike Weir, Dave Sullivan, Patsy Haley, Kid McPartland and Jimmy Barry.

Then came still another group of famed men of Fistiana, all Irish born or sons of Irish parents. Here are the names of other history making Irishmen in the field of boxing. Look them over. They make up a very colorful group.

John Morrissey, Frank Moran, Luther McCarty, Mike McTigue, Tommy Loughran, Gene Tunney, Jimmy Slattery, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Kilbane, Tommy and Mike Gibbons, Joe Thomas, Jack Britton, Honey Mellody, Mickey Walker, Eddie Connolly, Willie Fitzgerald, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Jimmy McLarnin, Jack Goodman, Jimmy Walsh, Matty Baldwin, and Joe Lynch among many others too numerous to mention. But the above names are sufficient to call to the attention of our readers the greatness of the Irish race in fisticuffs.

With the rise of Billy Conn, there is every reason to believe that the Sons of Erin will again come to the fore and take their place in the boxing world. Ring history has been dotted brilliantly with Irish names, and here's hoping that that of Billy Conn will continue to shine in the heavyweight division as it has in the light-heavyweight. Like Joe Louis, Billy has instilled new life into boxing. He has raised the hopes of many young lads who have taken up boxing as a profession.

About a century and a half ago, there was a famous Irish fighter, called Dan McCarthy. He was born in the land of Bog-oak, but lived most of his life in St. Giles, England. He fought with such remarkable skill and was so game, as to astonish the best of the British gladiators. When he was at the height of his glory, there appeared in a Dublin paper a little verse that seems appropriate for our Billy Conn.

Here it is:

"A claner boy was never seen, Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy; His brawny shoulders two feet square, His cheeks like thumping red potatoes, His legs would make a chairman stare! And he was loved by all the ladies, Old and young, grave and sad, Deaf and dumb, dull or mad, Waddling, twaddling, limping, squinting, Light, brisk and airy."

And so I close my long little contribution with best wishes to THE RING staff.

THOMAS SHANNON,
Dublin, Ireland.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

I HAVE been a reader of RING for a long time and have often thought I would write you regarding your ratings of heavyweights of the past. Of course we all realize, at best, it is only individual opinion. You always mention Jack Johnson as the greatest of all heavyweights. And right there, I take issue with you.

I have seen John L. Sullivan box and every champion from that point to Joe Louis. As for Jack Johnson, every good man he ever met, defeated him. There is not one exception. He never defeated one good man in his life.

He was a master at defensive boxing, yes. We all agree to that. The Jeffries he whipped, could have been whipped quicker and more decisively by the Stanley Ketchel of that time.

And as for Johnson's fight with Ketchel, that would be the same as the present Joe Louis fighting Al Hostak. Also, I believe either Stanley Ketchel or Al Hostak could have whipped Tommy Burns much quicker than Johnson did the trick. Joe Choynski and Marvin Hart both whipped Johnson and Jim Flynn gave Johnson all he could stand for 20 rounds at Las Vegas, N. M., Johnson only getting the decision.

Every fighter has his peak fight and from that point he declines. Joe Louis' peak was his second fight with Schmeling.

Jeffries' peak was his second fight with Jim Corbett whom he even outboxed and was faster. That Jeffries, weighing 220 and fast as a lightweight, would have whipped any man that ever lived, is my opinion, and that is the opinion of one whom I consider the greatest boxing authority this country ever produced—Robert Edgren.

I believe this also was the opinion of Tex Rickard. That Jeffries would have been an even money bet or maybe 5 to 3 to whip Joe Louis, whom I place second and Bob Fitzsimmons third, then Jack Dempsey fourth.

J. I. HILLIARD,
Sausalito, Calif.

* * *

THIS is not a letter from any great boxing scribe, but just a RING fan, who likes following the gladiators' performances. I'm writing this letter to give our champion, Ron Richards, a boost. In the first place, it was published in THE RING that Richards had finished as a light-heavyweight. Well for THE RING's benefit, I can quote that he is still triple title-holder, heavy, light-heavy and middleweight champion of Australia. The class may be just average, but for all that, Richards stands head and shoulders above the opponents in these weights that are at present available in Australia.

Richards deserves a rating by THE RING as at least a middleweight and a light-heavyweight, and I hope you will do the right thing by Ron in your ratings.

D. FENWICK,
Londdowne Station, Tambo, Queensland, Australia.

(What you say is true but Ron himself has said that he doesn't want to fight as a light-heavyweight and prefers to be classed as a middleweight. That's why we dropped him from the higher into the lower class. Recently when Fred Henneberry came to New York and the story was issued to the scribes that he is the middleweight king of Australia, THE RING *corrected that error by giving Richards the credit he deserved.)* EDITOR'S NOTE.

* * *

I JUST witnessed the screen showing of the Dempsey-Willard fight pictures. It is the greatest fight picture ever made. Some people say the Dempsey of 1919 could beat Louis of today. Some people say that when Dempsey "hit 'em once" they stayed down, and that Louis can't do that. I saw Dempsey in that picture, floor Willard seven times in the first round, with full swing, pile driving punches. Willard got up every time.

In the second and third rounds, Dempsey gave all he had, but he could not floor Willard once in those two rounds. And Willard was worn out and could hardly stand up at that!

The picture shows that Dempsey would stand over Willard and before Willard could get up he would hit him, knocking him down again. Once, when Willard was on his knees, pulling himself up to his feet by the second rope, Dempsey jumped over and knocked him out of the ring between the bottom and middle ropes.

Dempsey also delivered many backhand blows. Maybe the rules were different then, but, in my opinion, if our present, clean fighting champion were to meet Dempsey in his prime, I think the old "Manassa Mauler" would never have mauled any more.

Louis is superior to Dempsey in every way (as a fighter). He really is the greatest champion and the greatest fighter in history. The people of today don't realize how fortunate they are in having a fighter during their period of life who could beat fighters of other generations.

Let's give Louis credit for his ability as a fighter and a clean living citizen, an inspiration to the youth of his race.

"Bill" Brown,
San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

NO doubt many of the readers of your incomparable boxing magazine, The Ring, have noticed and heard of the difficulty that the welterweight champion Henry Armstrong has had with his mouthguard. In all of his bouts it has been out of his mouth and on the ring floor more than in its protective position! In the first fight with Ambers, Armstrong was greatly handicapped due to loss of blood from cuts in and about his mouth when his mouthguard was knocked off his teeth.

Here, Nat, is the reason. After studying a cast of Henry's mouth while making a new mouthguard for him I observed that he has a flat palate or "roof" of the mouth. The normal mouth has an arched palate. Because of his flat palate Armstrong has no suction, or retention.

Due to a new method that I have developed he now has one that can only be removed when he or his second wish to remove it!

Wishing you and your splendid magazine a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Dr. Walter H. Jacobs,
New York City.

* * *

YOUR kind and gracious act in sending the book was warmly appreciated. I thoroughly enjoyed reading it, being written in the unbiased, comprehensive and sympathetic style which seems to be a characteristic of your writing.

Reading, one could visualize that world-famous contest at Reno, the mountains in the background, the vast concourse of people, the sun glaring down from a cobalt blue dome, and the tense atmosphere of the multitude. Then the fine old gladiator Jeffries, and his magnificent opponent. How one should have liked to have seen Jack London's face as he saw his favorite being beaten. The brilliant author was somewhat mistaken in his enthusiasm. That is in itself a thrilling story.

Jack Johnson was a vivid and striking personality, had a great, warm heart, and seems to have been often misjudged and not given his due, except by true sportsmen and those who really knew and understood him for his native worth.

I shall write to him again and perhaps he will not mind. If he consents to allow me to write his life as a novel, it will be just a simple story told in my own words.

Poor Sam Langford. Until reading your sketch of his career, I was not aware of his terrible affliction.

Herewith, I am posting you a copy of our provincial Christmas annual, which please accept.

Our small country has some beautiful mountain and glacial scenery, and lovely fjords. Unlike your vast territory, with its mighty mountains, gigantic lakes and rivers, great cities and colossal enterprise, everything here is on a small scale.

Hoping your peace-loving nation may not become involved in this European conflict, with my sincere thanks.

Ida M. Dale,
Inchclutha R.M.D., via Kaitangata, Otago, New Zealand.

A FEW days ago I received a copy of The Ring, the fifth I have purchased. Each issue gets better. In five months I think The Ring has improved greatly. To make this magazine better is no easy task, yet The Ring Editor in his untiring efforts has built his publication up to a point where it cannot be placed in the same class with any other magazine.

In all his endeavors, the Editor's motto is always "fair play." He always does what he believes to be right.

Allan Claridge,
R.R. 1, Kelowna, B. C., Canada.

* * *

IN A RECENT issue, I noticed in Letters from Our Readers, one by Mr. George Hoyle of Brooklyn, N. Y., in which he does not agree that Louis is the great champion he is. He picks Jack Dempsey to beat Joe. While a staunch admirer of the Manassa Mauler, I can not agree with him.

My opinion is that Joe Louis is the greatest champion past or present. You can take it for what it is worth—your guess is as good as mine. But before I close, let me be permitted to make a few comparisons between Joe Louis and Jack Dempsey.

Jack whipped Jess Willard, securing the title which he held until Gene Tunney came along five years later to take it from him. It is not necessary for me to tell you how many times Jack defended his title.

Jolting Joe won his title June, 1937, from Jimmy Braddock. In 1938 he risked his title three times. That broke all heavyweight title defense records. He also beat Tommy Farr in 1937, two months after winning his title. From Jeffries to Braddock, no heavyweight champion ever defended his title as did Joe in his four years of supremacy.

As for past and present champions, I pick Joe Louis as the greatest of them all. Then come Tunney, Dempsey, Sullivan and Jeffries.

Frank Harrison,
Jarrahwood, West Australia.

* * *

I HAVE subscribed to your magazine for many years, and today I received your October issue from my news agent.

A very fine publication indeed—and all local subscribers cannot say enough in favor of your articles and first-hand boxing information.

Eddie Borden's page, too, is a great feature. We South Africans look to your rankings as being the foremost and most accurate in the world. Indeed, our papers often give prominence to the monthly lists and other excellent articles, of course.

However, will you please right an injustice to our magnificent boxer, Eddie Peirce, who as you know is a middleweight and not a light-heavyweight. He is undefeated in your country and I have pleasure in detailing his record since January of this year, not forgetting his former victories over George Black, Ralph Chong, Mickey Bottone, Al Diamond and others in 1937.

In October issue you have ranked Massey and Wardlow, but surely, in view of Peirce's draw with Overlin, he is entitled to preference. Neither of your two American boys have yet drawn with Overlin.

Furthermore, a return fight was due to take place in Philadelphia on the 24th of July with Overlin, but two days before, Peirce was informed that the fight was postponed. According to your reporters and critics, our boy, whom you designate as "The Johannesburg Boxing Master," had if anything, won the fight on points.

However, I know you will treat this information with your usual prompt and just methods, and we here in Africa, hope to see Peirce ranked prominently, soon.

S. S. Stone,
East London, South Africa.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS on The Ring Ratings for 1939. They are the best ever. I cannot see how anyone could have gotten up a better set. They show extreme fairness.

Frank Wotten, Providence, R. I.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Mark Thompson, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Can a fighter who has flat feet, take part in ring contests?

A.—No reason why he cannot. Joe Gans was what was known as a flat-footed boxer, yet was one of the world's cleverest.

Margaret Stillson, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Who knocked out Battling Nelson?

A.—In 1910, Nelson fought Wolgast and in the 40th round, Referee Ed Smith awarded the fight to Wolgast and gave Ad credit for a knockout. That same year Owen Moran stopped Nelson in the eleventh round.

Frank Sourkis, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—What is the nationality of Kid Williams, former bantam king?

A.—The Kid comes from Danish stock.

Harry Corcoran, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Was Sam Langford ever knocked out?

A.—He quit to Fred Fulton in 1917 in the seventh round. He was kayoed by Harry Wills in six rounds in 1918; by Tut Jackson in 5 in 1922 and by Clem Johnson in 13 in 1923. All after Sam had passed his peak.

Arthur Swanson, Cleveland, O.

Q.—Was KO. Christner defeated by Frankie Wine?

A.—They clashed on October 9, 1929 at Canton, O., in a decisionless fight and fought a ten round draw in 1932.

Thomas Beck, Norfolk, Va.

Q.—How can I develop the neck and chest?

A.—By taking neck twisting exercises and chest expansion exercises, without or with apparatus. Get the Hercules Exerciser home apparatus. If you were in New York, I would advise you to go to Prof. Joe Bilates Studio, 939 Eighth Avenue, near 55th St., and take his special three months course, the one I am now taking with him. His course is equally good for men, women and children. A real health and body builder.

Charles Webster, Ontario, Canada

Q.—How can I develop strong wrists?

A.—By wrist movement exercises. You'll find some in my book, "Training for Boxers."

Helen Forrest, Boston, Mass.

Q.—How can I obtain autographed pictures of famous fighters and wrestlers?

A.—Sorry, I don't know. We don't keep addresses hence cannot tell you where to reach them. We have 40,000 photos of famous boxers and wrestlers for sale here, but they are not autographed.

Tony Martin, Jacksonville, Florida

Q.—How long after a boxer has had his appendix removed, can he resume training and how long, to engage in his first fight?

A.—Sorry, we cannot advise you. That is a medical query that can be answered properly only by your physician. See him.

Charles Fuller, Houston, Texas

Q.—At what age can a boy start to learn how to box without fear of injuring himself?

A.—At fourteen is ok but under no circumstances should he take up the sport without having proper supervision and instruction.

Q.—What books would you advise one to get?

A.—Best is my Universal Boxing course which requires two boys to study and practice at the same time. If you cannot do that, then get my books, "Training for Boxing" and "How to Box." Join a club where there is a good boxing instructor and engage in amateur competition when he says you are ready for same.

Artie Haemple, Quincy, Mass.

Q.—Did Kid McCoy ever fight Bob Fitzsimmons?

A.—No.

Q.—Did young Griffo die in Australia and is he buried there? When did he last fight?

A.—He died in New York City, in the Times Square section and was buried in this country. His last record fight was with George Memsic in 1904.

Q.—Was he ever world champion?

A.—He never held the title though he was one of the world's cleverest featherweights.

Mark Stroudberg, New York City

Q.—When and where did Stanley Ketchel fight Frank Klaus?

A.—They met in Pittsburgh, March 28, 1910, in a decisionless 6 round bout. It went the limit.

Q.—When George Dixon fought Fred Johnson on June 27, 1892, what was the weight of each and was the bout for the title?

A.—The weights were 117 pounds. Fought for bantam crown. You'll find a fine account of that fight and all of Dixon's other battles in my Black Dynamite series, "The Three Colored Aces, Volume III. Price $1.50, The Ring Book Shop, Madison Square Garden.

George Caliva, Houston, Texas

Q.—Is it true that Ralph Chong is the biggest Chinaman fighting today? He has fought many top-notchers. Do you think he will ever get to the top? Who would you pick between Stanley Ketchel and Billy Conn? Ketchel vs. Al Hostak? Tony Canzoneri in his prime against Henry Armstrong? Is John Henry Lewis through for good?

A.—Yes. He has advanced but I think he has reached his peak. Ketchel in both cases. Canzoneri. He has definitely retired.

John Noel, Ozone Park, N. Y.

Q.—Will you please give me the address of Pat Comiskey, Billy Marquart and Fritzie Zivic? What do you think of Ben Moroz as a heavyweight prospect?

A.—Comiskey-Pioneer Gym, 344 West 44th St., New York City. Marquart—180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. Zivic—128 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa. At the present time he looks promising.

Billy Brittingham, Augusta, Ga.

Q.—Have you any records on Pinky May? Did he ever fight Kid Chocolate for a title? When and where did they meet and what was the result? Have you ever heard of Joe Hig Sheehan?

A.—No record of May ever meeting Chocolate. Sheehan is unknown in this office.

Harold Godson, Blind River, Canada.

Q.—Can you tell me if Schmeling won by a technical knockout or was it a clean one in the first Louis fight?

A.—Louis was counted out and it was a clean knockout.

Bobby Smith, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Q.—I am a boy 15 years of age and have been boxing for five years. I want to become a professional when I am 17 years of age. How would I go about it? How much will it cost? Please send me all you can about boxing.

A.—Get in touch with Izzy Kline, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. who is now handling Bob Sikes from your home town. He might give you good advice on the subject. Every state has a different license fee. "How to Train" and "How to Box" are the two best books for young boxers to acquire.

Mike Momat, Chester, Pa.

Q.—My brother is 5 feet 5½ inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and is built solidly. He wants to take up boxing and be in the light-heavyweight class. He is not interested in the middleweight division. Do you think he will have a good chance? What's good for weak eyes? I have tears coming out of my eyes often.

A.—The light-heavyweight limit is 175 and the middleweight is 160, hence will have to fight as a heavyweight. It all depends upon how much ability he has before anyone can make a prediction. I would advise you to consult an eye specialist.

Jim Robinson, Rensselaer, N. Y.

Q.—What ever became of Tuffy Griffiths? What nationality is he? Please give me his present address? Did you ever hear of the following fighters: Nick Testo, Willie Pal, Joe Rovelli, Larry Marinucci and Young Chappie? Were they any good? Where is Bushy Graham now? What nationality was Graham? Was he ever a champion?

A.—Griffiths is retired and living in Chicago. He is of Irish-American descent. He can be reached at 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill. All the boys you mentioned are from up state New York. Testo was the best of them. Graham is now living in Utica. He is Italian-American. He claimed the bantamweight title at one time but his claim was not officially recognized.

Lonzo Banton, Lake Alfred, Fla.

Q.—Have you any record of Ray Lye? How old is he and how good? Who do you think will be the next heavyweight champion?

A.—No record on the party you mentioned. It is problematical. No one in sight yet.

P. Adeney, Black Rock, Victoria, Australia.

Q.—Was Vittorio Campolo a terrific hitter and did he floor Primo Carnera in their fight? What became of him after that? Was Harry Balsamo's hitting power the result of swinging a heavy hammer at his work? Does he lack anything as a fighter? Was Rosenbloom as clever as Loughran?

A.—A good hitter but he never floored Carnera. He is back home in Argentina. It may have helped in his hitting powers. Lacks quick thinking. Rosenbloom did not compare with Loughran as a boxer.

Helen Ashley, Newark, N. J.

Q.—How many fights did Gus Lesnevich lose when he was in Australia?

A.—Gus was beaten by Ron Richards in his first start but won the next three.

Mario Rivera, N. Y. C.

Q.—Can you tell me where Pete Martin, Puerto Rican welterweight, is at the present time? What were his most important fights? When was The Ring first published? What do you think of Primo Flores? Do you think he will reach the top? Can you tell me what were Attilio Sabatino's last seven fights and the dates?

A.—He was a tough fellow but we have no record of his fights. He is now a trainer in Puerto Rico. February, 1922. Good hitter and a pleasing performer. As far as he will go. March 13, 1939, was stopped by Ossie Stewart in 7 rounds. February 2, 1939, whipped Ossie Stewart in ten rounds. November 22, 1938, was stopped by Ron Richards in 10. September 6, whipped Fred Henneberry. July 15, No contest with Fred Henneberry 7 rounds. June 23, drew with Ken Overlin ten rounds. May 16, drew with Fred Henneberry 10 rounds.

Rodney Howell, Rochester, N. Y.

Q.—Who won the fight between Tony Canzoneri and Jimmy McLarnin? When was it fought? Why does George Pace rate over Olivera, Toma, Peter Kane and K.O. Morgan?

A.—They fought twice. Canzoneri won the first on May 8, 1936, and McLarnin won the second on October 5, 1936. Ratings are only a matter of opinion and we base our opinion on past records and recent activity.

M. L. R. Cleveland, Ohio.

Q.—Could you give me the names of the ten leading heavyweights, and all other divisions and what city they come from in Ohio? What chance do the following Ohio fighters have? Willie Muldune, Jimmy Reeves, Dan Merritt of Cleveland and Buddy Knox of Dayton?

A.—Sorry my time is too valuable. Write to Jimmy Amann in Cincinnati and he might have that information. The first three are good prospects while Knox is a seasoned campaigner capable of fighting the best of them.

Alvin J. Harris, Lorton, Va.

Q.—I would like to know just how long can a fighter, after being knocked through the ropes, remain there before he is counted out in the State of New York? Does Illinois allow a fighter twenty seconds on such a happening? In your December issue the answer to one of your Ring quiz questions said Andy Bowen beat Jack Burke after seven hours and 19 minutes. You answered the same question in your question box and said it was a draw. Which one is correct?

A.—Ten seconds in both states. The correct decision was a draw. Dempsey would have been favored.

Jack Byrne, Toronto, Canada.

Q.—Is there any chance of Al Hostak and Ceferino Garcia being matched in the near future to decide a universally recognized middleweight champion? Has John Henry Lewis been finally disposed of as light-heavyweight king and is Billy Conn now recognized as the champion? Is George Pace, the universally recognized bantam titleholder or is he only recognized by the N.B.A.? Has Sammy Angott a chance of becoming lightweight or welterweight champion? How do you rate Dave Castilloux, our crack Canadian fighter? What are his chances of gaining a world title? Who do you consider to be the outstanding challenger for the heavyweight crown at the present time?

A.—The match belongs in Seattle and if the fight can't take place there, it is unlikely that it will take place anywhere. Lewis is finally eliminated. He has retired and Conn is the recognized champion. Pace is recognized by the N.B.A. only. Angott is a formidable contender and stands a good chance against Ambers or Armstrong. Castilloux was esteemed highly until he was beaten by Leo Rodak. See our Annual Ratings. Galento is the outstanding contender at this time.

Ring Reader, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—I box as an amateur and I like to do road work but every time I run I get a powerful heart burn. What would you advise?

A.—See your doctor. In the meantime, it is dangerous for you to continue your road work.

Charles Hoeppfle, Meriden, Conn.

Q.—My friend says that you once carried a story in The Ring in which you said that Abraham Lincoln and George Washington were fighters. Is that true?

A.—Abraham Lincoln was a good two fisted fighter and wrestler. He often exhibited his skill in those lines, but not professionally nor as an amateur contestant. Washington was a splendid wrestler. See my book, "From Milo to Londos," for the story of Washington as a wrestler. Any book on the life of Lincoln tells of his athletic prowess.

Charles Apfel, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—Where can I obtain a book on the life of Sam Langford?

A.—Get Volume 4 of my Black Dynamite series, "The Fighting Furies."

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

MATCHMAKER JOHNNY ATTELL gave the boys something to shoot for when he staged a bangup show at Madison Square Garden. It was the finest set of fights that New York has seen in some time and to Attell alone, goes the credit for this display. He gave them a sample of matches that can be staged regularly as long as those behind him attend to their duties and leave Attell to stick to his duties. Al Davis, Brooklyn knockout artist, pulled a fight out of the fire when he knocked out Tippy Larkin in the fifth round of their scheduled ten. It was the final event and the finish was indeed dramatic.

Larkin, with a classy display of boxing and sharp shooting with left and right hands, won the first four rounds. He baffled, bewildered and completely hypnotized Davis with his assortment of blows. Davis, was not discouraged and plunged through with his vicious left hooks to body and chin until it struck the vulnerable spot. A smashing left to the chin and almost immediately to the body put Larkin down for the full count, rolling around the floor paralyzed from the blow. It was a sensational finish to a great fight. Davis weighed 146¼ while Larkin scaled 138½.

Pat Comiskey had his winning streak stopped by Steve Dudas but he lost little glory. He floored Dudas in the fourth round for a nine count and he managed to win four of the eight rounds but the officials voted in favor of Dudas. Comiskey injured both hands in the fray and emerged little the worse for his experience!

Billy Marquart, Jack Hurley's lightweight, received a tough break in his affair with Lew Jenkins. He looked like the better man but his opponent took advantage of "sneak" punches and was credited with a knockout in the third. Marquart had his opponent on the run all the way but ran into an unexpected right which put him on the floor for five. When he arose he was floored again and upon arising at the count of nine, as he thought, Referee Eddie Joseph informed him that he was counted out. It did not look like Billy could have gone much longer anyway.

Eddie Palermo whipped Harry Davidson in the opening four. Norman Silvers and Frankie Deris drew in four sessions. Wilce Rivera scored a technical knockout over Lou Barbetta in the first round when the latter got jammed up against the ropes after being struck a right hander and the referee halted the fracas when it was found that Barbetta could no longer continue. The receipts amounted to $45,521.00.

Harry Balsamo continued his climb in the light-heavyweight ranks by taking the measure of Bud Mignault in their eight round fray at the New York Coliseum. The fight was even going into the final round and Balsamo's spurt there decided the issue. Balsamo weighed 165¼ and Mignault 169. Jack Wofford stopped Howard Bush and Charley Harvey disposed of Jimmy Quigley in three sessions—Aurel Toma, Roumanian bantamweight contender, scored a technical knockout over Nickey Jerome in the sixth round at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. Toma was leading when the fight was halted because of Jerome's injured eye. Sammy Julian stopped Joe De Jesus in the fourth of the scheduled eight round semi-final. Steve Belloise remained as a consistent winner when he disposed of Ralph Vona in the fourth round at the White Plains County Centre. Johnny Juliano whipped Nono Cuebas while Austin McCann drew with Mike Angieri in the sixes.

Pete Scalzo reversed the decision that Simon Chavez had scored over him in Venezuela when he defeated Chavez handily over the ten round route at Madison Square Garden. Chavez showed nothing of the form that Nat Fleischer and Sammy Richman saw him show in Caracas. He bobbed and weaved and slapped his blows in an unorthodox style. Scalzo outboxed and outpunched his opponent all the way and landed the heavier blows. Scalzo weighed 125¾ and Chavez 124¾. Perhaps the climate affected the Venezuelan who is said to be a good fighter.

The eight round battle between Al Reid and Maxie Shapiro provided the fireworks of the evening. These local rivals staged a hard fought battle in which Reid's gameness and aggressiveness asserted itself at all times. He won seven straight rounds but was deprived of the second for low hitting. Shapiro rallied sufficiently in the last round to win that session. A mixup of the officials occurred when Announcer Harry Balogh declared the fight a draw.

A storm of disapproval was cut loose by the spectators and it continued along those lines, preventing the next bout principals from being introduced. At the termination of the next bout, between Mike Kaplan and Eddie Brink, which was won in decisive fashion by Kaplan, another announcement was made to the effect that Referee Joe Vaccarella, who had officiated in the Reid-Shapiro, had erred in his tally of rounds and Reid was declared the rightful winner. It was a one-sided fight in Reid's favor, any way you looked at it.

Frankie D'Antico trimmed Nickey Gerard in the four round opener while Artie Dorrell, a newcomer from Dallas, Texas, handled by Harry Gordon and Jimmy Brown, scored a sensational knockout in the fourth and last round over Artie Di Pietro. The gross receipts amounted to $9,882.

The first charity drive started by boxing on behalf of Finland began at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club when Gunnar Barlund, their representative for heavyweight honors, gave his services to the cause when he stopped Italo Colonello in the seventh round of their scheduled ten round go. Bruno Ahlberg drew with Larry Kellum in the eight round semi-final—George Crouch, Pacific Coast lightweight, is beginning to get some action in the East. At the Rockland Palace he disposed of Mistos Grispos, Greek lightweight, in the second round of their eight rounder. Willie Joyce scored easily over Felix Garcia in the semi-final eight.

First hand information from the Phillipines reveals the fact that Ceferino Garcia has revived the boxing industry that was so paramount in the days of Pancho Villa. When the promoters can afford Jack Dempsey a guarantee of $7500 and all expenses paid to referee a fight between Garcia and Glen Lee, then it is time to pay a little attention to the Phillipine Islands. It is estimated that the show drew close to $60,000 which is quite a mark to shoot at.

Garcia defended his New York State middleweight title successfully and did not encounter much trouble against the rugged Glen Lee. Glen was floored several times during the fray but fought his typical dogged, aggressive battle but the hard-hitting Filipino unleashed his heavy artillery to good advantage. Hats off to those responsible for staging this event.

Paul De Bello, young Brooklyn lightweight, who was on the crest of attaining top-notch recognition through his accomplishments for the season, fell victim to a strange and unlooked for accident. Fighting the veteran Johnny Bellus at the New York Coliseum and well out in front, on the strength of two knockdowns in the first round and outscoring his opponent in the majority of the other sessions, De Bello and his opponent butted heads in the sixth round in a head-on collision.

Paul suffered the worst and received a huge gash over his eye that forced Referee Al Reich to stop the contest. It was a tough break for De Bello but credit cannot be taken from Bellus. He fought under the handicap of being behind all the way but that did not stop his determined attack.

The fight as it went developed into one of the most sensational seen at the Coliseum this season. It also indicates why that fistic emporium has a weekly crowd that number from 6 to 12 thousand each week. The fans get plenty of action and have yet to witness a dull contest. Bellus weighed 137 and De Bello 134¾.

Curley St. Angelo disposed of Eddie Palermo in the first round of the six round semi-final. Mickey La Marr kayoed Joe Memoli in three heats while Sean Haynes scored over Jack Lowery in six.

At the White Plains Community Centre some weeks ago, Steve Belloise was matched with Dem Wakerlis for the feature attraction. The contracted weight was 147 pounds. Belloise scaled 147½ but his scheduled opponent scaled 151½. Wakerlis arrived from Boston for the clash but was informed that because he was overweight, they were taking him off the program. To make matters more complicated, the substitute they secured, Ralph Vona, scaled 150½, which was only one pound lighter than the original opponent. Technically, Belloise, himself, was as much over the weight as was Wakerlis.

What we are driving at is the inconsistency with which the Commission involves itself. Wakerlis did not mean anything and the connections with him amounted to nil. Take another instance that happened one week later and you can understand that there is something radically wrong with the reasoning of Commission representatives.

Pablo Dano, an overstuffed bantamweight, weighing 122¾ pounds, is matched with Allie Stolz, who weighed 130¼. Nothing was said about this matter and the match went through as per schedule. The same night at the White Plains Club, Jimmy Vaughn, weighing 135½, was allowed to tangle with Matt Perfetti, 129¼.

Why the discrimination against Wakerlis? In the welterweight class, the weight allowance is 12 pounds. Wakerlis and Belloise were within that limit. If Wakerlis was barred, then why should Stolz and Vaughn have enjoyed such an overwhelming weight advantage without interference.

What does one have to do to win a fight remained an important question following the bout that gave Fred Apostoli the decision over Melio Bettina after twelve rounds at Madison Square Garden. Bettina scored three knockdowns in the first three rounds and carried off a margin of eight rounds with Fred winning four but the verdict still went to the Californian. Fred scored a nine second knockdown in the tenth round but by no stretch of the imagination could he have been the winner. But the fact remains that THEY PAID OFF ON APOSTOLI.

The gambling element played a big part in this affair. Bettina ruled a big favorite in the betting until the day of the match. Bettina went as high as 12 to 5 but the odds dwindled with a splurge of Apostoli money which shattered the odds until Apostoli entered a 6 to 5 favorite. The fight itself justified the odds in favor of Bettina.

Jimmy Grippo, manager of Bettina, protested to the Commission that night that he feared something was wrong by the fluctuation in the odds but he got no satisfaction from that quarter. Referee Johnny McAvoy gave it to Apostoli as did Artie McGovern. The other judge, Charley Draycott, called it an even affair.

Anton Christoforidis, Greek middleweight, made his American debut against Willie Pavlovich in the eight round semi-final and won all the way. Anton showed plenty of ability and will prove a welcome addition to the array of talent in New York. Harry Balsamo and Stanley Hasrato engaged in a rough, hair-raising eight round brawl which was called a draw. Jimmy Casa whipped Stanley Berl in the opening four while Pete Asero disposed of Jimmy McDonough in the second round of their scheduled four. The house grossed $19,062.

A bad decision deprived Aurel Toma, Roumanian bantamweight, from being declared the winner over Pablo Dano in their eight round affair at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. According to our score, Toma won five while Dano earned three of the rounds. Lenny Mancini, following his first defeat at the hands of Johnny Rinaldi, came back to score a technical knockout over Herbie Gilmore in the second round of the eight round semi-final. Mike Raffa, making his first appearance in a New York ring, looked good in scoring a three round knockout over Solly Pearl in a scheduled sixer. Tony Ferrara, Mt. Vernon welterweight, making his initial appearance on the big time circuit, came through with a slashing victory over Eddie Brink at the New York Coliseum in eight rounds. Nat Litfin whipped Monty Pignatore in the semi-final of eight, while Larry Kellum, surviving a nine second knockdown in the first round, recovered sufficiently to stop Enzo Ianozzi in the fifth of their six. Hank Nakamura scored over Lee Harper in the feature eight round attraction at the White Plains Community Centre.

Some of the omissions noted in our Annual ratings number in the February issue were Charley Gomer who should have been ranked in the fifth group of the lightweight division, Henry Morosz in the sixth group of the heavies; Jimmy Casa in fifth division of the middles while Joey Iannotti, classy local featherweight, was slighted unintentionally when he should have headed Group 4 among the featherweights. Jerry Sachs, old, reliable manager from Cleveland, is back again in action at 5902 Euclid Ave. He and Johnny

Kilbane have combined in their efforts to build up new fistic material for Ohio and they are looking for healthy applicants.

Pat Foley, Irish lightweight from Worcester, turned in another upset when he pounded out an eight round victory over George Zengaras at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Foley has beaten Joey Fontana and Zengaras at the same club and might be headed for bigger things. Jerry Fiorello and Norman Hurdman battled to a draw in the six round semi-final.

Ossie Stewart, making his first start in New York since his return from Australia, disposed of Ray Miller in seven rounds. The gate was $1,000 net which was fair, considering the calibre of the match. Rockland Palace is situated in the colored section of Harlem and the houses have been increasing with each show. Oliver White finished Tom Christie in the opening session of the six-round semi-final.

Pat Foley, New England lightweight, kept up his winning streak around New York by taking the measure of Jimmy Vaughn, Cleveland lightweight, in their eight round scrap at the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. Foley started off fast but Jimmy staged a rally in the closing sessions that almost evened the score. Vaughn weighed 135¼ and his opponent a half pound heavier. Al Bernard, New York middleweight who has remained from New York for a few years, disposed of Paulie Griffiths in the second round of their eight round go.

Marty Marino kayoed Seaborn Ashley in the first. The National Sports Alliance will stage their annual dance at the Manhattan Opera House on February 3!

They were fortunate in securing the services of Teddy Powell's band, which is one of the current sensations of the East, and many fans are expected to attend this festive event and see all the fistic stars and those connected with boxing in person. Tickets are $1 each.

Al Nettlow and Paul Junior waged a furious eight round scrap at the St. Nicholas Palace and at the conclusion of hostilities, the bout was declared a draw. Each principal won four rounds but it was nip and tuck all the way and it was almost impossible to select the winner, a draw being the most logical verdict. Nettlow weighed 140¼ and Junior 137½. Lou Constantino and Joe Echavarria also fought to an even up contest, Constantino scoring two knockdowns in the last round to tie the contest. Austin McCann scored easily over Dominick Barrone in the other six round affair.

The New York Coliseum played to capacity when it presented a double feature bill. Hundreds of people were turned away and the fans witnessed an excellent fighting card. Maxie Berger proved too big and heavy for Wesley Ramey in the feature eight rounder.

Pete Scalzo was given a stiff argument by Hank Nakamura in the other eight round affair in which Pete injured his right hand. Tony Martelliano came through the winner over Primo Flores after eight desperate rounds of action in which fans stood on their chairs round after round.

Martelliano came through the winner but he had many uncomfortable moments. Frank Terry scored a six round knockout over Walter Johnson in the scheduled eight round semi. Eddie Dunne turned the tables on Vinnie Vines in their return go at the White Plains County Centre. Dunne was given the worst of the decision in their last meeting but this time there was no doubt as to the rightful winner.

Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight, again proved a disappointment to his followers at the St. Nicholas Palace when he allowed Jimmy Vaughn to outrough and outgame him in their eight round session. Kogan, who has more ability than some of the champions parading around today, has not the necessary courage and fighting instinct to back those other qualifications.

Kogan is content when he is not pressed. He has a multitude of class and can hit with dynamic force with either hand but simply folds up when the going gets rough. He started off by winning two of the first three rounds. From the fourth to the seventh he was content to hold and grab and allowed Vaughn to pile up an enormous lead. In the eighth and final sessions, Kogan did everything but knock Vaughn out but Jimmy tried to keep pace with him, even though he was outfought and outpunched.

Pablo Dano proved too strong for Minnie Demore in a hard fought eight round semi-final. Dano is a veteran while Demore is a youngster. Their styles somehow blended, which developed into quite a scrap but Dano was too rough and seasoned for his foe.

Billy Conn's showing in the heavyweight ranks against Henry Cooper in the Garden was far from impressive. Although winning handily in their twelve round conflict, Conn showed that he is not ready nor strong enough to cope with the present day headliners in the heavier class.

Cooper gave Conn many uncomfortable moments and did exceedingly well for a "would-be" sparring partner. The house grossed $14,400 which is far less than Billy could draw going around the country fighting on a free lance basis.

The fact that Jacobs has Conn tied up to an exclusive contract prevents Billy from going around the country and giving others a chance to see him perform. Instead, he was pitted in an unnecessary match for the sake of merely being occupied. Conn weighed 173½ and Cooper 190.

Lee Savold, making his first showing here, stopped Jim Robinson at the end of the third round. Robinson had his left eye completely closed in the first round and gamely went on until the fight was halted between the third and fourth round. Savold dropped Jimmy in the third for a nine count and looked very good. Robinson scaled 216½ against 181 for Savold.

Bill Poland stopped Joe Hill in the fourth. Jose Basora trimmed Larry Kellum in their six rounder; Bill Kettle kayoed Joe Bliss in one round while Johnny Shkor, a likely looking heavy, whipped Ralph Ivins in the four round opener after a hot scrap.

Bep Van Klaveren, started a new campaign in this country by whipping Ernie Vigh in the headlining eight rounder at the Coliseum. Too much ring experience proved too much for the game, hard-hitting youngster. Primo Flores outscored Chester Rico in the semi-final of eight in a hair-raising scrap—Allie Stolz whipped Jack Sharkey in the final eight rounder at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn while Eddie Dunne, after being floored in the first round for a nine count, removered sufficiently to whip Johnny Rinaldi at the White Plains Community Centre.

The New York Commission is again putting itself on a spot by its dictatorial attitude in refusing to grant Joe Jacobs his license as Tony Galento's manager and thereby preventing a match like Galento and Max Baer from going to New York. The match would draw a tremendous house in New York.

Jimmy Grippo, manager of Bettina, was suspended for sixty days because he had the courage to protest against the unjust decision which was rendered against his charge in the Apostoli bout.

"No House Cleaning Is Necessary in New York"

AT the annual dinner of the boxing writers of New York, at which Billy Conn received the Edward J. Neil Memorial Plaque, voted by the New York scribes for his contribution to boxing in 1939, Gen. John J. Phelan, chairman of the New York Commission, answering a plea for cooperation and affiliation with the N.B.A. by President Harvey Miller and Abe Greene, New Jersey state chairman, launched an attack against the N.B.A. executives for their newspaper blasts against boxing and the need for a general house-cleaning with:

"Let me say right here that we in New York don't need any house cleaning. If any other state does, that's their business, not ours. Let me be most emphatic on that point. New York doesn't need any house cleaning."

The dinner was a huge success. Conn, as guest of honor, received a rousing reception. Three hundred attended, including boxing writers, state and city officials and members of various boxing commissions. Lt. Col. Harvey Miller and Abe Greene praised the work of the N.B.A.

Feature Fights

(Continued from page 41)

scarcity of matches, any paucity of promise of action in all the classes?

The writer was particularly interested in the matches proposed by Lew Raymond, the New Orleans promoter. He listed his first ten as follows:—

1, Hostak and Garcia; 2, Louis and Galento; 3, Ambers and Angott; 4, Armstrong and Aron; 5, Armstrong and Williams; 6, Armstrong and Burley; 7, Archibald and Perrin; 8, Pastor and Conn; 9, Burman and Savold; 10, Burman and Pastor.

Raymond did not like an Armstrong-Davis fight over an Armstrong-Aron scrap. "Don't forget Aron stopped Fritzie Zivic," Raymond reminded the writer.

RODAK vs. CASTILLOUX

In the January issue of THE RING, Ted Carroll in talking of the featherweight class stated that Dave Castilloux had scored a knockout over Leo Rodak. That was an error. He had Rodak confused with Rightmire. Rodak and Castilloux have met three times, Castilloux winning the first in Toronto, losing the second in New Orleans and winning the third engagement a few weeks ago in Toronto. Neither was knocked out in any of their fights.

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A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE new year started auspiciously with important contests staged in various divisions. Billy Conn opened his heavyweight campaign against Henry Cooper and did not look too impressive, though he showed extreme cleverness. Fred Apostoli gained a decision over Melio Bettina. Ceferino Garcia garnered additional prestige in scoring a thirteen-round knockout over Glen Lee in Manila. Henry Armstrong disposed of Joe Ghnouly in five rounds at the welterweight limit, while Milt Aron performed a notable achievement when he kayoed Fritzie Zivic. Two surprises were registered in England when Arthur Danahar whipped Ernie Roderick in the welterweight class while Seaman Charley Brown, an unknown bantam, whipped the highly touted prospect, Jackie Paterson. Pete Scalzo avenged himself against Simon Chavez in their return engagement, and Tony Olivera did likewise against Lou Salica on the Pacific Coast.

Beginning with the action in the heavyweight division, Bob Pastor scored over Buddy Scott. Johnny Paychek disposed of Pietro Georgi in four rounds. Gunnar Barlund stopped Italo Colonello in the seventh. Lee Savold did impressive work during the month. He whipped Arne Anderson, Eddie Simms and stopped Jim Robinson in three. Simms whipped Lem Franklin, Anderson kayoed Emil Schulman in one and Robinson kayoed Wally Sears in two. Sonnyboy Walker defeated Chuck Crowell. Al Delaney whipped Unknown Winston and Newsboy Millich.

Johnny Risko disposed of Jack Lawton in four. Junior Munsell kayoed Jack Roper in the second. Harry Bobo defeated Nick Fiorentino, disposed of Dan Merritt in two and Al Hart in three. Bob Nestell kayoed Sandy McDonald in one session. Clarence Brown scored over Johnny Whiters. Jorge Brescia made a nice comeback in stopping Maynard Daniels in seven rounds. Gus Dorazio scored over Charley Massera and Joe Barr.

Steve Dudas momentarily curbed the progress of young Pat Comiskey. Big Boy Bray kayoed Frankie Limas in one round. Tommy Martin scored over Jack London, while London retaliated at the expense of Tom Reddington via a seven-round knockout. Tony Shucco disposed of Danny Peal in quick order. Newsboy Millich finished Charley "Killer" Coates in six heats. Altus Allen disposed of Lee Oma in the fourth. Henry Wacker halted Harry Sutton in the opening session, while Bill Poland kayoed Joe Hill in four.

Billy Conn, light-heavyweight leader, enjoyed a workout at the expense of Henry Cooper. Cooper scored a good victory over Buddy Knox. Gus Lesnevich won over Dave Clark. Fred Apostoli was lucky to get the award over Melio Bettina. Bettina also kayoed Mario Liani in four rounds. Jock McAvoy scored over Jack Hyams.

Teddy Yarosz whipped Nate Bolden. Anton Christoforidis made his American debut an impressive one by whipping Willie Pavlovich in good style. Larry Lane kayoed Sergt. Johnny Snyder in five. Harry Balsamo whipped Bud Mignault and drew with Stanley Hasrato. Johnny Romero disposed of Jack Dallas in four. Jimmy Reeves scored over Marty Simmons. Tiger Red Lewis kayoed Al Sinsibaldi in five.

Ceferino Garcia's thirteen-round kayo over Glen Lee was the outstanding middleweight feature. Jack McNamee kayoed George Wilson in three rounds but was stopped by Ron Richards in the fifth. Ossie Stewart stopped Ray Miller in seven. Georgie Abrams disposed of Joey Duca in the eighth. Turkey Thompson is coming along in great style. He kayoed Big Boy Hogue in three and Johnny Romero in nine. Bep Van Klaveren scored over Ernie Vigh. Allan Matthews finished Ralph Chong in the second.

Al Bernard kayoed Paulie Griffiths in the second. Young Corbett finished Dick Foster in the seventh. Billy Soose disposed of Jimmy Jones in five. Tony Cisco defeated Jesse Pierce but was whipped by Gunboat Jack. Harvey Massey drew with Vincent Pimpinella. Bobby Pacho scored over Al Smith but was beaten by Eddie Booker. George Burnette won over Harold Dettman. Shorty Hogue scored over Archie Moore. Joe Sutka kayoed Paul Pirrone in four but was beaten by Johnny Barbara. Henry Chmielewski beat Lou Brouillard.

Babe Verila disposed of Frank Castiglia in four and Frankie Britt in the tenth. Jimmy Casino whipped Bobby Seaman. Gene Buffalo scored over Bobby Jones. Andy Holland defeated Johnny McHale and Enzo Ianozzi. Enzo was also kayoed by Coley Welch in one round. Dale Sparr won from Kip Mays. Paul Cortlyn drew with Billy Pryor. Bert Gilroy kayoed Les Harrison in two rounds. Eddie Maguire drew with Freddy Mills. Jimmy Clark kayoed Emil Kozel in one.

Henry Armstrong's five-round kayo over Joe Ghnouly at the welterweight limit was the leading match in that division. Milt Aron flashed a sensational eight-round knockout over Fritzie Zivic. Holman Williams drew with Izzy Janazzo and lost to Cocoa Kid. Mike Kaplan scored over Eddie Brink, who was also beaten by Tony Ferrera. Arthur Danahar defeated Ernie Roderick and George Odwell.

Al Davis, Brooklyn's knockout youngster, kayoed Tippy Larkin in five rounds. Babe Synott kayoed Steve Halaiko in the third but was beaten by Sammy Luftspring. Paul Junior, slightly above the lightweight class, showed himself to be a busy gladiator. He kayoed Leo Gales in three, Frankie Gilmore in seven, drew with Al Nettlow and Red Guggino and also whipped Red. Eddie Dolan whipped George Henry but was beaten by Jackie Donovan.

Allen Westbury whipped Jimmy Purcell and drew with Reg Schloss. Hockey Bennell kayoed Bluey Davis in four. Dick Turcotte disposed of Jimmy Ward in seven. Jackie Kid Berg finished Paddy Roche in five.

Ralph Zannelli whipped Danny Devlin. Tony Martin won over Leonard Bennett. Frankie Genovese defeated Tommy Bland. Pete De Ruzza drew with Mike Piskin. Carmen Notch won from Frankie Cavanna. Eddie Dunne scored over Joey Spangler and Johnny Rinaldi. Phil Furr defeated Johnny Duca. Steve Belloise kayoed Ralph Vona in four.

Pete Lello heads the group of active lightweights. He whipped Eddie Lander and drew with Quentin Breese. Dave Castilloux came back to whip Leo Rodak. Johnny Bellus stopped Paul De Bello in the sixth. Lew Jenkins disposed of Billy Marquart in the third. Pat Foley whipped George Zengaras and Jimmy Vaughn. Vaughn scored over Julie Kogan and Matt Perfetti. George Crouch disposed of Mistos Grispos in two but was beaten by Speedy Johnson.

Mike Gamiere took the measure of Wesley Ramey. Toby Vigil disposed of Nick Peters in eight rounds. Primo Flores scored over Chester Rico. Norment Quarles lost to Jimmy Tygh and was stopped by Charley Gomer in the eighth. Gomer also kayoed Young Nelson in three. Willie Joyce whipped Felix Garcia. Tygh kayoed Jackie Carter in five.

Earl Fredericks defeated Joey Greb. Billy Beauhuld whipped Mickey Duris. Frankie Wallace won over Bucky Taylor. Johnny Hutchinson disposed of Joe Hall in the eighth. Ronnie James scored over Jimmy Vaughn. Jack Sharkey drew with Frankie Terranova and lost to Allie Stolz. Johnny McGrory whipped Len Beynon on a foul in the fifth. Emil Joseph scored over Julio Gonzales.

Pete Scalzo returned to the challenger's post in the featherweight division by his victory over Simon Chavez. Young Rightmire scored over Al Mancini. Al Reid halted the winning streak of Maxie Shapiro by whipping him in the Garden. Bobby Green scored over Sammy La Porte. Eddie Marcus scored over Richard Lemos. Spider Armstrong defeated Andre Sarilla and kayoed Johnny Marcelline in eight rounds.

Larry Bolvin whipped Jimmy Gilligan and finished Tony Dupre in the second. Gilligan scored over Angelo Callura. Young Gildo was beaten by Danny La Verne and Frank Farrington. Billy Charlton whipped Johnny King. Allie Stolz scored over Pablo Dano. Billy Fundess won from Dave Lefton. Tony Costa scored over George Dusty Brown.

Tony Olivera maintained his prestige in the bantamweight ranks with a victory over Lou Salica. George Pace scored over Johnny Gaudes. Little Pancho trimmed Small Montana. Aurel Toma stopped Nickey Jerome in six and drew with Pablo Dano. Al Brown was beaten by Kui Kong Young and Eddie Roberts in Australia. Tommy Kiene drew with Pedro Medina and kayoed Henry Raymond in the first. Kid Tanner disposed of Jim Hayes in seven and whipped Phil Milligan. Seaman Charley Brown scored over Jackie Paterson.

In the flyweight class, Little Dado stopped Horace Mann in two and seven rounds. Tiny Bostock disposed of Eric Jones in three and Frank Bonsor in seven. Jones was also beaten by Paddy Ryan, who scored over Joe Curran. Curran also lost to Johnny Boom. Pierce Ellis drew with Jim McCann and stopped him in nine rounds.

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Eduardo De La Torre, Cuba.
Bantamweight—George Kell, Windsor, Canada.
Featherweight—Harold Schwartz, New York City.
Lightweight—Eddie Ryan, England.
Welterweight—Jackie Donovan, Buffalo, N. Y.
Middleweight—Johnny Colan, New York City.
Light-heavyweight—Jimmy Reeves, Cleveland, Ohio.
Heavyweight—Harry Bobo, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending January 13:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Tony Galento	Gus Lesnevich	Ceferino Garcia	Milt Aron
2—Bob Pastor	Fred Apostoli	Al Hostak	Cocoa Kid
3—Lou Nova	Melio Bettina	Ken Overlin	Holman Williams
4—Tommy Farr	Len Harvey	Ron Richards	Izzy Janazzo
5—Max Schmeling	Jock McAvoy	Ben Brown	Fritzie Zivic
6—Johnny Paychek	Teddy Yarosz	Lloyd Marshall	Charley Burley
7—Red Burman	Dave Clark	Ossie Stewart	Mike Kaplan
8—Gunnar Barlund	Al Gainer	Victor Dellicurti	Maxie Berger
9—Lee Savold	Anton Christoforidis	Tony Zale	Arthur Danahar
10—Roscoe Toles	Larry Lane	Georgie Abrams	Al Davis

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Joey Archibald	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Davey Day	Pete Scalzo	K.O. Morgan	Speedy Dado
2—Sammy Angott	Simon Chavez	Tony Olivera	Enrico Urbinati
3—Eric Boon	Young Rightmire	George Pace	Tiny Bostock
4—Jackie Wilson	Al Reid	Lou Salica	Jackie Paterson
5—Pete Lello	Jackie Wilson	Little Pancho	Paddy Ryan
6—Bob Montgomery	Harry Jeffra	Peter Kane	Johnny Boom
7—Dave Castilloux	Jimmy Perrin	Aurel Toma	Joe Curran
8—Johnny Bellus	Chalky Wright	Kui Kong Young	Jackie Jurich
9—Lew Jenkins	Frankie Covelli	Benny Goldberg	Small Montana
10—Pat Foley	Bobby Green	Tommy Kiene	Rinty Monaghan

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Timely Chatter From Wartime Great Britain

By JOHN S. SHARPE

KID TANNER gained a spectacular kayo win when he knocked out Battling Jimmy Hayes of Leeds in the seventh of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Stadium, Liverpool. Tanner had previously given a brilliant performance, and when Hayes, who had been driven to the ropes, came forward, a left hook to the body put the Yorkshire lad out for some time.

Harry Silver of Clapton fought one of the best contests of his career when he defeated Garry Roche of Ireland in a six-round contest at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. Roche had a previous verdict over the young East Sider.

Two 10-round contests were the feature at Carmarthen when Private Len Beynon of Swansea gained a narrow points win over Syd Worgan of Llanharran after a great bout, and Taffy Williams of Swansea outpointed Benny Price of Cross Hand.

Pierce Ellis of Manchester boxed a draw with Jim McCann of Belfast in a great 10-round contest at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Stan Bateman of Pontnewydd gained a T.K.O. victory over Rufus Enoch of Tonyrefail when the latter retired at the end of the seventh at Crumlin.

Tommy Brown of Hackney had an easy journey with Bill Wainwright of Swadlincote at the Devonshire, Hackney. Brown was down for a count in the first round as Wainwright went into a shell, the bout was awarded to his rival in the third.

Jack Gubbins of Stratford was ruled out in the first round against Jimmy Lester of Dagenham for delivery of a low punch.

Tiny Bostock, the Leek flyweight, punished Frank Bonsor of Nottingham so much for seven of a 10-round contest, that it was no surprise when his chief second skied the towel at the end of the round to save a game lad unnecessary punishment at the Stadium Club, Holborn.

Seaman Dick Bradshaw of the Royal Navy received the decision over Morry Josephs of Battersea at the end of six rounds.

Joey Vaughan of Becontree chalked up his 20th straight victory when he easily defeated Peter Charville of Nottingham over four rounds.

Jock McAvoy, middleweight champion of Great Britain, although defeating his old opponent of Stepney, Jack Hyams, over 10 rounds at Belle Vue, did not display any of his old fire and dash. McAvoy received a cut eye in the seventh round and from then on coasted to the end, when he received the decision, amid the jeers of the crowd. When McAvoy left the ring, he was told that his father had passed away while he was boxing.

Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, lost on points after 10 hard hitting rounds to Private Billy Charlton of Gateshead. Paddy Ryan, Northern Area flyweight champion, outpointed Eric Jones, Southern Area flyweight champion, on points in ten.

At a charity show at Bellshill in aid of the Red Cross Fund, Chick Harkins of Musselburgh insisted on being allowed to box after being involved in a motor accident. His opponent, Tony McGlinchley of Radnor Park, had no difficulty in scoring a kayo in the first. In a rousing contest, Jim Collins and Les Campbell, both Glasgow lads, fought nine vicious rounds when the referee intervened and declared Collins the winner.

"The Ring," Belfast, continues to pack them in despite the blackout. Dave Warnock, of Belfast, drew with Dennis Cahill, of Glasgow, in a 10-round contest before a big house.

Terry McStravick, of Belfast, knocked out Larry Parrish of Middlesborough, in the second and Al Summers, of Belfast, drew with another local, in Patsy Quinn in 10.

Charlie Smith, of Birkenhead, scored a spectacular kayo win over Ginger Watters, of Belfast, in the fifth at Liverpool.

A Londoner, who is making quite a name for himself in Irish rings is Harry Shadwell, who scored another quick win when he stopped Jim Federicks, of Whitehead, in the sixth at Belfast.

Jim Devlin, of South Shields, outpointed Barney Wilson, of Belfast, over 10 rounds, and Harry McAuley, of Belfast, and Max Brady, of Luyan, boxed a draw in ten.

There was a remarkable ending to the return 10-round contest between Sammy Shaw, of Hull, and Charlie Fox, of St. Helens, at the Stadium, Liverpool. Both boys had put up a hard fight throughout, and in the last round, after meeting in the center of the ring and sparring for about 30 seconds, Shaw staggered backwards and collapsed against the ropes and was counted out.

Harry Lazar, the popular Aldgate lightweight, had an easy contest when he met Kid Chocolate, of Jamaica, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, in a scheduled eight-round contest. Five rounds were enough for the colored boy when Referee Jack Hart stopped the contest, in Lazar's favor, after Chocolate had taken considerable punishment. Johnny Gould, of Woolwich, a young lad who is making much headway in the boxing profession, went a step up the ladder when he knocked out Private Mike Williams, of Strafford, in the fifth of an eight-round contest.

There was much disappointment at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when Dave Finn, the Stepney lightweight, had to call off his contest with the ex-amateur champion, Eddie Ryan, of Peckham, owing to an injured leg. George Marsden, of Nottingham, was called in as a last minute substitute, and finished the same way as most substitutes do. He was stopped in the first round. Joe Davis, of Hoxton, gained a hard earned decision over Pat Palmer, of Battersea, in six. Joey Vaughan, of Becontree, scored a one-round kayo win when he put the experienced Jackie Bishop, of Hoxton, down for the full count with a left and right to the jaw.

Bert Howerth staged a successful show at Newbury when Jack Daly, of Reading, met Buster Brown, a soldier stationed somewhere in England, and the former was well beaten on points by the soldier boy after 10 rounds.

Arthur Gardwood, of Canning Town, defeated Stan Nelson, of Christchurch, in the second at Bournemouth. The latter was ruled out for a low blow. Dick Wheller, of Bournemouth, secured a well earned win over Jimmy Bitmead, of Kings Cross in 10.

Billy Pleace, of Portsmouth, defeated George Willoughby of Croydon, in the fifth when the referee stopped the contest, as Willoughby's ear burst from a hard right swing.

George Davis, of Notting Hill, scored a clever points win over Stafford "Buzz" Barton, of Jamaica, in 10 at the Stadium Club, London. Joe Slark, of Egham, won the lightweight tournament by defeating Les Greenaway, of Wales, in the final in eight.

A big crowd at Southampton saw Freddie Mills of Bournemouth and Eddie McGuire, of South Africa, fight a draw in 10. George Odwell, of Camden Town, stopped Jackie Potts of Hanley, in the 10th. The referee intervened to save a game lad unnecessary punishment.

Tom Reddington, of Salford, made short work of Bob Scally of Scotland, who acted as a substitute for Charlie Bundy, of Wales, at the Coltson Hall, Bristol, on the occasion of Sydney Hull's first promotion. The referee stopped the bout in the second round.

Alf Couzens, of Hammersmith, outpointed the local Len Munden in eight.

Johnny Boom, the young Stratford flyweight, enhanced his reputation when he was called upon to meet Joe Curran of Liverpool, at Blackpool. After a very good bout in which there was never a dull moment, Boom was declared the winner on points in 10. Frank Lennox, the Blackpool welter, gained his 33rd win in succession, when he defeated Kid Harlow, of Lancaster, in four.

Les Campbell, of Glasgow, and Kid McCulloch, also of Glasgow, battled 10 rounds to a draw at Bellshill, Scotland.

George Howard, of Finsbury Park, substituting for Dave McCleave, who has joined the forces, won an excellent contest in 10 rounds of clever boxing when he met the colored middleweight, Dick Turpin, of Leamington, at Coventry.

In the other bout Norman Twigger, of Coventry, outpointed Tommy Shaw, of Leamington, in 10, and Harry Ainsworth, of York, defeated Ginger Ward, at Leamington in 10.

The Annual Show at Newcastle, for the local Jewish Charities, drew a big crowd, and Harry Craster, of Middlesborough, scored a good win when he outpointed George Odwell, of Camden Town, in 10.

Jim Berry, of Newcastle, suffered a setback when he met Ken Robinson, of Manchester, in a scheduled 10-round contest for within 65 seconds of the first round, Berry struck Robinson low, and paid the penalty of disqualification.

Roy Price, the Pontypool featherweight, returned to form at Crumlin when he stopped Douglas Coleman, of Tonyrefail, at the end of round seven. Coleman put up a great bout till the referee stopped the contest.

After being knocked down five times in five rounds, Tommy Jones, the southpaw welterweight champion of the Northern Area, was ruled out in the fifth against Charlie Smith, the hard hitting Birkenhead welter, at the Liverpool Stadium.

"Irish" Pat O'Connor, again won a great contest when he stopped Johnny Blake, of Notting Hill, in round five at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. Harry Davies, of Bethnal Green, outpointed Bill Curran of Walton on Thames, in six.

Joe Quigley, "Fighting son of Eire," knocked out Billy Ross of Stepney, in the fourth at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. The final blow was a left hook to the body.

Two bouts that thrilled the packed hall were those between Private Jackie Clarke, of Cambridge, and Private Joey Brown, of Poplar, who mixed it for six rounds before the former was declared the winner. The other was Bobby Ramsay, of Stepney, and Wally Davis, of Notting Hill, who put up a first rate bout for the six rounds before Ramsay got the decision. Harry Lazar, of Aldgate, won on points over Jimmy Jury, of Barnstaple, in six.

Taffy Williams, of Swansea, won his 50th professional contest and the Welsh welterweight title when he was credited with beating George Reynolds, of Cardiff, in a hard hitting 15-round contest, at Swansea.

Bob Firmin, the Lowestoft cruiserweight, came in as a last minute substitute for Private Len Rowlands, at the Stadium Club, London, and outpointed the heavier Tommy Brown, of Hackney, over eight rounds.

The return contest between Seaman Dick Bradshaw and Morry Josephs, of Battersea, was again fought with plenty of vigor by both lads in the eight-rounder. This time Josephs reversed the previous decision, and now they stand even.

Martin Thornton, of Ireland, knocked out Jim Parsons, of Tonypandy, in the first of a six-round contest.

Kid Tanner, of British Guiana, again demonstrated his wares before the Manchester audiences at Belle Vue, where he is a confirmed favorite. His opponent, Phil Milligan, of Oldham, although giving the colored boy a good fight for the 10 rounds, had to be content with a defeat. After a hard contest for nine of the scheduled 10 rounds, Pierce Ellis, of Manchester, was credited with a T.K.O. win when the referee stopped his contest with Jim McCann, of Belfast, after the latter had taken two counts in the eighth.

It was good to see the popular ex-welterweight champion of Great Britain, Jack Hood, take the ring as third man, when a show was staged in Birmingham, in behalf of wives and dependents of local soldiers. Two "no decision" bouts provided the real thing. Leo Phillips of Birmingham, and Bill Thomas, set to and had the fans on their toes as did Boy Edge and Ronnie Summerton.

In bouts over four rounds, Rog Howe, of Birmingham, outpointed Bill McDermott, of Liverpool, George Morgan, of Birmingham, defeated Jimmy Jones, of Smethwick, and Clem Court, stopped Tom Fitzpatrick, in the third.

Speed and stamina won for Warren Kendall, of Tonyrefail, over Eddie Davies, of Cym, at Crumlin. The referee stopped the contest in Kendall's favor.

Dick Burke, the Liverpool bantam who was all the rage in northern rings some years ago made a return to the ring at the Liverpool Stadium, when he was matched against the ex-amateur from Belfast, Harry McCauley, in an eight-rounder. Burke showed much of his old time punching power and so punished the Irisher that the latter retired in the fourth round.

Eric Boon, lightweight champion of Great Britain, retained his title, and won outright the Lord Lonsdale Belt, when he was credited as having knocked out Dave Crowley, of Clerkenwell.

Excitement came early in this thrilling bout when Boon caught Crowley with a left hook that had him glassy eyed and hanging on for dear life in the second round.

When the seventh round came up both boys still looked comparatively fresh and the small crowd had settled down to witness an exciting and interesting battle of styles.

Crowley went into a clinch with Boon and was put down more by a wrestling throw than a punch. He had to be carried from the ring when it was found that he had injured his ankle.

Tommy Reddington, the promising young Salford heavyweight, was overmatched in his first big test when he accepted a bout with Jack London of West Hartlepool.

With a 42 pound difference in their weights the West Hartlepudlian kept catching the game Salford lad and had him in a bad way. After having him down several times Referee Jack Hart stopped the bout in the seventh to save a game lad unnecessary punishment.

Not the least important contest on the bill was the attractive four-rounder arranged between two fine prospects, Joey Vaughan, of Becontree, of whom I have waxed eloquent several times, and Arthur "Johnny" Gould, of Woolwich, a lad who has built up a splendid record of kayo wins.

Vaughan, who is not yet 17, upset the wise money lads by scoring an easy win over the older Woolwich boy. Brother of Jimmy Vaughan, lightweight champion of the Southern Area, young Joey has yet to be defeated as a professional wherein he has had 22 fights, winning 17 by kayo. Watch young Joey.

One of the biggest upsets in boxing happened at Newcastle, when Charlie Parkin, of Mansfield, outpointed the much fancied southpaw from Newcastle, Jim Berry.

Parkin was defending his Northern Area middleweight title, and must be given credit for outpointing the hard hitting Tynesider over 15 rounds.

It did not take Bob Firmin, of Lowestoft, long to dispose of Jack Daly of Reading in their scheduled 10-round contest at Kingston, for the latter took the order of the kayo in the second.

The first professional boxer to lose his life in this Great War was Wally Thornton of Lambeth, posted as missing by the Admiralty after the sinking of the merchantman, "Rawalpindi." Thornton, who had boxed with success in Australia and England, had mapped out a career in the Mercantile Marine, besides boxing, and will be sorely missed by his many friends.

Gunner Harry Ainsworth, of York, seconded by his manager, Sergt. George Biddles, to the tune of "Kiss Me Goodnight Sergeant Major" fought desperately to defeat Jim Harper, of Covent Garden, on points, in 10 at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Leo Lee, of Canning Town, outpointed Jimmy Lester, of Dagenham, over eight rounds and Bat Howard, of Finsbury Park, defeated Alf Marsh, of Stepney, in six.

Paddy Ryan, of Manchester, and Joe Curran, of Liverpool, furnished the fans at the Stadium, Liverpool, with 10 scrappy rounds. These two flyweights, of the first flight, fought at a fast pace and dealt out hard punches without flinching to the end. Ryan received the duke by a narrow margin.

Private Len Beynon, of Swansea, was ruled out in the fifth against Johnny McGrory, ex-featherweight champion of Great Britain, at Bristol, for an alleged low blow.

Another disqualification was that between Garry Roche of Ireland, and Warren Kendall of Wales, for Roche was ruled out for hitting low.

Arthur Danahar, of Bethnal Green, outpointed George Odwell of Camden Town, in a hard hitting tenner at Southampton before a large crowd.

Jack "Kid" Berg, of Whitechapel, stopped Paddy Roche, of Ireland, in the fifth at Nottingham. The latter retired owing to a badly damaged right ear. Jack Robinson, of Nottingham, defeated Ted Gasgeigne, of Sheffield, in the third when the referee stopped the bout.

Maurice Dennis, ex-amateur middleweight champion, retained his unbeaten professional record when he outpointed Pat O'Connor of Ireland in eight at the Stadium Club, London.

Dick Turpin, the clever colored Leamington middleweight, turned in a good win when he outpointed Ben Valentine, of the Fiji Islands, in 10 at Coventry.

Joe Slark, of Egham, gained a clever points win over Boyo Rees, of Aberdare, in 10 at Southampton.

Norman Rees, brother of Boyo, and Stan Nelson of Christchurch, battled 10 rounds at an even pace. The referee declared it a draw.

Bert Gilroy, middleweight champion of Scotland, knocked out Les Harrison, of South Kirby, in the second at Newcastle.

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London had its first big boxing show since the commencement of the war when the British Boxing Board of Control, represented by their general secretary, Mr. Charles F. Donmall, and the National Sporting Club, represented by their general manager, Mr. John E. Harding, got together with the Marquis of Queensberry, and presented a charity show, in aid of the Lord Mayor of London's Red Cross Fund, at the Earls Court Empress Stadium.

The attractions were four star bouts, which would have packed any hall on their own.

The four together on the one bill, and the excellent cause they were fighting for, served to bring out the elite of London. Among the distinguished persons at the ringside were Sir William Coxen, the Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Will Hays, of screen fame, Lord Londonderry and Mr. Alexander Dalzell, J. P., chairman of the Northern Ireland Boxing Board of Control.

Conspicuous by their absence were the usual array of white shirtfronts at the ringside, which were replaced by an extraordinary number of uniforms of the three services, Army, Navy and Air Force. Among those present were Sir Malcolm Campbell, Jack Petersen, ex-heavyweight champion of Great Britain, Ted Kid Lewis, ex-welterweight champion of the world and many other notables of the social and sporting world.

The four bouts chosen brought together the cream of English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish boxers. The sensation of the night was the defeat of two British champions, Ernie Roderick, welterweight champion of Great Britain and Jackie Peterson. Roderick's opponent was the 21-year-old ex-amateur champion, Arthur Danahar, of Bethnal Green, who comes from a family of fighters from way back when. Danahar's boxing was a revelation, and his win over the welterweight title-holder, was no fluke.

The other champion to be defeated was the newly crowned flyweight champion of Great Britain, Jackie Patterson, of Scotland, who had built up quite a reputation as a kayo specialist, and was making his first appearance in London at this show. He was beaten by the "unknown quantity on the bill, Seaman Charlie Brown, of His Majesty's Royal Navy, a native of Belfast who has quite a following in his native Northern Ireland, and Eire, but had never been heard of in London. He was also making his first appearance in London.

Patterson, who had recently kayoed Paddy Ryan of Manchester in 13 rounds to be crowned champion, was expected to produce fireworks. In the seventh, Patterson began using rushing tactics, and caught the Irish lad with one or two well placed lefts and rights to the head that had him groggy.

In the succeeding rounds both boys stood together and slugged it out, with Brown giving as much as he took, to last the better. The referee, Mr. Moss Deyong, had no hesitation in awarding his decision to the 19-year-old sailor who made a brilliant impression in his London debut.

Jimmy Vaughan, Southern Area lightweight champion, and Ronnie James, of Swansea, the two foremost challengers for Eric Boon's lightweight title met in a 10-rounder. The contest was a hard fought bout with first one and then the other on top. James had to pull out the best he had to gain what must have been a very narrow verdict.

Tommy Martin, the colored Deptford heavyweight, met England's own Tony Galento, Jack London, of West Hartlepool, in 10 rounds and the West Hartlepudlian, entering the ring with a 42 pound weight advantage over the colored lad.

All through the bout London attempted to land his "finisher," but it was not until the eighth that he really caught the colored lad with a right hook that had him groggy and floundering around the ring. Referee W. Barrington Dalby raised Martin's hand as the winner. The decision was badly received.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

TOMMY "KILLER" KIENE, sensational Savannah bantamweight, went over big in his 10-round draw with Pedro Medina, Cuban fly and bantam champion, at the Cristal Arena in Havana. Kiene scored two knockdowns of eight and nine counts, and the majority of the scribes reported Kiene as having an edge over the Cuban monarch. The large crowd of enthusiastic fans shouted their request for a return match, and Carl Moss who pilots Kiene promised he would bring Tommy back again in January. Kiene's style was well liked, and a return engagement should draw a record gate.

Carl Moss, who manages Kiene, asked the writer to express his thanks through this column, for the nice reception he was given by the Cuban Boxing Board and the Cuban public. Moss stated he was overwhelmed by the hospitality shown him, and that never in his long experience did he ever get such a real friendly welcome as he did in Havana. Senor Moss had big praise for the perfect manner in which Luis Gutierrez runs the boxing game here, and for the highly maintained organization under control of Jaime Marine.

Joe Legon, Cuban welter champion, and Joe Coego, Cuban lightweight king, met at the Palace of Sports in a 12-round scheduled bout for the welterweight title of Cuba. Legon at once showed his supremacy, and meted out terrific punishment in the first round. He had Coego hanging on and in the 10th round Coego's handlers refused to let their charge continue.

Lorenzo Gomez Naya, 175, of Spain, scored a six-round knockout over Evangelo Valiente of Cuba. The Cuban lad forced the pace all the way, but some hard blows in the fifth round made him groggy and the referee halted the contest. Kid Rapidez, Navy featherweight, scored an eight-round victory over Juan Sierra, who made a splendid showing and lost a close decision. Cecilio Nelson, welterweight, was beaten in six rounds by Pablo Olivera, and Raul Ochendia scored over Robert Alvarez local bantamweight.

Francisco Campos, Venezuelian welterweight, was an easy winner over Kid Sila of Cuba in the semi windup at the Palace of Sports. Campos showed he is a heavy hitter, and will be seen in action again before leaving for the U. S. A., under the care of Kid Chocolate, Cuba's famous bon-bon. Criso Perez was knocked out by Ricardo Zaldivar, alias "Rayo Del Ring" after three tough rounds, and Neno Rojo was winner by the kayo route over Isidro Delgado when the referee stopped the bout due to a bad cut over Delgado's eye which bled profusely.

Rey Gutierrez, and Angel Ruiz, both Cuban middleweights, met at the Cristal Arena in a return match. This time Gutierrez was the winner, but not until Ruiz gave him a whale of a battle. Gutierrez employed a hefty left hook, and had Ruiz on the go for a while, but Ruiz just managed to pull through to the end. Baby Cacers took a six-round beating from Armando Rodriguez, and proved that he was a game kid. Rodriguez, a tough southpaw, hit his opponent hard and at times had him badly shaken up.

Mario Diaz, and Jose Ferrer, featherweights, fought a six-round draw, and had the fans on their feet all during the contest. Diaz earned the draw by his last round rally, where Ferrer faltered.

Eduardo De La Torre, flyweight, with a nifty sock, easily defeated Bertico Ramos, another classy flyweight. Torre used a fast left jab and right cross which bewildered Ramos in the first round, and from then on Torre had things his own way.

Armando Puente Pi, just a mite who only weighs 89 pounds, has been picked out of over 2000 fighters by Luis "Pincho" Gutierrez, as the outstanding prospect for the year 1939. This boy who is only 14 years old has shown signs of a great future. He is a clever boxer, and possesses the real ring generalship and all other qualities that go to make a great boxer. Let's see what the future holds for this lad, and if Cuba has in this boy another world's champion.

Sergio Napoles, alias "Guarina Kid," the mighty little puncher who only scales 105 pounds, climbed through the ropes at the Cristal Arena and scored a nifty two-round knockout over Jose San Roman. He is being trained by Lalo Dominguez, Cuba's ex-lightweight champion, and we feel sure that Napoles will prove a sensation before many moons.

Manolo Sanchez, lightweight king of the semi-pro division, defended his title successfully against the onslaughts of Robert Martinez, who put up a great battle. Sanchez was in great form, and used a tantalizing left jab and hard body blows which all but knocked out Martinez.

Santiago Sosa, crack featherweight, after taking two counts in the first round, rallied strong in the following rounds and scored a six-round knockout over the hard punching Rob Ferrer.

Pedro Martinez, Cuba's coming featherweight star, gave a very masterful exhibition of cleverness when he knocked out Jose Ferrer in two rounds. Martinez, who is Kid Chocolate's cousin, was taught the art of boxing when only six years old by his cousin. Ramon Crespo won in four over Ignacio Vazquez, local middleweight, and Juan Argudin easily defeated Juan Villalba, bantamweights.

Nat Fleischer our Editor, will soon be coming to Havana to inaugurate the 1940 Golden Gloves Tournament as he did last year. With Nat at the head of this opening night, we are sure it will be a banging success, as he's a popular fellow in Havana. See you soon, Nat.

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KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

PROMOTER BUS BREESE, in addition to staging a flock of amateur shows, rang the bell with two good pro cards during the month. He opened in Kansas Cty, Mo., with a double windup. Billy Gardner, 18-year-old toughie from Hutchinson, Kan., was given the heave in the fourth round of his brawl with the ever-improving Mex welter, Battling Chino Lopez. Gardner was disqualified for a blend of the foulest language and foulest fighting that ever met mortal ear or eye. Lopez dropped Gardner in round one and then the festivities commenced. Billy began to get rowdy and rough.

He tried to hit Chino with everything but the timekeeper's little brass hammer. Lopez kept plugging away and in the fourth round had Gardner badly hurt. Referee Walter Bates stepped in to take a look at the goggle-eyed Gardner, who is a staunch Republican and fundamentally opposed to any sort of government interference. In order to make his attitude clear to Mr. Bates, Billy resorted to the use of various poolroom pet names, none of which are suitable to polite society or the prize-ring. He was suspended indefinitely. It was great entertainment.

The other main event produced another stylish win for the fast stepping, hard hitting Jordan "Bo" Davis, Negro lightweight, who did a thorough job on sturdy Baby Lou Alcanter. It went the full eight rounds. Davis is a great prospect.

Louis "Brother" Jackson won the semi-final six by outfighting Cowboy Tommy Collins, Houston light-heavy. Collins, a carbon copy of the lamented Battling Bozo of long ago, turned on some of the wildest unorthodox boxing we've ever howled at. His antics were successful in that they enabled him to go the full distance, something no recent opponent of Jackson has been able to do.

Harry Tressler, welter on a comeback, defeated Al Shapiro, former New York Golden Glover, and Skeeter Weems, still a puncher, stopped Bob O'Malley, feather, in the four-rounders.

In accordance with his established policy of showing bright new faces every so often, Bus Breese brought in a surprisingly good welterweight from Denison, Texas, named Phil Latona. Latona, not particularly well known, has nevertheless defeated such good boxers as Wishy Jones and Johnny Durso. Only a few months ago he gave the mighty Kenny LaSalle a 10-round scare. Latona looked like a real little dandy in outpointing Chino Lopez in the Memorial Hall main event. Lopez is improving, but Latona was too sharp.

Jackie Simmons, Negro lightweight flash, kayoed one Texas Kid Lee in the second of their eight-rounder. Tommy Collins, the one-man circus from Houston, was on the short end again, this time against Kid Paris of Ft. Riley, Kan. Louis Jackson registered his customary kayo against Matt Frazier, and Tony Latona took Willus Turner in a four-round welterweight scrap. A good show.

NOTES TO YOU—Jimmy Garrison was to have boxed Baby Breese here, but something happened to Jimmy in Cleveland. Breese presented Pete Lello with a New Year's basket—full of rough stuff up in Milwaukee. Decision: a draw. Young Breese has licked more good fighters and lost more decisions because of rough stuff than any other top fighter we can think of . . . . Charley Miegel seems to be doing well on the Coast. He won a close decision over Jordan Davis before he left here, but local fans think that Davis would be much the better in a return . . . . Louis Jackson is probably the best young light-heavy in the Middle West . . . . Bob Pastor booked for a date with Tipperary Murray late this month. Kansas City fans have never gone for this type of thing, though they may make an exception in Bob's case.

Your correspondent still commuting between K. C. and New York, saw the greatest featherweight youngster since Canzoneri in Lulu Constantino of the Big Town. The only kid 126-130 pounder we know who might possibly beat him is our own Jordan Davis . . . . If Jackie Simmons liked boxing more he'd have a bright future in the ring. He's got plenty of class . . . . We see where Joey Spiegal of Milwaukee is doing good work among the light welters. We think that his local rival, Annunzio Ferrara, is by far the better prospect, even though Joey holds a decision over Nunz. Ferrara has everything but faith in himself . . . . Sorry we missed you last issue. Nothing much happened, anyway, except Tiger Jack Fox outhauling big Elza Thompson . . . . Good feathers, lightweights, welters and light-heavies could do a whole lot worse than write to Bus Breese, 502 North 7th Street, Kansas City, Kansas. This town is going places again, and now that Breese is running in both Kansas and Missouri there is plenty of room for good boys . . . . Best regards!

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI
By ROBERT D. DANA

HENRY ARMSTRONG was the man of the month since we last cluttered up this space. The Hammer stopped off to see a few friends and polish off Joe Ghnouly, local lightweight. Joe was down thrice in the first, saved by the bell in the fourth and out in the fifth. Notwithstanding, it was a more interesting argument than was expected.

Allan Matthews came back strong following his Overlin debacle and kayoed Ralph Chong in the second stanza. Chong took the first round by a wide margin, winging punches from a thousand assorted angles and making Allan strongly resemble the man that failed to fathom Overlin's whirlwind come-and-get-it style a few months ago. In the second, however, Ralph was in error. He tried his hand at in-fighting. Matthews dropped him with a vicious left hook. He got up at the count of nine and ran into another. Once more he scrambled to his feet, only to sample one of Matthews' copyrighted hooks. And that was all for Mr. Chong.

Lou Wallace made his professional debut by stopping Frenchy Le Moyn in five. Le Moyn retired, claiming trouble with his hand. Eddie Lee, the China Clipper, put on a good show in taking a six-rounder, and Murl Thompson never looked better than he did in winning the opener from Billy Born.

Before closing, we would like to correct a slight error that got itself found in this column last month. Sam Muchnik, one of the Packhorses, asked that we mention just who had the authority to make matches for that organization. We agreed. His facts were later contradicted by a man of considerable authority on such matters and we felt that by complying with the original request, we might be doing someone an injustice. Hence it was left undone. We were then naturally rather amazed to find our niche sullied by what purported to be news but was merely a publicity plug for Mr. Packs.

The blurb claimed that Packs was the only active promoter in St. Louis. In spite of the fact that Tom has done his best to wreck competitors by surrounding their dates with wrestling exhibitions, this is hardly true. His statement that the public likes to see the big names may have been an axiom in '39 and before, but the Auditorium was but half full for Armstrong himself. The public seems to be about glutted with the big name stuff. It is awakening to the fact that one big name and a poor opponent does not necessarily spell F-I-G-H-T.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

THE South has produced its share of fighters receiving highly coveted honors from THE RING Magazine. Tommy Kiene, Savannah's hope for the bantamweight crown, and Bob Sikes, heavyweight pride of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, were the only two in racking up first places. Ken Overlin and Ben Brown, who are both middleweights, came in second and third, respectively, in the second group of their division. Jimmy Perrin, featherweight and from New Orleans, garnered No. 4 slot in the second group. This marked Nat Fleischer's 16th annual polling through his famous RING.

At this writing, Co-promoters Jack Dempsey and boxing's "boy bandit," Jimmy Johnston, Sr., have agreed to put on the Bob Pastor-Red Burman bout in Miami, Florida. It will take place on the 20th probably. Dempsey and the senior Johnston have scheduled the fight as a twelver. At the same time, Mike Jacobs, who flew into the Magic City, definitely called off his Max Baer-Tony Galento bout. Dempsey, flying to Miami to start the ball rolling, will be followed a week later by Johnston. Red and Bob will square off at the Flagler Speedway Park.

Before embarking to Cuban shores, scrappy Tommy Kiene, having copped an easy win from Red Roberts, found himself in the driver's seat and steered for a one-round knockout over Henry Raymond. Tommy used only two punches and each found Raymond on deck with the last being lights out. Thence to Havana, where Tommy met Pedro Medina, holder of the little country's flyweight and bantam crowns. Whereupon this pair of gamecocks put on a thrilling struggle for 10 rounds that left the decision in neither's favor. The draw verdict was popular with the house packed Cristal Arena and another showing with Kiene as a participant is on the go.

From Orlando, Florida, the veteran boxing promoter, Jim "Tex" Downing drops us these lines—Johnny Paychek, promising heavyweight, will box Pietro Gorgi, inaugurating Orlando's $110,000 fight arena. This bout takes place as we go to press. Downing is booking Paychek all over the South with St. Petersburg, Savannah and Jacksonville also named. Also, pens Jim, Eddie Mead, pilot of Champion Henry Armstrong, has agreed to let Downing use Hammerin' Henry in a Tampa arena with a well known colored opponent, in February. The veteran promoter intends on opening big time bouts in Jacksonville with Lightweight Champion Lou Ambers in for three performances during the season. Yet another Paychek opponent will be Tony Galento if the latter can be gotten, and the winner to face Joe Louis in Chicago this summer.

Ernie Stevens, well known boxer of Texas and California, has opened a new gym in the center of Orlando and at a cost of over $3,000. Ernie is to run amateur boxing every week and we are informed it is one of the South's tops.

In the West Palm Beach inauguration program a new fistic star arose in the form of Jimmy Shepard. A middleweight from Springfield, Ill., he flattened the idol of West Palm Beach, Pietro Gorgi, in the sixth of a scheduled tenner. Lanky Al Williams, the home town boy, punched Bob Michaels full of holes in a 10-round semi.

Ben Brown and Ken Overlin did battle for the fourth time, their second in Atlanta, and came out all even at the end of hostilities. Overlin is the only scrapper to hold two wins over the Capital City cauliflower cultivator. Brown's stablemate, Kenny La Salle, top Dixie welter and one of the best defensive boxers in the game, was a two-round kayo winner over Mario Lopez . . . . Flash Burke, Alabama's fighting philosopher, is hot on the trail in quest of Tommy Kiene's Dixie bantam belt . . . . He is managed by Ibsen Potter . . . . They want Tommy Kiene in a bout with Al Mancini, this writer is informed by Tom Salimeno of Providence, R. I. . . . . Johnny Risko, still going strong, kayoed Jack Lawton in four at Aiken, S. C. . . . . Tom Sharkey, from Jacksonville, showed to good advantage in trouncing Joe Georandino in a middleweight bout. It might be Tom who will put his city on the fistic map as he is soon to be under Johnny Buckley's wing . . . . Our deepest sympathy to Secretary Foster of the N.B.A., who lost his son, Coleman, through an automobile accident in California . . . . THE RING lost one of its most efficient writers in A. D. Phillips, a grand contributor . . . . Jackie Carter, one-time top Southern feather, informs this corner of his retirement from the ring. A credit to Dixie fight circles . . . . Well known heavyweights are planning invasion of Florida, chiefly Artie Sykes, Tommy Tucker, Johnny Paychek, Tony Musto and Billy Miske, Jr. . . . . F. J. Bauman will make his third venture as promoter soon in Asheville, am informed.

Several more honors are heaped upon Tommy Kiene, the Southern bantam king, when he was selected with Johnny Juliano as the best bantie prospect for the year by Nat Fleischer. A great achievement to him was the landing in Eddie Borden's charmed circle of the latter's Big Ten in his class. N.B.A. ratings for the year give the little Southerner an honorable mention in the flyweight division.

And for the second time Jack Larrimore claimed a victory over Buster Carroll, Lowell, Mass., product in Cap Peeples' Miami Beach Club. Jack enjoyed a large margin during the first four frames and Carroll's best came in evidence when Boxing Commissioner Dan Galen warned the Northerner. But Jack piled up enough points for a comfortable win and was safe during the latter part of the battle. They are welters.

Buster Carroll and Frankie Hughes indulged in a game called "tag" with Frankie being "it." The latter was still "it" after the fight was over as he was never able to catch the strictly defensive Carroll. Both welters . . . . Marty Burke, a pretty good heavyweight during Jack Dempsey's time, has one of the country's finest taverns that caters to the fancy. Located in New Orleans, it has a gym, a club possessing thirty rooms for visitors, and one of the prettiest bars and restaurants in the Crescent City.

Fighters without managerial tieups, etc., who wish to spend the winter season in Florida, can get in touch with Bill Gore at his gym, located on 22 Southwest 2nd Street, Miami, Florida. Bill can keep any fighter busy at all times. Send pictures and boxing record to him.

Another colored scrapper who is worthy of mention is Young Eddie Williams of Lexington, N. C. Being the colored light-heavy champ of the South, having been engaged in 193 contests and losing the small sum of five. This lad will be one of the leading performers in Miami's new colored fight club. Pinkie Lou Masters, former RING writer, booked Eddie with success in various sections of the South.

Kid Williams, neat lightweight prospect, hailing from Daytona, is going great guns down 'round Tampa way where he has become a great favorite after his sensational battle with the mighty Chino Alvarez. This red hotter was a draw after 10 exciting cantos. He holds wins also over Joey Raymond and a kayo win over Tony Monin in Tampa bouts, while putting the ether under Jimmy Powell in three and decisioning Al Manriquez in Jacksonville. The Kid may tangle with the winner of the Lew Jenkins-Chino Alvarez setto in Texas. The late Al Jensen once handled this promising Daytonian.

Harry Mallon, known the South over as Zig Zag Zazzerino as a boxer, died of injuries received on the Brunswick, Ga., road. It is believed by Brunswick police that he was presumably struck by a passing vehicle.

With the one-time great Lew Tendler serving as referee, West Palm Beachites received more action in the semi-final than all bouts combined since her shows began operation. This humdinger saw George Pepe, a good southpaw welter out of New Haven, Conn., fall victim to the flailing fists of Lefty Young of Akron, Ohio, an unknown before the battle, but very well known now. Young scored a nine-round T.K.O., Tendler saving the game Connecticut Yankee from further punishment.

Several more examples show the popularity of THE RING Magazine. George Ephrem, a brother of yours truly, does his monthly trek to Hartford from Danbury to buy his issue of this world famous magazine . . . . Courageous little Jackie Maddia, a 14-year-old invalid, drops the line, "Our paper (Kansas City) doesn't give us much boxing news, but all I do get on boxing is from THE RING. I sure love it." . . . . Thank you very much, Jackie.

The Justo Jiminez-Pete Galiano feature at Miami Beach was called a draw, but since it was a charity show and everyone in a charitable mood, the judges felt they shouldn't be left out so they presented the verdict mentioned above. Jiminez, a new star along the Miami front, appeared the winner to all concerned, even though the scrap was close throughout. He captured five rounds and Pete took three. However, the 1,600 attendants witnessed a whale of a battle, featuring some of the best toe-to-toe melees ever staged by Cap'n Peeples at his Miami Beach Arena. Justo tipped 135 and Pete 138. In the semi, Kangaroo Irish Johnny Dean jumped all over Al Beauhold to bounce away with the eight-rounder in his pouch. This was a sweet bout from first to last. They are welterweights. Incidentally, the fans in Miami are a hard-boiled group when it comes to fighting, but when Joe Miller suffered a fractured jaw in his four-round bout with Tommy Pauley, the so-called "hard-boiled" customers contributed $200.60 for his benefit.

The first President Roosevelt Fight Paralysis Fund in Florida will be held in Fort Myers under the promotion of Don De Sautel and Chick Eaton, co-promoters. The program takes place as this goes to press. This humble RING correspondent has been extended an invitation by Co-promoters De Sautel and Eaton. Two Jacksonville pugilists are likely to appear on the program. They are Jim Bowden, Florida's top light-heavy, and Leon Foucart, his stablemate, a middleweight.

It was a greatly disputed decision they gave Danny Murphy over Jack Bagget recently in Birmingham. Murphy, a nice boy, finished strongly and that probably swayed the judges to his side. Fans almost raised the roof when the verdict was given and it was fully five minutes before the main bout took place. Score sheets showed Stiffie Williams' young Chattanoogan carried three rounds to Murphy's two with an even round.

Chattanooga's strong amateur boxing team invades the surprisingly fast arisen Muscle Shoalers of Florence, Alabama, in a real test of the current season. A meeting with Florence's Bill Cornelius and Chattanooga's Vaughn Cornish is expected to be the highlight of the meet. Muut Bond, in his 73rd bout, will try for another win. This boy has not been off his pins during his career. Roger Goss, Picayune southpaw welter, and Jimmy Dundee went very hard for a draw and it was a slambang affair all the way. Goss started best and had a good lead but slowed up and there is where Dundee came to life. They had the fans in an uproar and no one questioned Referee Cliff Greenwood's verdict. Easily it was the best of the card that found Jackie Murray getting an even break with Joe Lenahan in the top tenner.

Pietro Gorgi left-handed his way to a victory over Dummy Robinson in a good fight and which was a honey all the way. Robinson never stopped trying for a knockout blow but Pietro was too smart for him, at any time Robinson tried to get in close. But there was plenty of long range clouting which was topped with Pietro's dynamiting right. In the semi, Al Reba was given an unpopular decision over Joe Lenahan in a lightweight affair.

Jack Menges, who has been promoting and matchmaking for the West Palm Beach fights for a good while, is back there again and has for his principals Hobo Williams and Henry Wooster for beginning of his first class shows.

Emerson Lucas, doing a great share of good work for the amateur boxing team of Florence, Alabama, has been offered an inter-city meet with the strong Union Bag Company of Savannah. Such a meet at either city would top either's attendance mark as the Savannah boys have been victorious in almost all their encounters, while the Florence lads have been making history in Southern amateur boxing. Lucas and C. O. McNees have given THE RING Magazine every credit for their team's success as the publicity reaching distant sections of the country has played a most successful part in the bringing of inter-city matches to the 'Bama boys.

THE RING Magazine can be bought at any newsstand in the city of Jacksonville. A check-up by this writer reveals that THE RING is more popular than ever and more copies are being sold to readers and the majority of the stands are getting more copies of THE RING for sales.

SOUTH AFRICA REPORTS
By KEN DUNCAN

PERFECT timing and faultless footwork carried Charlie Catterall, challenger, to victory over Alec Hannan, holder, in a skilful featherweight tussle at the Ellis Park open-air stadium, Johannesburg. The challenger, who has seldom boxed with such consummate skill, kept up an incessant left-right barrage to the head.

In the twelfth round, with Hannan worn down to a beaten man, Catterall connected with a stiffish right that rocked the champion to his heels. The challenger was just maneuvering his man into position for the kill when the gong ended a classic little bout. The points margin of victory may not have been a large one, but the win was decisive. Now Catterall, as the new South African featherweight champion, is waiting the arrival of American invaders who feel inclined to brave the hazardous Atlantic crossing to pick up some cash in sunny South Africa.

In a hectic six-rounder, which was notable for the knock-down of Britt for an eight-count in the fourth session, Nick Wolmarans, conceding 17½ pounds, battered his way to an easy win over the lumbering Jimmy Britt. Alf James and Dave Katzen, welterweights, drew over eight rounds. And Bob Bradley's superior boxing enabled him to decision Teddy Grace in a six-rounder, packed with body-work.

In the middleweight division Tiger Burns outpointed Costis Vassis in ten. Vassis was down for five in the seventh.

IN BUENOS AIRES

JAIME AVERBOCH, Argentine, 144 pounds, vs. Antonio Rodero, Argentine, 144 pounds; 12 rounds; won by Rodero by decision.

Raul Rodriguez, Argentine, 154 pounds, vs. José Souto, Argentine, 151 pounds; 12 rounds; won by Rodriguez, technical kayo, eighth round.

Anibal Sanchez, Argentine, 145 pounds, vs. Alfredo Liendo, Argentine, 142 pounds; 12 rounds; draw.

Daniel Aldao, Argentine, 127 pounds, vs. Carlos Manzano, Mexican, 130 pounds; 12 rounds; won by Aldao, technical kayo, 10th round.

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

MILT ARON, Chicago's outstanding welterweight, proved his mettle by his spectacular knockout victory over Fritzie Zivic of Pittsburgh, in the eighth round of a ten rounder at the Chicago Coliseum before 5000 overly-enthusiastic Aron admirers.

Fritzie scored the first knockdown with a left-hook on the point of the chin for a nine count in round two. Milt arose in a weak condition. Zivic pursued his man with reckless abandon, again crashing Aron to the canvas for a nine count. In the third stanza, Zivic again spilled the Westsider's expense with a righthand counter that bounced Milt like a proverbial ball. In the fifth and sixth sessions both boys shook the other one up with clean and accurate shots; but in the seventh, the two of them suffered a hectic barrage of blows, Zivic was surprised by a vicious right-hand blast that befell him for a nine count, and for the next thirty seconds was subjected to a beating, when once again Fritzie's precision-like left-hook caught Milt repeatedly to body and head. And in the eighth and final chapter of this battle, Zivic came out with the idea of ending it, scoring left and right-hand smashes to Aron's mid-section and jaw, when "boom," Milt's trusty right cross toppled Zivic to the canvas—Fritzie got up on his rubbery legs; but met the inevitable by a terrific right cross, this time the "count" beat Zivic to the punch.

The semi-windup of ten rounds revealed Pete Lello, sensational Gary lightweight, who has gained the No. 4 spot in THE RING ratings compiled by Eddie Borden, won unanimously from Eddie Lander, who was content to go the limit with Pete. The fight itself proved uninteresting due to Lander's holding tactics, while, on-the-other-hand, the Gary Pole was anxious to put forth his best efforts; but the 131-pound Eddie just bobbed and clinched throughout the match.

In another fight scheduled for ten frames, a repetition of the wind-up was displayed when Lee Oma, Jewish light-heavyweight from Detroit, dropped Altus Allen in the second with a swooping right hand for a nine count. Lee shellacked Allen badly in this frame. In the third Altus regained his composure and was meting out as much as he received, while in the fourth Allen caught Oma, who was tiring badly and was playing the ropes, with sharp and straight left-jabs and right crosses that spilled Oma for the count. In a previous encounter, Oma scored a stunning one-round kayo over Allen.

Henry Wacker, hard-hitting ebony heavy from Taylorville, scored a kayo over Harry Sutton in the opening round of a bout ticketed for six frames, and Billy Seward, Ingomoor, Mont. lightweight, rained punches on Robert Jarrell of the Southside, to stop his man in the initial heat of a four-rounder. $10,050 was the gross-total for the night.

Leo Rodak, who is now confining his fistic efforts to the 135-pound division, split even with Dave Castilloux of Canada during the past month, winning the former in twelve frames and losing the second along the ten round route. Incidentally, Leo lost another verdict, this time his wife presented him with a baby girl instead of another champ, who is about three years of age.

Verle Davis, a great welter prospect during the past year, who retired because of his dislike for rigid training, was the victim of a serious motor vehicle accident, which necessitated some 42 stitches in his head to close the wounds.

A FISTIC JOURNEY TO HAMMOND, IND.: Mique Malloy, a great chance-taker, endeavored to promote a succesful fight show here, financially speaking; but all it revealed was a banner wind-up inside the Civic Auditorium, a well-constructed building, which is appropriate for all indoor sports. Some 600 cash customers saw a sterling heavyweight embroglio between, Lem Franklin of Cleveland and Eddie Simms. Simms received the decision after a tough battle.

In the semi-windup, Ed (Tipperary) Murray, of Cleveland, stopped Frank Bozic, also of Cleveland, in less than a round. This heavyweight mix was to have lasted six cantos.

And in the preliminaries, Steve Souris, of Gary, won decisively over Jack Peneau, Milwaukee 150-pounder; Billy Seward of Ingamoor, Mont., was awarded a (technical) knockout victory over Billy Sherman, of Houston, who suffered a sprained ankle in the first as well as a drubbing. The bout was halted during the rest period to Seward. And in the curtain raiser, Tony Di Pasquale, Italian welter, avenged a previous defeat at the hands of George Feltes, another "Brewery City" representative. All were listed four round contests.

SPRINGFIELD FISTIC WARBLES—Jimmy Christy, a former C.Y.O. stalwart, has entered the promotional field in Fistiana. Jimmy is presenting amateur fight cards every Thursday evening at the Elks Club. Ed Buoll, who is Christy's chief assistant, has many shows lined up. Amateur boxers, attention: Those of you interested in fighting here, contact Ed Buoll in care of General Delivery, Springfield, Illinois, mentioning your age, weight, and past record.

Holman Williams is gradually working himself into a commanding position in the welterweight ranks. This is the result of his past two bouts. At Scranton, Holman battled to even terms with the tough Izzy Jannazzo and then journeyed over to New Orleans, La., where he whipped the nationally recognized Charley Burley, THE RING'S No. 1 147-pound candidate.

Tony Musto, who has been sidetracked on account of a severe cold, which almost developed into pneumonia, were it not for a preventative (by means of injections), will depart for Florida for the revival of his health as well as to engage in the South's best heavyweight offerings.

Johnny Barbara, formerly of South Bend, Ind., and for the past year a Chicago product, technically kayoed the sensational Joe Sutka of Detroit, in the sixth frame of a tenner.

Young (Kid) McCoy of Detroit earned the six-round nod over Joey Spiegal of Milwaukee, which was the semi-attraction.

In the three other preliminary matches, Marion Mosley of Fort Madison, Ia., was awarded the verdict over Andy Rapinski, also from Detroit. Heavyweights: Bobby Ryan, Chicago 145-pounder, was on the short end of a decision to Ralph Guajardo, Mexican welter of Bill Jensen's, and Tommy Morris, a newcomer in the professional ranks hereabouts, gained a nice win over Andy Canal, Southside colored bearer.

Tom Kenneally, a skillful boxer of the C.Y.O. in the past, just couldn't shake off the knockout complex against him. Bob Nestell of California, who is at present residing in the Middlewest, stopped Tom on successive appearances in eight and one round respectively.

And now in what was to have been his comeback attempt, Ed (Tipperary) Murray put the quietus on Tom's career, stiffening the C.Y.O. heavy in the third round of a scheduled six-round event.

In another six-round co-feature, Billy Seward of Ingamoor, Mont., whipped Tommy Parker, from Lexington, Ky.

Steve Souris, hard-hitting Gary welter, stowed away Henry (Kid) Tunero of New Orleans, La., in the second round; Selman Martin fooled the wisebirds in his decisive triumph over Johnny Janis of the Stockyards, heavyweights, for six rounds and Gene Ward, colored westside scrapper, larrupted Pete Ferrand, Southside Mexican junior welterweight, in the four round opening joust.

Joe Sutka, of Wyandotte, Mich., put the crusher on Paul Pirrone, veteran puncher from Cleveland, in the fourth issue of a bout listed for ten rounds.

Mari on Mosley, who has improved immensely, stopped Emil Schulman in three heats and in the fours, Roy Brown, Chicago middleweight, beat Charley Banks; Tito Taylor, Southside colored 147-pounder, conquered Jack Peneau and George Kontopolis, Greek welter aspirant, fought to a standstill with Tony Di Pasquale.

Raymond Lee, who formerly participated in bouts around the Windy City, wrote to me regarding his fistic-fortune in Florida. He inserted a clipping to me backing up his statement to the effect that he is the proud possessor of the "colored" lightweight championship of Florida by virtue of his eleven round knockout over Kid Golden, of a fifteener.

Henry Wacker, dangerous punching Taylorville Bronze Bomber, took but three sessions to overwhelm Red Bruce, red-headed Negro battler from the "Smoky City" Pittsburgh. Bruce went down for nine in the opening canto from a terrific left-hook.

In the semi-windup, Frankie Agnes, red-headed junior welterweight from the westside, was awarded a close eight-round decision over Joey Spiegal of Milwaukee and in the other eight round conflict, Joe Sutka of Detroit, hammered away to a six-round decision over Eddie Meleski of the C.Y.O., whose proceedings were halted due to a badly battered eye which hampered the Polish lad considerably. The opener found Charley Banks victorious over Luther Brent—both middleweight sepia punchers.

Fighters who are seeking matches around Chicago, who possess creditable records, with or without managerial connections, please forward clippings and photograph as well as your past record to Gene Engel, in care of Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois. So until our next publication—Fights off!

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

OMAHA, NEBR.—Rugged Lee Savold, Des Moines, Ia., heavyweight comer, outpointed Arne Anderson of Sweden in a vicious eight-round bout. The decision was booed by the fans, but several writers covering the fight thought the Des Moines fighter had the edge. Alex Fidler was the third man for the bout. Most of the 3,000 fans left the auditorium discussing the match. They praised the Swede's courage and iron jaw and went into long details about Savold's cleverness and punching ability.

Clarence Brown, Chicago Negro heavyweight, scored a surprising six-round decision over Johnny Whiters, Des Moines Negro, in the semi-windup match. The match was close from the start, with both boys exchanging leather freely.

Vermillion, So. Dak.—Carl Schroeder of Winner, amateur light-heavyweight champion of the state, has been named boxing coach at the University of South Dakota.

Laurel, Nebr.—H. H. Linn has revived amateur boxing here. Formerly, Laurel had produced some of the state's best amateur boxers, having furnished four state champions, several more who won in district tournaments and three who participated in tournaments in Chicago, Cleveland and New York.

Des Moines, Ia.—The Illinois State Athletic Commission formally recognized Harold Steinman of Chicago as manager of Johnny Paychek, Des Moines heavyweight fighter. Steinman's contract runs for six years, expiring October 1, 1945. Under its terms, he receives 50 per cent of Paychek's ring earnings, but agrees to pay all training and other expenses.

The commission declared a life contract between the heavyweight contender and Clarence Rapp void because Rapp had not met conditions of their agreement which called for payment to Paychek of a $1,000 yearly guarantee.

Des Moines, Ia.—Lee Savold, Des Moines, knocked out Maurice Strickland in the third round of a billed ten-round bout. The knockout came after one minute and ten seconds of the third round as the 4,000 fans were expecting to see the fighters square off for another furious exchange of blows such as they witnessed in the first and second rounds, both of which ended in draws. Savold weighed 187, Strickland 192.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Frank Mahoney was named tournament manager for the Norfolk, Nebr., Golden Gloves tourney . . . . Remember, our address is 2206 N. Lafayette, Sioux City, Ia. . . . . The Uptown Arena, built for outdoor boxing cards and one of the show spots around Iowa, has been torn down . . . This leaves only the Riverview Park Arena, and it is in need of repairs . . . . The 1939 Sioux City *Journal* Golden Gloves champions are: Dural Hodge, Farmer, S. D., 112 pounds; Donald Emmick, Sioux City, 118 pounds; Bill Gill, Jackson, Nebr., 126 pounds; Levi DeCora, Winnebago, Nebr., 135 pounds; Martin McDougall, Le Mars, 147 pounds; Leo Mahon, Ponca, Nebr., 160 pounds; Dean Sorenson, Pipestone, Minn., 175 pounds, and Orlan Ott, Hartley, Ia., heavyweight.

Des Moines, Ia.—Lee Savold of Des Moines scored a decision over Eddie Simms of Cleveland in ten rounds. The Des Moines heavyweight slashed and hammered at Simms for ten rounds to win the decision in easy fashion. However, Simms never was in serious trouble except the seventh round, when Savold's blows staggered him twice and sent him stumbling across the ring another time.

The semi-windup was a 30-second affair. It took Bob Nestell, 185, of Los Angeles, just that long to land a right hook on the jaw of Sandy McDonald, 216, of Dallas, Tex., and knock him down for the count.

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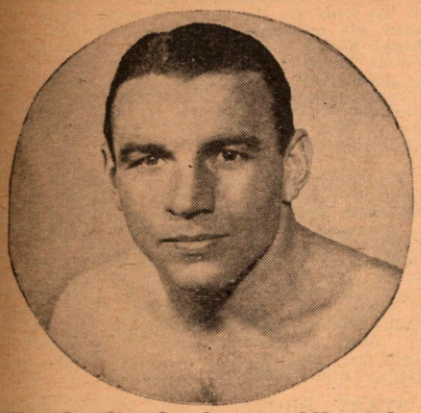


Ken Overlin, Southern middleweight champion, who is being groomed for a crack at the middleweight title. His work during the year was highly impressive and his record was second to none. Many critics concede that Overlin's cleverness will prove too much for Hostak or Garcia.

FROM NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

AL MANCINI, of Providence, chalked up a good win by beating Joey Archibald at Providence. The promoter is trying to match them for the championship at a later date. To date each has a win over the other.

In the semi-final, Tony Costa, 124, of Woonsocket, R. I., won the decision over former New England featherweight champion Tony Dupre, 120, of Manchester, N. H.

New Bedford boasts another star to take the place of Chick Suggs. Babe Verila of that city knocked out Frankie Britt, of Fall River, to win the New England middleweight crown, which Britt had held for only a few weeks. Verila has been going good of late, but this has been his most impressive victory.

Larry Bolvin's knockout of Tony Dupre was another highlight. The Providence boy has been going great and must be ranked with the best.

Eddie Mack of the Argonne A.A., Boston, opened his series of weekly boxing with two 10-round bouts in the main events, before a good sized crowd. Mack a master at matching local boys, to produce close, even spirited bouts, deserves a break. Another feature is the prices—none higher than $1.10.

In the best 10-round main bout of the card, Sal Bartolo, flashy Italian, won a close decision over Abe Denner, Jewish favorite and fellow Bostonian. Denner, with every physical advantage, was outspeeded and outpunched by the fast stepping Bartolo, who proved he was ready for the best. Bartolo's only defeat of late has been at the hands of Pete Scalzo.

In the other 10-rounder George Martin, of Boston, won easily over Fall River's Babe Synott, evening the score of a defeat suffered by Martin a short time ago. Synott a light hitter, with a loose type of infighting, failed to please the crowd. Synott is not apt to reach the top, but has a style that makes his opponents look bad.

In the prelims, Dusty Brown, colored lightweight from Fall River, had the crowd on its feet in winning over Eddie Letourneau, of Portland, Me., in their four-round bout.

Leo Dulmaine, of Worcester, outboxed Nick Sullo, East Boston lightweight, in another four-rounder.

Fall River . . . . Ralph Zanelli, Providence welter, repeated his win over Danny Devlin in 10 rounds, only this time more decisively. Zanelli seems to have hit his stride. In the six-round preliminary, Jimmy Mendes, 190, of New Bedford, stopped Billy Murphy, 186, of Wilton, N. H., in the fifth.

At Augusta, Maine . . . . Tony Shucco, clever East Boston heavyweight, who has fought former champion Jimmy Braddock, among others, K.O.'ed Danny Peal in the 10th. Schucco is much too inactive for a boxer of his class.

ODDITIES . . . . Shades of the past . . . . John L. Sullivan is back in the ring . . . . A Quincy, Mass., prelim boy, and a heavyweight at that, bares the same name as the former Boston strong man . . . . Howell King, colored Detroit star, adds more color to his bouts, by appearing in a bright yellow boxing robe . . . . Vernon Cromier, Worcester feather, has fought in most parts of the world, but could not get a break in Boston . . . . The most accurate and damaging right mitt we have seen in many a day belongs to Henry Chmielewski, former Polish amateur champ . . . . Bud Mignault, formerly of Bridgewater, Mass., and once holder of several amteur titles, has done most of his pro fighting outside of New England . . . . Tiger Warrington—a study in muscle—has the physique of a Greek god . . . . Johnny Indrisano, one of the country's best welters a few years ago, is in Hollywood tuning up the movie stars.

Al Mancini, Providence featherweight, lost all the prestige that he had gained in the Archibald match by allowing himself to be beaten by Young Rightmire in his next contest at Providence. Mancini showed little of the form that he is capable of and the mid-Westerner outboxed him all the way. It will take a while for Al to redeem himself for that defeat.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH
By RAY M. TODD

RALPH GIZZY of Donora dropped a disputed 10-round decision to the sensational Willie Polan of Ford City in the final bout of a double windup show staged at the Moose Temple by Promoter Jules Beck. Gizzy had previously stopped Polan in the second round by T.K.O. after Polan had won 17 consecutive victories. Polan weighed 149 pounds and Gizzy tipped the beam at 148 pounds. The other 10-rounder saw Harry Bobo win another one by the kayo route, this time over Dan Merritt of Cleveland in the second round. Merritt was out for 12 minutes after the bout and wound up only with a cut lip. Merritt also scored a nine count knockdown over Bobo, however. Bobo weighed 205 pounds and his opponent, who was also a colored boy, came in 11 pounds lighter. The show drew a capacity house and was the best card of the season.

Preliminary results—Billy Miller stopped Matt Ozeniak in the third round. Both boys were pretty well banged up when the referee stopped the affair, awarding Miller a T.K.O. win. They are lightweights. Steve Kobeda really beat Patsy DeComa of Ford City only to have the judges disagree and the referee cast his ballot in favor of Polan's stablemate, a four-round affair. In the opener, Walter Montini of Jeannette pasted Frankie Marr around for four rounds to win the duke. Ernie Sesto refereed all the bouts.

Brian McDonald staged a pretty good show for his first try at Duquesne Garden. In the top 10-rounder of a triple wind-up affair, Frankie Kid Covelli of Chicago won a split decision over Sixto Escobar, a rather tame affair. Nate Bolden, Chicago Negro, stopped Enzo Ianozzi of Italy after only 1 minute and 38 seconds of the first round. Carmen Notch of East Liberty reversed the decision rendered against him by Mexican Dave Chacon in a previous encounter by scoring a decision after 10 rounds in the first 10-rounder on the card. Sammy Parotto won over little Eddie Tuscher after four rounds. In a very good four-rounder on the card, Tony Roma, a product of Duke O'Hara of McKeesport, dropped a close decision to Sammy Adragna of Munhall. A knockdown in the second round by Adragna probably decided the winner. The show drew only $2,458.

At the Palisades in McKeesport—Promoter Jimmy McGirr came out with a card of four- and six-round bouts. Zack Robinson of the Clairton Police Club won the decision over Kid Teeko of McKeesport in the final six-rounder. Sammy Adragna of Munhall drew with Jiggs McKnight of Brownsville after six rounds. Ossie Harris defeated Steve Kobeda in six rounds. Irish Jackie Haley won the unanimous decision over Tony Costa after four rounds, which proved to be the best bout on the card. John Rucker won by T.K.O. in the first round over Jackie Senna. Smiling Joe Pohaskey won over Ernie Pelaia in four rounds. Irwin Hicks defeated Tony Roma in a four-round engagement. The show drew a fair house.

Emil Josephs, Millvale lightweight, won handily from Julio Gonzales of Puerto Rico in the 10-round main bout of Jules Beck's weekly show at the Moose Temple. Referee Al Graybar stopped the semi-final in the third round and declared it no-contest. The contestants were Bob Smith of the Hill and Bob Millsap of St. Louis. Sammy Adragna won again, this time by T.K.O. over Jimmy Rodgers in the third round. Ossie Harris and Jimmy Burns of Johnstown fought six rounds to a draw. It was a Christmas afternoon affair and drew a poor house.

JUST A JAB—Jake Mintz, promoting at the Islam Grotto on the North Side, is planning his first show at this writing . . . . Imagine our old personality kid, Fritzie Zivic, being stopped by Milton Aron at Chicago. The accident occurred in the eighth round and is the first kayo against Fritzie in a long time . . . . Marion Klingensmith, local amateur star, is the proud poppa of an eight-pound boy. Marion already has the youngster fighting as he presented him with a small pair of boxing gloves and a pair of official baby boxing trunks . . . . Irish Jackie Haley looks like a real comer in the middleweight class. He has had two pro bouts, winning both of them in neat fashion, over a couple of veterans . . . . Red Dougherty is training Harry Bobo . . . . Miss Norma Jones of Mt. Lebanon, doing very well as a poetess. During the past month she made up a couple of poems on Billy Conn and Ralph Gizzy in very neat fashion . . . . Since Ralph Gizzy has beaten Willie Polan two out of three engagements only to lose a disputed duke in the last one, one of our local promoters should bring these two together again. In both of their recent affairs they packed the house at the Moose Temple . . . . Remember Young Saylor; well, he's applied for a police job here in town and I think he'll make a very fine officer . . . . Mr. Lark C. Jones, Indianapolis, Ind., get in touch with Jake Mintz, c/o Islam Grotto, North Side, Pittsburgh, in regard to your letter of an early date.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

THERE has been a change in matchmakers at the Valley Arena in Holyoke, Mass., Joe DeMaria taking the place of Baron Cohen, who held the job for six years.

Joe DeMaria is also booking the bouts for the Pittsfield club, which ran its first bout on New Year's afternoon. Jerry Maloni won over Jack Thompson of Albany in the main bout of eight rounds.

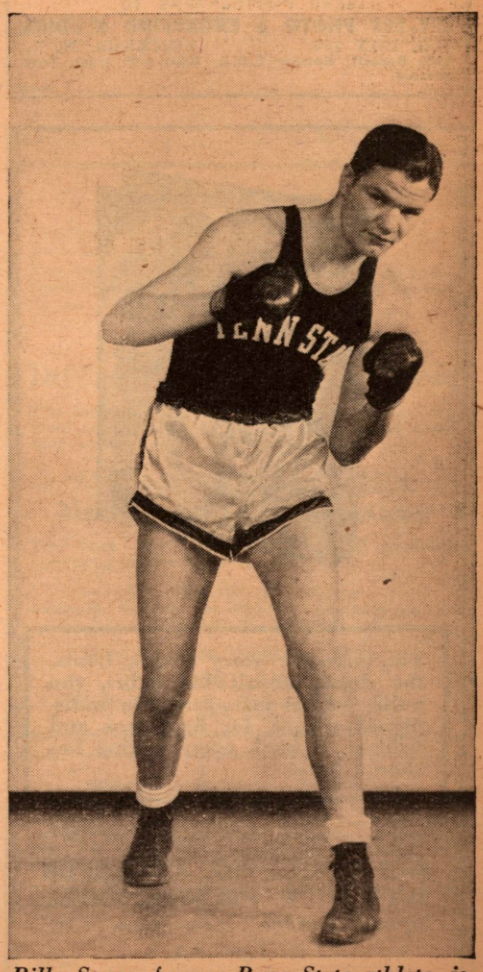
Johnny Dougwillo won a six-round bout from Johnny Green of Pittsfield.

Al Costa won over Doug Murchie in a six. Murchie fought a draw with Johnny Green at Bennington, Vt., but lost to Eddie Ellis the week before in Holyoke. Murchie is fighting every week.

Baron Cohen is to be matchmaker of a club to open at Chicopee, the Federal A. C., with Ted Sytela and Eli Cohen as co-promoters.

Howell King of Springfield K.O.'ed Willie Hagan of Haverhill in the sixth round at the Valley Arena. Al Gauthier won easily over Johnny Sorenson of Providence in six. Al Costa of Springfield stopped Blondie Russell in the third. Don Lyons of Holyoke fought a draw with Roger LaVallee of the same city. Duke Bruce of Springfield won over Jimmy Jones of Brockton in four. Billy Towne of Springfield and Tony Gouvia of Brockton fought a four-round draw.

Jimmy Leto of Hartford won a decision over Frankie Cavanna of New York. John Henry Eskew of Brockton won a close decision over Red Doty of Hartford. Leo Liotta, Brockton, won a decision over Leo Szwicki, Worcester. Jackie Clark decisioned Frankie Allen.



Billy Soose, former Penn State athlete, is making great strides in the middleweight class under the care of Paul Moss.

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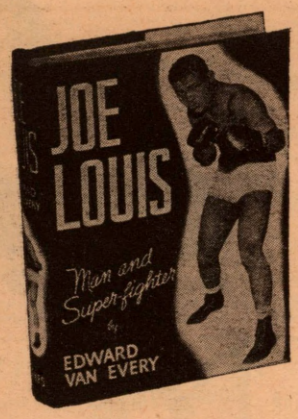

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AUSTRALIAN RAMBLINGS
By "RINGSIDER"

HUGHIE DWYER, who has been doing wonders in the promotional field at Newcastle, has taken over Benny Bear's interest at the Sports Arena, and intends to fulfill the work that Bear started in trying to compete with Stadium Ltd. Dwyer, as a fighter, was a three time champion, holding the featherweight, lightweight and welterweight championship of Australia at the same time.

Dwyer, as a promoter, knows how to develop talent and with the proper co-operation will prove a welcome addition to the ranks of the fistic impresarios. He intends running at both clubs, Sydney and Newcastle.

Johnny Hutchinson and Joe Hall renewed their feud at the Melbourne Stadium but on this occasion Hutchinson proved beyond the question of a doubt that he is the better man. He was floored seven times before Referee Jack Carroll called a halt. Hutchinson has put on weight since making Australia his home and it would not be exaggerating to say that he has improved considerably over his American form. He is now a full fledged lightweight and has definitely deserted the featherweight ranks. He scaled 132 and Hall 133 for their encounter.

Bill Newman, who brought Leo Kelly and Atilio Sabatino to this country, has another championship prospect on his hands in Tony Olivera, Oakland, California, bantamweight. His recent victories over Sixto Escobar and Lou Salica indicate his true form. Escobar vacated the bantamweight title after the Olivera match. It is expected that Billy will bring his new charge to Australia where plenty of work awaits him.

Jack McNamee, who has been improving immensely under the handling of Jack Fennell, disposed of George Wilson in the third round at Leichhardt Stadium. McNamee is on the trail of Ron Richards for a crack at the middleweight title.

Kui Kong Young, Chinese bantamweight, continued his winning ways in Australia when he took Al Brown over the jumps in their 12-round affair at the Melbourne Stadium. Young idled during the early part of the encounter and allowed Brown to take a big lead but by the time Kui Kong started the fireworks it was nothing but a one man race. Young weighed 118½ against 121 for Brown.

Ron Richards finally defended his Australian middleweight title against Jack McNamee at the Sydney Stadium and attracted a crowd of 10,000 spectators. Richards was well within the middleweight limit and dispelled the idea of those critics who said that he could not make the weight. He scaled 157¾ and McNamee 2½ pounds lighter than his opponent.

There was nothing to the fight but Richards. He scored two knockdowns and had the fight well in hand when the contest was halted because McNamee was in no fit condition to continue. It is going to take little short of a champion to best Richards.

Richards proved his class among the light-heavyweights when he handled the highly touted Gus Lesnevich easily, scoring a knockdown and giving him an unmerciful beating in their 12-round contest. Considering the fact that Lesnevich held Billy Conn to a close decision in their recent light-heavyweight championship contest it speaks well for Richards in case he contemplates going into the heavier class.

It is going to be a long time before American managers will allow their fighters to leave for Australia under the auspices of Charley Lucas. Phil Glassman and Jack Laken who sent Jackie Wilson and Johnny Hutchinson to Australia complained that they never received the money that was rightfully coming to them and they have spread the reports to various managers that they will not get a square deal unless they deal with the Stadium Limited direct. Bill Donohoe, in charge of the Stadium, would like to hear from all American managers who have first class merchandise to sell. Mediocre talent is not wanted. Write to Bill Donohoe, c/o Stadium Limited, Sydney, Australia, for further details.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

TORONTO looks to be heading for good days in boxing again, with Montreal supplying the star attractions. Dave Castilloux, Canadian featherweight champion, made his most important strides in Toronto bouts and is an established favorite with the Queen City fans. His latest triumph there was an impressive ten-round verdict over Leo Rodak, with whom he had split two previous bouts. Promoter Jack Corcoran has already offered Al Weill $7,500 to have Joey Archibald meet the Montrealer in a title bout there on a date to be selected by Weill, who is said to be holding out for $10,000.

Harry Hurst is another Montrealer who figures to reap the same rewards as Castilloux in Toronto. This dynamic punching youngster has yet to meet his conqueror in the paid ranks and has scored all his wins via the knockout route, except once, when his opponent just lasted the six rounds though hitting the deck five times in the last two rounds. Hurst made an auspicious debut in Toronto by practically stealing the show, according to Toronto reports, with his spectacular two-round knockout of Huck Butters, Hamilton slugger, in one of the supporting bouts to the Castilloux-Rodak headliner.

The Canadian Boxing Federation, in a preliminary session at Toronto, indicated that at their next meeting, which will be late in February in Montreal, they will designate Maxie Berger and Doug Marsh as leading contenders for Sammy Luftspring's welter crown, and Eddie Petrin the No. 1 man for Lefty Gwynne's bantam laurels. Luftspring and Gwynne will be given 90 days to defend their crowns against their Montreal challengers or lose their baubles. Oliver Shank will likely be confirmed as No. 1 heavyweight challenger and his brother, Al Shank, as the leading middleweight contender.

STRAY SHOTS—Ronnie McNeil scored a close, hard fought decision over Johnny Lifford to win the Maritime welter recognition . . . . Armand Vincent is back in Montreal after the war forced him to drop all his well established promotorial enterprises in Europe . . . . he is representing the British Colonial Airways and doing fine . . . . figures to go back to Europe after the war is over as he was doing so well there that he was the ace sports promoter on the Continent . . . . Armand intends to run some shows here, starting in the spring and if he does we can expect some first class presentations a la Vincent . . . . he should provide the spark the game needs here . . . . Oliver Shank is back in hard training again and expects to start a campaign that will bring him way up the heavyweight ladder . . . . Shank is spoiling to get in there with Knox, McCoy, Cooper or any of 'em . . . . Al Shank, his broken thumb now perfectly healed, is also in hard training for a return to the roped square . . . . he will again haunt Len Wadsworth, Canuck middle king, by camping on his trail . . . . their trails will meet one fine evening . . . . Harry Hurst has wowed 'em in Montreal, Toronto and Quebec and he can do it anywhere else, too . . . . yours truly takes offers and passes 'em on to managers but promoters can also contact Maurice Foreman, Medical Arts Building, Montreal, particularly in regard to the Shank brothers and Hurst . . . . Pete Montesi is keeping busy in New York and Connecticut with his boys who include Willie Calhoun, Benny Maximo and others of their type who are popular with promoters . . . . Doug Marsh, Montreal welter, doing well around Maine and should get his test for recognition later this year . . . . Maxie Berger, his stablemate, changed his mind about honeymooning in Montreal with his folks and took his bride to Miami instead . . . . Well, cheerio till next month.

RHODE ISLAND NEWS
By FRED SPETRINI

DOMINIC DE CIANTIS, Providence lightweight, won an eight-round decision over George "Dusty" Brown of Fall River at the Marieville Gardens. De Ciantis piled up valuable points through a strong body attack. De Ciantis weighed 139¾ and Brown, 132¼.

In the semi-final, Frank Mercurio of Worcester won a six-round decision over Al Burke of Hyde Park. Don Card of North Providence gained a four-round decision over Joey Silvia of Taunton. Jackie Mead of Worcester won from Al Davis of Providence. Phil Mirabella of Providence decisioned Tony Davis of Newport. Harry Hitlian of Worcester knocked out Billy Bzdula of Fall River at 1:50 of the third round.

Everett Rightmire of Sioux City, Ia., made his first appearance in Providence an impressive one by defeating Al Mancini of Providence in a bout that made the local fight fans sit up and take notice of Rightmire's left. In the second round Rightmire floored the local boy twice. A great victory indeed it was and the fans would like to see Everett Rightmire perform in Providence once more.

Tony Costa of Woonsocket won from "Dusty" Brown of Fall River in eight. Tony Morelli of Jersey City scored over Johnny Mack of Marblehead. Johnny De Ciantis of Providence gained a hard fought win over Armand Remillard of Fisherville. Tony Andrade of Bristol, T.K.O.'ed Ollie Barbour of Apponaug in the third round.

Larry Bolvin, Providence featherweight, registered a sensational triumph by knocking out Tony Dupre of Manchester, N. H., former New England bantamweight and featherweight champion, in the second round. Bolvin accomplished what Featherweight Champion Joey Archibald, Pete Scalzo and Al Mancini were unable to do. He also floored Dupre ten times in less than two rounds.

Tony Davis of Newport, K.O.'ed Johnny Dexter of Boston in the first round. Al Rotondo of Providence scored a first round kayo over K. O. Sylvain of Manchester. Martin Taber of East Providence stopped the Blond Tiger of Manchester in the fourth round.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

JACK HERMAN is rapidly gaining country-wide recognition as the most successful wrestling promoter in the U. S. A. The Buffalo veteran, operating on a show-a-week basis, has made this city the capital of the wrestling world. Over 40 behemoths make their headquarters in Buffalo, which is just about the most important stop on the Bowser circuit.

During 1939, 169,000 devotees of the mat game viewed 32 shows promoted under Mr. Herman's supervision. Such star performers as Bronko Nagurski, Ed George, Iron Talun, Ivan Rasputin, Cy Williams, Joe Savoldi, Danno O'Mahony, Dutch Hefner, Frank Sexton and many others showed their wares here.

The season of 1940–41 will be better than ever, according to Herman. He has Jim Londos signed for a number of appearances. K. O. Koverly, a red-hot favorite here, is coming back to town; Talun will show again, as will Nagurski.

Two youngsters, Jackie Donovan, South Buffalo lad, and Harris Blake, a Negro, loom as main bout material for the very sick boxing game. Buffalo is one of the best fight towns in the country but a woeful lack of talent has kept fans from patronizing the shows sponsored by Charlie Murray and the Queensberry Club. Perhaps new faces will soon create interest in the glove game again. Let us hope so.

AROUND THE TOWN—Willie Brennan, former boxer and now a referee, is laid up with a broken leg, sustained when he fell off a ladder at his home . . . . Willie will be laid up for six weeks . . . . Leroy Evans, the giant Negro, polished off Jacko O'Sullivan easily enough, but he has a long way to go before demanding main events hereabouts . . . . Jack Singer's heavyweight, Pete Tomalonis, is punching like a trip-hammer . . . . By the way, Jack's young son, Junior Singer, is developing into one of the smartest seconds in town . . . . Junior and his uncle, Patsy Newman, get all the work as wrestling seconds and plenty more when boxing shows are staged . . . . Jimmy Gilligan beat Angelo Callura, but is taking too many punches in his fights . . . . Jimmy should knock down some of those right-handers that are reaching his chin . . . . Art Johnson has his eye on the new Municipal Auditorium and would like to bring the national championships to Buffalo . . . . the heavyweight Oriole matchmaker has had splendid success in the staging of amateur shows and deserves a break . . . . Art's new sensation is a colored gentleman named Cyclone Williams . . . . The Cyclone is originally out of St. Louis, Mo. . . . . Good amateurs, especially big fellows, have a great chance to make a name for themselves here.

Jackie Donovan is coming along nicely. He gave Eddie Dolan a licking and knocked out Jimmy Clark and Tommy Tedesco. Dolan has gone back, a long way back. But nevertheless he is smart and cagy and is a southpaw whom many good fighters avoided meeting. Donovan walloped him for keeps and won the decision in six rounds.

Mike Martyk has been mustered into service with the Canadian army and Bert Finch loses a good little fighter. The St. Catherines, Ont., mite is a pleasing two-fisted battler.

Results of matches on Jack Herman's mat card for December 30 follow: Elmer Slagel threw Danno O'Mahony; Ed Don George tossed Dutch Hefner; Ivan Rasputin defeated Frank Sexton; Leo Numa and Mayes McLain wrestled to a draw; Tom Nilan pinned Pat Kelly to the mat in 12 minutes. Officials were: Referee, Luke Carr; judges, Harry McCoy and Dan Russo; timer, Ike Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz. About 4,000 fans attended the show.

Good boxers of all weights who have had experience and can punch will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. This column would also like to receive some newspapers from various parts of the British Empire.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

WITH no fistic action here for several months because the only indoor boxing site has been unavailable, the fans are showing a growing determination to start a campaign to launch a municipal auditorium for Syracuse. Despite the fact it is the best sports center upstate, Syracuse has long been without a suitable building in which to present boxing, wrestling, hockey, basketball, etc. The Arena, situated in the busy South Side of town, has for years been the local scene of boxing and wrestling activities, while the hockey club is forced to operate at the Coliseum on the State Fair grounds, six miles from the city, and basketball is staged at the Armory, which is unavailable for any other sport.

Because other events are being housed in the Arena, our Olympic Boxing Club, Inc., has been unable to function, and many prominent boxing lovers have voiced the opinion "Syracuse must have a modern sports arena available at all times." Those are exactly our sentiments, for boxing is big business here, and deserves more consideration from the city fathers.

Ralph De John has been training daily at the Arcade gym and is in excellent physical condition. De John is prepping his brother Carmen for a fistic career. Carmen is only 17 years old and is an amateur battler performing in the 160-pound class. The younger De John is a good boxer and packs a hefty wallop, having stowed away some 10 foes in as many starts.

The new owner of the Olympic, Archie S. Ajemian, is making plans to erect his own arena this summer unless the city decides to build a municipal auditorium. Ajemian has been in conference with contractors, and already has his site selected. This fellow is a go-getter and won't waste time waiting for any man!

Gabe Genovese is readying for a trip to the Coast with Ralph De John, as California promoters are said to be angling with Gabe for a return De John-Newsboy Millich bout. Ralph drew with the Newsboy in a thriller here last summer, and defeated the Californian in a return go in the same ring. The two scraps pulled more than $16,000.

RESIN DUST—Joe Tedesco, Utica manager, has quite a stable, with Larry Kellum, Dick Scardina, Don Aiken and Tony La Galbo his mitt merchants . . . . When not booking his boys, Tedesco keeps busy as a fire adjuster . . . . Robert A. Lightburn, health educator for the Onondaga Health Association, and a former Ohio State grappler, is seeking autographed pictures of champions . . . . Write him at Loew Theater Building . . . . During the last three months we have kept very busy handling the correspondence that pours in at the Olympic Boxing Club office, 403-405 Eckel Theater Building, from all over the country . . . . Not in years has there been such widespread advancement in the art of ballyhooing a fighter . . . . Our office walls are literally covered with full sheet posters of ring talent . . . . Perhaps one of the hardest workers, and most consistent senders of glowing build-up material, is Dewey Fragetta, former Utica newspaper man, who now books fighters out of New York City . . . . Sam Porcelli, Rochester pilot of Al Traino and other Flower City punch peddlers, is back in action . . . . Baron Henry Von Stumme, handler of the giant Chuck Crowell, postcards from Los Angeles he is planning another trip around the country with his big fellow . . . . Frankie Rex, Newsboy Millich's smart manager, is operating a nifty grill in Sacramento.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

LOCAL fans, fighters and associates mourn the passing of genial Charlie Ashton, the man who first dared present a boxing bout in the staid old halls of the local Elks Emporium and watch this kind of pastime mature into one of the most entertaining sports for Rochester sport lovers.

Ellison Kasoff is ready to open his Monroe Sporting Club.

Jim Collins' recent splurge in the "rassle racket" has proven a success. The former police commissioner is a swell fellow to do business with.

Following are the results of the better bouts of the amateurs during the month: Nello Nuccelli, Rochester, decisioned Pete Spotty, Pittsburgh, lightweights (5); Shorty Dowd lost decision to Benny Calla, Cleveland, flyweights (5); Sammy Secreet, Pittsburgh, defeated Cliff Beckett, Canada, welterweights (5); Eddie Smith, Rochester, outpointed Pete Spotty, Pittsburgh, lightweights (5); Koby Paul, Rochester, decisioned Jack Therrett, Canada, lightweights (5); Billy Murray, Pittsburgh, won from Arnold Shifton, Canada, featherweights (5); Ottelio Mattuia, Canada, decisioned Milt Taylor, Pittsburgh, middleweights (5); Popeye Reeves, Newark, won T.K.O. over Floyd Williams, Rochester, heavyweights (5); Eddie Thomas, Rochester, defeated Dave Brewster, Rochester, lightweights (5).

THIS AND THAT ABOUT: Shorty Dowd has many ring critics feeling certain that he is a sure-fire bet to cop the national honors in either of three lightest weight divisions . . . . Eddie Thomas and George Sprague are hitting the comeback trail together . . . . Jerry Spalma and Koby Paul are developing into full grown welterweights.

MAIL BAG—James Elliot, Syracuse, N. Y.: Shorty Dowd is 19 years old.

Mary Santali, Rochester, N. Y.: Koby Paul and Jerry Spalma may meet in an outdoor show this summer.

Fight fans, fighters, managers, promoters and others wishing advice or information on matters fistic can do well by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to the writer at 47 Cleveland St., Rochester, N. Y.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

THE California State Athletic Commission, in its last session of the year, granted 1940 boxing licenses to the following Southern California clubs: Hollywood Stadium, Charlie MacDonald, matchmaker; Olympic Auditorium, Jimmy Murray, matchmaker; Ocean Park Arena, Joe Waterman, matchmaker; San Diego Coliseum, Linn Platner; Glendale, Ed Lewis; San Bernardino, Dave Landau; Pismo Beach, Pete Grant; El Rio, Henry Oliva; Santa Barbara and Bakersfield.

Permits for amateur boxing were granted to Olympic Auditorium (Belle Martell); Ontario, (Geo. Stewart); Burbank, (Jas. J. Jeffries); Pasadena, (Morrie Cohan); and Visalia (Frank Keefe).

Georgie Hansford has caught up with Freddie Miller. Both are veterans of the ring and neither is the fighter he was when they clashed in 1935, but the former featherweight champion has slipped further down the ladder than Hansford has, as was proven when Georgie defeated Miller at the Hollywood Stadium recently. Hansford's win was almost as decisive as was Miller's over Georgie five years ago. Miller weighed 129, Hansford 131.

Ray Lunney, 133, San Francisco, won decision over Zeke Castro, 135, of Denver in the six-round semi. Remaining bouts, all four-rounders, were: Everett Simmington, 141, dished out a beating to Oats Zaidy, 139, in a slugfest; Harold Bell, 117, won over Frankie Gardea, 121; Baby Razo, 132, decisioned Carl Hall, 133; and Carlos Chavez, 120, stopped Tony Numkena, 121, in the first round of the curtain-raiser.

Babe Brandelli, 139, Venice's Bad Boy, evened up an old score with Louie Flyer, 141, Los Angeles, by pounding out an eight-round win over the Hebrew southpaw at the Ocean Park Arena. Flyer had stopped Brandelli in the eighth round at the Olympic Auditorium last year.

Little Pancho replaced Jackie Jurich as No. 2 man of the 112-pound division when he K.O.'d the "Rose of San Jose" at the Hollywood Stadium. Pancho stopped Jurich in the 10th round with a right uppercut to the solar-plexus. Jurich, in agony, tried to arise, but couldn't straighten up. Pancho won the first four rounds, then Jurich put on a sput to garner the next three, but the little Filipino dropped Jackie for nine in the ninth and finished him in the 10th. Pancho looked better than in any of his local starts. Pancho weighed 112, Jurich 111.

In the semi, Frankie Kainrath was awarded a six-round decision over Memo Llannes. Other results: Nick Masiello decisioned Jimmy Gleason in four, Jerry Orchard won from Bert Valesquez in four, Genaro Rojo stopped Lou Robles in four, and Gordon Drake and Bert Valenzuela fought a draw.

The annual Golden Gloves tournament was run off during the month and the three-night meet produced some bang-up action, but few outstanding performances. The single Golden Glover of this year to flash exceptional ability was John Thomas, colored featherweight, who won the 126-pound title with ease.

Matchmaker Jimmy Murray gave Al Smith, Boyle Heights Hebrew, and Al Hagar, Culver City Irishman, an opportunity to establish themselves as main-eventers, when he featured these local prelim boys at the Olympic Auditorium. It was a whale of a fight as to action. Although Smith gave Hagar an awful going over, he fell far short of displaying the ability necessary for a boxer to remain a main-eventer, at least in Los Angeles. When in the fourth round Referee Abe Roth saw that Hagar could no longer defend himself, he halted the bout. Each weighed 149.

Charlie Murray of Texas scored a T.K.O. over Bobby Yannes, local light-heavy, in the fourth. Yannes receiving an injury to his jaw. In other bouts, Gene Valenzuela won from Hut Thompson, Babe Hernandez decisioned Kid Lester, Terry Orchard bested Red Shannon, and Dave Johnson won over Jack Townend, all four-rounders. The attendance was the smallest of the year.

Chairman Jerry Giesler of the State Athletic Commission is to be complimented for his kindly interests in behalf of the local preliminary boxers. In granting 1940 licenses to the clubs of Southern California, Commissioner Giesler extracted promises from the promoters that they would give all deserving youngsters a chance to graduate to main eventers and that they would co-operate in building up local talent.

Jimmy Casino, 157, won a dull 10-round decision over Bobby Seaman, 158, at the Hollywood Stadium before a small crowd.

The real "main event" of the night was the semi between Charlie Miegel and Guy Serrean. This was a thrilling battle with Miegel winning the first four rounds by a wide margin, losing the fifth by a shade, but being stopped in the sixth. Serrean dropped the K. C. kid for a count of six and he was still in bad shape when he arose, so Guy tore into him and floored Charlie three times more before the bout was stopped. Each weighed 127.

In remaining bouts, Elmer Lewis, 141, decisioned Everett Simmington, 142, in four; Jimmy Lakes, 147, and Norm Colombo, 146, went three rounds to a technical draw; Kent Martinez, 125, won over Nash Diaz, 121; and Red Shannon, 155, bested Dick Bird, 156, in the opener.

San Diego—Big Boy Hogue, 157, stopped Herman Graves, 154, of El Centro in the third round with a terrific left hook to the chin. The fight was fast and close for the first two rounds.

Jackie Wilson was given the "acid test" and he came through like the good lightweight that local fans know him to be. Wilson has met Tony Chavez and beat him, but only after a close, tough scrap, for Chavez is no "touch" for any lightweight. They met at the Olympic Auditorium and the best crowd in weeks, about 7,500, turned out for the bout. Chavez stood up under some heavy punches and garnered a few rounds by desperate in-fighting, but Wilson's rapier-like left piled up many points. It was close at the end of the ninth, but the Black Wasp came out with both barrels in the final round and punched Tony from pillar to post so that Referee George Blake did not hesitate to raise Jackie's arm. Wilson weighed 136, Chavez 139.

In the semi, Big Boy Bray, 215, stopped Frank Limas, 183, in the first round with a right to the stomach. Other results: Dub Bowen was awarded an unearned decision over Soldier Ed Stanley; Serio Mendoza and Andy Vasquez went to a draw; Billy Metcalf scored a T.K.O. over Jimmy Brock and Eddie Mossette stopped Eddie Rivera in the second.

Ocean Park—Red Green, 139, the Signal Kid of Hollykood, added Soldier Ed Stanley, 134, of San Francisco, to his list of conquests. The tough soldier made a game stand but Green was credited with every one of the eight rounds. Bobby Bonger, 180, promising Los Angeles heavy, knocked out Mintz Minikel, 187, Milwaukee veteran, in the first round of the semi.

Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Indian, who gained the Indian heavyweight title in THE RING's tourney, knocked out Jack Roper in the second of their 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. In the opening round, Munsell moved about nicely and made Roper look amateurish. Early in the second the Indian landed a terrific left to the chin and Jack went down like a ton of brick. Munsell tipped the beam at 187 and Roper scaled 209.

Ray Lunney, 132, San Francisco, stiffened Sailor Dub Bowen, 133, in the second of the semi. In remaining bouts, Jack Lunney, 144, was given the decision over Everett Simmington, 145, in four; Nick Masiello, 152, won over Johnny Freitas, 146, in four; Carlos Chavez, 122, decisioned Andy Vasquez, 121, while Harold Beck, 160, scored a T.K.O. over Dick Bird, 157, in the opener.

The year of 1940 will see a number of new "cards" developed in Southern California, for this state has many promising youngsters in the prelim ranks, while a number of the "old reliables" are nearing the end of the trail. The names of such well known boxers as Glen Lee, Bobby Pacho, Georgie Hansford, Jack Roper, Baby Arizmendi, etc., figure to be replaced by such names as Ray Lunney, Red Green, Turkey Thompson, Toby Vigil, Irwin Kay, Wesley Sellers, Carlos Chavez, etc.

San Diego: Johnny (The Bandit) Romero, 177, knocked out Jack Dallas, 185, of Texas in the fourth round of a scheduled 10-rounder at the Coliseum. Romero floored the Texan four times before the finish.

Turkey Thompson, Los Angeles Negro, scored two K.O. victories over Big Boy Hogue of San Diego at the Olympic Auditorium, but Referee Benny Whitman reneged on the first one. Thompson had Hogue against the ropes, stunned from a terrific right to the chin in the first round. Hogue dropped his hands and started for his corner, in what appeared to be "retiring." Referee Whitman raised Thompson's hand and the fight seemed to be over, but out came Hogue from his corner, claiming that he thought the bell had rung, ending the round. So Whitman called Thompson back, explained the situation to the crowd and ordered the bout continued. Thompson floored Hogue twice in the second and finished him early in the third. Turkey weighed 158, the Twin scaled 157.

In another ten-rounder, Bobby Pacho, 153, veteran Mexican, made a punching bag of Al Smith, 149, of Boyle Heights. Pacho hit the Hebrew kid with everything except the water-bucket. Smith isn't ready for such tough fighters.

Gene (Spider) Mock, 141, and Elmer Lewis, 140, went six rounds to a draw. Lewis was down for nine in the first heat, Mock was floored for nine in the sixth session. In other bouts, John Petry, 182, was given a T.K.O. over Jim Egnotoff, 195, in the sixth round, due to a cut eye, and Babe Antuna, 126, decisioned Nash Diaz, 123, in four.

San Diego—Sonny Boy Walker, 205, Phoenix, defeated Chuck Crowell, 216, Los Angeles, in ten rounds of hard fighting at the Coliseum. Walker, who looked better than ever before, scored two nine-count knockdowns over the Artesia Giant.

Richie Lemos and Eddie Marcus were credited with staging the most thrilling fight of 1939 in California. That sensational bout took place at the Olympic last summer. They met again in a return go at the Hollywood Stadium a few weeks ago and staged the worst fight of the year. Marcus dropped Lemos for a count of six in the initial round and for a count of two in the eighth frame, coming close to finishing Richie on both occasions, but from the second to the ninth, Eddie backpedaled and Lemos, although in hot pursuit, did little else but weave and bob. Marcus weighed 130, Lemos, 131.

In the six-round semi, Memo Llannes, 123, of Mexico, swarmed all over Frankie Kainrath, 124, of Chicago, to capture an easy decision. In remaining prelims, Soldier Ed Stanley, 135, lambasted Marty Gomez, 136, for four rounds; Lee Orey, 150, was awarded the decision over Nick Masiello, 151, in four; Harold Bell, 118, won a four-round T.K.O. over Frankie Gardia, 121, while Red Shannon, 158, was given a Christmas "draw" with Freddie Moore, 161, in the opener.

San Diego—Shorty Hogue upset the dope by gaining a six-round decision over the classy Archie Moore in a fast, hard fought contest. Moore boxed beautifully, but the rugged Hogue would not give the clever Negro a chance to get set, tearing in and swinging all the way. Hogue weighed 160, Moore, 158.

Managers and boxers seeking information, or boxing men of California with news items for THE RING, can reach this writer by writing Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif. California managers are urged to send me photos of their boys, complete records and short biographical sketch for use in THE RING. Get busy.

LEST I FORGET—Mike McNulty books Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Indian, for his Coast fights . . . . McNulty is either "lucky" or valuable to Munsell, for the Indian has looked greatly improved in his late starts . . . . He is proud of THE RING Belt given to him in Ponca City by Nat Fleischer, RING Editor . . . . Roxy Eisen has been the "big shot" manager in Los Angeles while George Parnassus has been in Manila, for Roxy was left in charge of the Parnassus stable . . . . Johnny Keyes finds time to keep his hand in the boxing game, a hand that he keeps pretty busy dishing up spaghetti at his Ranch House. His latest acquisition is Jack Roper, who has been released by Dick Donald . . . . Zeke Castro can lay claim to be Los Angeles' most unlucky boxer. He beat three opponents in a row, but didn't get his arm raised and now he is on the shelf with a broken nose . . . . The most accommodating guy in local fistic circles is Frank Vennekohl, who has charge of the Manhattan Gym . . . . Billy Soose, former Penn State collegian, is to return to the Coast. Soose made his first pro fights in Los Angeles two years ago and is well liked out here.

Tony Palazola, San Francisco promoter, spent the holidays in Los Angeles . . . . Gus Wilson is back from Cleveland with Jimmy Garrison . . . . Big Boy Hogue's defeat by Turkey Thompson was the Twin's first setback in twenty-eight starts . . . . Art Martell, manager of Eddie Marcus, directed his fighter from a wheel-chair during the Marcus-Lemos go. He has an injured leg . . . . Chris Cardenaz is back from Mexico City with his two fighters, Archie Grant and Jose Vera. Chris says they are building a new arena in the Mexican capital . . . . Archie Moore, Negro middleweight fighting out of San Diego, is leaving for Australia Soldier Ed Stanley and Leon Zorrita are two other local fighters who have been made offers to visit the Antipodes . . . . Bobby Seamon broke his hand in his bout with Jimmy Casino, which accounted for his poor showing in that go . . . . Hollywood Stadium staged 52 shows during 1939 with an average attendance of 5000. We believe that is a record.

THE most important boxing show of the year, so far as San Francisco is concerned, was the *Chronicle* Christmas Fund show. This annual program, promoted by Harry B. Smith, dean of Pacific Coast sport writers, was, for the fourth time, a success, attracting a large crowd and producing some dandy scraps.

In the feature of the three ten-rounders, Tony Olivera, slender little Portuguese of North Beach, turned the tables on Lou Salica, winning a close decision over the Brooklyn Italian, who had defeated Olivera at Hollywood a few weeks before. It was a nip-and-tuck affair, first one having an advantage, then the other taking the lead. Salica

rocked Tony many times with hard rights to the head, but Olivera did much damage with a body attack.

Young Corbett, ageless Fresno middleweight, celebrated his 19th year of boxing and his 'steenth "comeback" by scoring a T.K.O. over Dick Foster of Oakland. The bout was stopped in the seventh and awarded to Corbett when Foster received a badly cut eye. Foster wasn't able to land a clean punch on the cagy Corbett for the first five rounds, but did sink one in the former champion's stomach in the sixth that made him grab, and Dick was doing well with a body attack in the seventh, when the eye was cut. However, Corbett was far out in front and no doubt would have won handily without the help of this T.K.O.

Newsboy Gavras of San Francisco was awarded an unpopular decision over Joe Ybarra of El Cerrito in the best fight of the night. It was ten rounds of fast action. Ybarra scored knockdowns in the second and third rounds, but Gavras finished the stronger. A draw would have been much better.

In the two prelims, Al Barbour, copy boy of the *Chronicle*, scored his second K.O. victory by stopping Ted Salcone in the opening round, and Ray Salas knocked out Manuel Plazza in the second. Tony Palazolo acted as matchmaker for the *Chronicle* show.

Sacramento—Newsboy Millich, Sacramento light-heavy, knocked out Charlie Coates, Los Angeles Negro, in the sixth round.

San Jose—Dencio Cabanello, 137, Manila, and Francis Venegas, 138, San Jose, fought ten fast rounds to a draw.

The State Athletic Commission, in its last meeting of the year, granted a number of 1940 licenses, along with a warning to managers who violate the rules and boxers who resort to foul fighting.

Watsonville—Little Dado, claimant to the fly-weight title, scored a K.O. over Horace Mann, San Francisco bantam, in the second round of a scheduled ten-rounder.

Sacramento—Cecil Hudson, 139, Los Angeles, won a six-round decision over Tomboy Romero, 137, Sacramento. They slugged it out for the full six rounds.

Lloyd Marshall, Sacramento Negro, won an easy ten-round decision over Lou Brouillard, former welter champion, in the feature bout of the Salvation Army Christmas Fund show staged at Oakland. Brouillard dropped Marshall for a nine-count in the sixth, the only thrill of the fight, and gave Lloyd a beating all during the round. The former champ also won the seventh, but outside of those two rounds, he looked bad, was slow, and clinched repeatedly. Marshall, although not impressive in victory, was credited with seven of the ten rounds.

Dencio Cabanello, Filipino lightweight, scored a T.K.O. over Frankie Cuenca in the fifth round, due to a cut eye. However, Cabanello was away out in front, having twice floored Cuenca.

Chick Delaney, hard punching featherweight, made short work of Felix Torres, knocking him kicking in the first round.

Frankie Limas won over Domingo Valin in six rounds, while Tommy Dixon decisioned Joey Corbett in four. A crowd of 5000 witnessed the show.

Joe Ybarra of El Cerrito checked Shiek Rangel's winning streak by holding him to a ten-round draw at Fresno. Rangel had scored twelve consecutive victories. Max Baer refereed.

Joe Gallardo of Mexico decisioned Rudy Oden, Los Angeles southpaw, in a fast, hard fought ten-rounder at National Hall.

Harry B. Smith of the *Chronicle*, one of the country's greatest sport writers, is to write a series of articles on Sunny Jim Coffroth. Coffroth made fistic history for California in the twenty-round days and as all old-timers know, was one of the greatest fight promoters of all time.

Matchmaker Benny Ford bade farewell to National Hall with a bout between Eddie Booker, Negro welter of San Jose, and Bobby Pacho, veteran Mexican of Los Angeles. Booker won the decision in a one-sided affair, taking nine of the ten rounds, but could not floor the game Mexican.

Results of the prelims: Alex Watson and Kip Mays went six to a draw; Ken Maderos and Charlie Hendricks fought a draw, while Billy Azevedo won over Tommy Dixon.

Lloyd Delucchi and Harry Cahill, 'Frisco middleweights, went six tough rounds to a draw at National Hall.

Both Frank Tabor and Charlie Marsalli are bidding for the Olivera-Pace title bout. Marsalli wants it for Oakland, Tabor would put it on at the Civic Auditorium.

The curtain was rung down on 1939 boxing in San Francisco with a benefit show for the Finns at National Hall, with Al Young as matchmaker. The six-round main event saw Lloyd Delucchi and Kip Mays go to a draw, a perfect decision. Mays won the earlier rounds, with Delucchi grabbing the late sessions.

Chronicle writers are now calling out, "Mr. Barbour, please," instead of the "Hey, copy boy!" Barbour is the young 145-pounder with the terrific punch. He has won his two professional fights by quick K.O.'s.

Promoters of San Francisco and Los Angeles could add interest to the fight game here in California by reviving the sport rivalry between these two cities. By matching such Northern boys as Newsboy Gavras, Joe Ybarra, Vern Bybee, George Latka, Lloyd Delucchi, etc., against such Southern boxers as Red Green, Toby Vigil, Eddie Marcus, Nick Peters, Irwin Kay, Jimmy Casino, etc. Most of these scrappers are youngsters, good "club fighters," and have a following. Before many weeks these matches would have San Francisco and Los Angeles fans packing the arenas, for there are a number of these boys who could be so evenly matched that return bouts in both cities would be in order.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Trinidad, Colo.: Sol Levinson, Colorado's 135-pound champion, won a hotly contested 10-round battle from Ted "Mustang" Garcia, ever-popular Indian boxer, who has been appearing in Texas rings the past few months.

Joe M. Roybal, genial Las Vegas, N. M., manager, lamenting on the fact that he passed up both Lew Jenkins and Bob Sikes when this pair of up-and-coming boxers were just starting out, tells me that he has picked up a big 205-pound white heavyweight in Jack Parrish, and that he isn't going to let this prize get away.

From all accounts this Parrish kid really possesses a big amount of the well-known "what it takes," and as such, should fill a big vacancy in southwest ring circles.

At San Luis, Colo.: In one of the best brawls staged here in the Rockies in many, many moons, Louis Newman's sensational lightweight, Larry Cisneros, pounded out a 10-round victory over Ted "Mustang" Garcia of Las Vegas, N. M. Down five times during the hectic brawl, and suffering a severe leg injury when his leg scraped the edge of the ring floor, Garcia proved himself a genuine "ironman" by staying in there and catching Cisneros' Sunday wallops to the bitter end.

Cisneros, too, found the road anything but a bed of roses, and suffered a broken hand that will likely keep him on the sidelines for a while.

Abie Valdez, San Luis featherweight, stopped rugged Pancho Villa in the seventh round of a melee that precipitated a near riot among the spectators when Valdez was declared the winner.

George Knorr is raving these days because of a weird ruling by the Colorado Boxing Commission that refused him compensation for his heavyweight Cyclone Lynch, when a scheduled battle with Hank Bath was called off without notification. Nor do we blame Knorr in the least. He certainly was entitled to the modest demands he made. The Fort Morgan, Colo., club sponsors of the proposed bout, got off with a mere reprimand.

A. L. Mesa, Ariz.: Haven't heard of Tony Fuente in ages. Last I heard he was in Los Angeles. Yes, he once scored a knockout over Fred Fulton, but for that matter who didn't?

Goodtime George Manley, Denver 175-pounder of several years back, is running a swanky tavern on Broadway in Denver . . . . And while speaking of Manley, we'll never forget the gasp of dismay that went up the night Gorgeous George parked his chin in front of one of old K. O. Christner's looping swings and was counted out . . . . But Manley's biggest moments were those spent in hilarious all-night sessions in the "mile-high" city's hottest night spots . . . . We still maintain that Manley is one of those who could have been a world's champion, had he even remotely tried.

We take off our hat to Joe Winn, sports commentator of radio station KOB at Albuquerque, N. M., as the leading sports announcer in this neck of the woods. Keep up the good work, Joe.

Edith Caldwell, Omaha, Neb.: Sorry, but you lose your bet, as Oscar Gardner, "The Omaha Kid," and the old light-heavyweight champion, George Gardiner, were no relation. If you'll notice, they didn't even spell their names alike.

R. M. Goodland, Kan.: That's a pretty big order to have me name the biggest men who ever fought in the ring. But here are a few of 'em: Jan Plaake, 317 pounds; Ed Dunkhorst, 300 pounds; Ray Impelletiere, 270 pounds; Ben Moroz, 285 pounds; Ralph Smith, 290 pounds and ex-heavyweight champ, Primo Carnera, wasn't far behind with some 260 pounds of beef.

Remember I have a list of active promoters here in the Rockies that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the glove industry out this way if you'll enclose reply postage. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

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IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—Before one of the largest fistic gatherings hereabouts in the past five years, Holman Williams, world's colored welterweight champion and rated as the third best welter, made his fifth Scranton appearance at the local Armory in a show staged by the Anthracite A. C. Williams' opponent was Izzy Janazzo, New York State recognized welterweight monarch. This pair met in the 10-round featured windup and all three officials voted a draw verdict. The "draw" decision was a just one, with each fighter winning five rounds apiece, Janazzo having the edge in the first, second, fourth, sixth and seventh rounds, while Williams outscored his New York opponent in the other five rounds and finished much stronger. This match was acclaimed by newspaper scribes as one of the fastest ring encounters ever staged in a Coal Region ring and rightfully merited as being one of the "greatest fights" in local ring history.

The Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission prior to the Williams-Janazzo contest put their stamp of approval on the victor of the match to be recognized as the logical contender for Henry Armstrong's world's title if the latter ever decided to fight in Pennsylvania. A return meeting between Janazzo and Williams over the 12- or 15-round route would draw a gate of about eight grand. This return bout, however, will probably be staged in a New York City arena.

In the semi-final to the Williams-Janazzo battle, Jack Hiller, Philadelphia heavyweight, as a last minute substitute, pulled the biggest surprise of 1939, when he floored Hughie Glynn, Scranton big boy, on two occasions and went on to win a unanimous six-round decision. Glynn, who previously was unbeaten in 11 pro starts, entered the battle pit a four-to-one favorite and many local ring experts predicted he would kayo his Philadelphia opponent in less than three rounds.

Chuck Ketchuk, Binghamton, N. Y., protege of "Jersey Jones," made his second local appearance in a six-round winning battle over Jack Downey. Ketchuk had Downey on the deck three times during their encounter. Ketchuk looked very impressive and appears as the outstanding "white hope" heavyweight prospect on the present fistic horizon.

Emil Kozel, Throop's up-and-coming middleweight star, kayoed Joe Casper of Wilkes-Barre in the first round of a scheduled sixer. Kozel, who hits harder than the average scrapper, needs only a little more schooling before he will be tossing leather at the best in his division. Walter Kelly, Archbald heavyweight, added another kayo to his fast growing list when he stopped Wally Bade of Scranton in the third round of the opening bout . . . . Leo Houck of Lancaster was imported to handle this show as referee . . . . The show grossed $3,750 . . . . with six inches of snow that started to fall in the early hours of the morning.

The other show of the month sponsored by the Anthracite A. C. ran into another snowstorm. The show was staged on Christmas afternoon at the Scranton Armory and attracted a gate of $1,300 . . . . Gunboat Davis, Scranton's colored middleweight, scored an upset when he defeated Tony Cisco, Norristown, Pa., who was recognized as the Pennsylvania champion, in the 10-round star bout. Cisco came to Scranton highly rated with victories over the world's best and over Coal Region battlers Jack Munley and Tarzan Roy. Little chance was given Davis to beat the Pennsylvania middleweight monarch.

In a return meeting of six rounds, Hughie Glynn, Coal Region heavyweight ruler, evened matters with Jack Hiller, when he won the decision over the Philadelphian in the semi-final. One judge called it a "draw" while the other and referee cast their ballots in favor of Glynn.

Emil Kozel of Throop suffered a one-round kayo at the hands of Jimmy Clark of Jamestown, N. Y., in a special match that was slated for six heats. Clark nailed Kozel while the latter was still "cold" . . . . Larry Lane, colored New Jersey light-heavyweight, made his first local appearance in stopping Johnny Snyder of Wilkes-Barre in the fifth round of a scheduled six-rounder . . . . In the opening match of six rounds, Stanley Mrak took a surprise six-round victory over Gene McColligan, Scranton welterweight. Mrak, who looms as a Coal Region headliner shortly and hails from Wilkes-Barre, has yet to meet defeat in a Scranton ring, having won in all six showings here.

The Town Hall A. C. staged its annual New Year's afternoon fistic party. In the 10-round main event Eddie Dolan, southpaw from Waterbury, Conn., won a decision over George Henry, colored New York scrapper. Dolan didn't appear as efficient as he did in previous showings hereabouts, but showed enough form to outscore his "dusky" opponent. The Dolan-Henry match paid off on $1,000.

Jimmy Young, Dunmore's Italian light-heavyweight, kayoed Bobby Rosen of Buffalo, N. Y., in the third round of the scheduled six-round semi-final. Rosen threw plenty of leather but lacked experience enough to cope with the local gladiator, although the upper New York stater is welcome back for another showing due to his pleasing style of fighting and glove tossing . . . . Joe Nealon, veteran Scranton welterweight, outfought Angelo Cali of Dunmore to gain a six-round decision . . . . Lou Murphy, Hyde Park lightweight, won a split decision from Frankie Mandell of North Scranton . . . . Benny Leonard, who acted as referee in this bout, voted in favor of Mandell, while both judges saw Murphy as the winner . . . . Walter Kelly, Archbald's heavyweight knockout artist, stiffened Leonard Dukey of Avoca in the first round . . . . In the four-round opener, Billy Dolphin, former A.A.U. bantamweight kingpin, made his pro debut, winning the decision over Barney Murphy of Scranton.

A BIT FOR ALL—Joe Louis played like a big kid when stopping at the Big Brothers Boys' Club at Scranton. The heavyweight champ tossed the basketball around with the "youngsters" as did his personal secretary, "Freddy Guinyard" . . . . Benny Leonard, undefeated lightweight champion, who retired quite a number of years back, is an asset to the fight business and is really one of the outstanding referees in the country . . . . Dewey Fragetta, manager of Leonard and George Henry, was in town New Year's Day with his entourage that included Sam Carriolla of Rochester . . . . Fighters that can fight and want to make a home for themselves along with making good money, can do well hereabouts . . . . Fighters from lightweight to heavyweight with ability and records are assured immediate work . . . . contact the writer at 209 Ad-Lin Bldg. . . . . Johnny Burke, boxing commissioner, reports that his brother will operate semi-monthly at Carbondale starting the first week in February . . . . Johnny McDade has a fine stable of fighters at Wilkes-Barre which includes Stanley Mrak, Coal Region welterweight sensation . . . . Emil Kozel, Throop middleweight, appears as the best prospect in his division in the entire Coal Country . . . . look for 1940 to be a big year in the boxing business hereabouts . . . . THE RING can be purchased at Spec's, corner Linden St. and Wyoming Ave., Scranton.

HARTFORD NEWS
By DON HAMILL

BAT BATTALINO suffered the first setback of his recent comeback when he was badly outclassed by Georgie Martin, Boston, at Holyoke. Martin with youth, speed and cleverness, gave Bat a trimming that would thwart the ambitions of any other comeback fighter. Bat was floored for no count in the fifth.

Bobby Ivy spurted out with a furious attack in the fifth to stop Jerry Zullo, Boston, in the only show held in Hartford during the month. Zullo was unable to answer the bell for the sixth. Jimmy Bell, New Haven Negro, scored over Billy Campanelli, Worcester, in a bang-up six-rounder. George Red Doty, wasted little time in flattening Eddie Bangs, Boston welterweight in the opening round. Jackie Clarke, East Hartford scrapper, stopped Petey King, Boston, in the second. Angelo Manna, Worcester veteran, won over Frankie Allen, Holyoke featherweight, in four.

The much talked of match between Bobby Ivy and Harry Gentile, local featherweight rivals, fell through, temporarily at least. Gentile and Zullo recently staged a torrid bout with the official result being a draw. Then Zullo was given a match with Ivy. The local puncher stopped the Hub boxer as soon as he poured on the steam in the fifth round. This situation has forced Promoter Lou Viscusi to set aside the proposed Ivy-Gentile match.

Big Boy Carilli, Hartford heavyweight, made his Gotham debut by pounding out a four-round decision over Jimmy Smith of New York. Carilli is 19 years old, a 190-pounder, and a very good looking prospect. He is under the tutelage of Dan Florio in New York.

Jimmy Leto, Hartford's welterweight contender, scored an easy win over Frankie Cavanna, New York, at Holyoke in 10 rounds. They drew a poor house due to hazardous driving conditions that night. John Henry Eskew, Brockton, Mass., Negro, proved a bit too clever for Red Doty, Hartford, and won the decision in a six on the card. It was the first defeat for the Hartford kayo artist.

Red Guggino, Hartford lightweight, fought a draw with Paul Junior, Lewiston, Me., veteran, in the eight-round feature at New Britain. Unknown Morgan, Hartford Negro middleweight, got up off the floor to earn a draw with Jack Dupois, a stablemate of Junior, in the six-round semi-final. Jackie Clarke, East Hartford, dropped a decision to the more clever Frankie Allen, Holyoke, in the four-round opener. Lou Viscusi, Hartford promoter, put on the show under the auspices of the Policemen's and Firemen's Association.

Pat Casey, rough Hartford welterweight, has been inactive due to a badly injured hand. Casey was a member of the Hartford high football squad. His real name is Pasquale Casarino which is proof that he is not Irish as his ring name implies. Since turning pro, Pat has beaten Al Castonguay, Phil McQuillen, Al Costa, Johnny Costello, Doug Murchie, and others.

The writer can be reached at 102 Park Terrace, Hartford.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE highlights oppositing the fading career of Freddie Miller, recently defeated by George Hansford in Los Angeles, is the rise of Hershell Joiner, young Negro lightweight of Cincinnati, and Joe Marinelli, flashy Dayton featherweight, bordered by the upswing of Columbus' Negro bantam, Jackie Taylor, and featherweight Freddie Pope.

Joiner punched his way into national prominence on the New Year's Day show in Cincinnati, winning a ten-round decision from the highly-touted Wishey Jones of Louisville. Taylor's continual winning streak through the Middle West stamps him as one of the brightest bantamweights in this territory. Marinelli stepped through a fast ten-round draw in Newark, N. J., with clever Morris Parker.

Billy Adams, Prince Albert Smith's colored middleweight socker, seems to have taken a new lease on his fistic career, since deserting the home grounds. Billy won on a seven-round knockout over Lou Martinak in a recent Buffalo show. Jack Singer is handling the young Negro's battling campaign up around the Gotham state for Smith.

In contrast to Adams' winner, but both making impressive showings, the two Gilmore brothers of Cincinnati were declared losers in their most recent invasion matches. Herbie was stopped by Pete Scalzo in a thrilling tussle, while Frankie was likewise halted by Paul Junior up in Portland, Maine.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—The latest talk is that the government will build a new armory in Cincinnati . . . . which means same will be used for boxing . . . . the Queen City needs such a building badly . . . . Eddy Crawford, Lefty Binion's Kentucky heavyweight, was stopped by Billy Miske in an Omaha bout . . . . Lefty claims a cut eye called a halt to the proceedings . . . . watch this pair . . . . Floyd Hagan, a welterweight socker handled by the popular Karl Ogren of Stone Lake, Wis., and Harry Bobo, a Negro heavyweight from Pittsburgh . . . . Marquis Lemon, the Battle Creek, Mich., manager, has placed his welter, Kid Witherspoon, a colored star, on the Diversey Booking Agency listings . . . . Billy Meyer is head of this agency, which supplies boxing talent to all parts of the country . . . . you fighters without strings attached, and also managers, wishing to list with this agency, can contact same by addressing 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . this also goes for those managers, independent boxers who wrote in for my promoters' and managers' guide, which has 650 managers and promoters listed . . . . you can get this guide for fifty cents in cash.

Wilbur Morgan, Manchester promoter, staged a slugfest between Joey Palmo and Al Davis at his arena recently . . . . Palmo won after a hard fight . . . . the bill also saw a two-round kayo victory for local Elmer Yates over the much more experienced Cowboy Murphy . . . . Morgan incidentally is also promoting at Maysville, Ky. . . . . latest success was a two-round T.K.O. for Freddy Cinerski over Tarzan Tollman . . . . add the National Boxing Association to the latest subscribers to my Fight Flashes which I issue semi-monthly and which is invaluable to live wire managers and promoters as well as fans interested in result service all over the nation . . . . the service can be secured for only a service charge of $1.00 per year . . . . address Jimmy Amann, 6716 Palmetto St., Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . Joe Basco's three aces scored winners the current months . . . . Lloyd Pine beat Ray Sharkey and Sammy Taormina drew with Johnny O'Hara at Erie, Pa., while at Cumberland, Md., Cleo McNeal won from Billy Bullock in 10 . . . . Herman Katz has settled in California . . . . heard from Herman, a grand fellow who writes he has plans of getting back in the game actively on the Sunny coastline . . . . Franky Canzoneri, hustling N. Y. C. fight manager, will be off to Florida with his stable ere this gets to press ink . . . . Lou Campbell, Chicago heavy, is looking for action around here.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

CHAMPIONS, near champions and some of the best ranking fighters in the world boxed here in Cleveland, also visited here in the past month. Headed by Al Hostak and Henry Armstrong, who showed here on the *News* Christmas show, other first class boxers in Cleveland were Mike Gamiere, Dave Castilloux, Wesley Ramey, Buddy Knox, Willie Muldune, George Pace, N.B.A. bantam champion, and Jackie Wilson, Cleveland's ranking lightweight.

Henry Armstrong stopped Jimmy Garrison in seven rounds on Ed Bang's *News* show. They went on right after Al Hostak knocked out Erich Seelig in the first round. On the same show Dave Castilloux defeated Mike Gamiere in a six-rounder. Gamiere was floored twice early in the fight and again in the last round, but Gameire was the hit of the show though he was on the loser's end . . . . Milo Theodorescu won a close one over Leonard Bennett . . . . Jimmy Reeves blasted Horace Greshum out in short order in the first round.

The bouts were broadcast over a national hookup by Sam Taub, Adam Hat sportscaster.

Mike Gamiere showed the home folks that he wants to be on the top, for after his loss to Castilloux, Gamiere boxed Wesley Ramey, ranked No. 4 by THE RING, and defeated Ramey after having Wesley on the floor twice. Mike looked very good in his victory. Mike Carriere, who manages Gamiere, expects good booking for Gamiere after that victory over Wesley Ramey.

Jimmy Reeves defeated Marty Simmons of Saginaw in an eight-rounder. Willie Muldune beat Eddie Hocevar in a six.

Willie Muldune stopped Tommy Beach in four rounds at the Colored Boxing Club. Tiger Brown won over Babe Dunning in eight rounds. Brown started off like a house afire, giving Babe a bad beating, but Brown tired and the Babe came back to rally but it was not enough to get the decision . . . . Teddy Smith knocked out George Findlay of Canton in two punches of the first round . . . . Ernie Wright knocked out Jack Gains in one round . . . . Jimmy White was too much for Jackie Senna. White blasted Senna out in the first.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Joey Sper is back in training and will be ready for a lot of the middleweights soon. Joey can box as well as hit with both hands . . . . Gunnar Barlund defeated Eddie Simms . . . . Lee Savold defeated Eddie Simms, then Simms defeated Lem Franklin . . . . Phil Goldstein, manager of Willie Muldune, used the name of Phil Dropkins when he started boxing as an amateur a good many years ago.

Johnny Kilbane, former featherweight champion of the world, and Jerry Sachs have formed a team and are starting a stable for pro fighters. Kilbane will be the teacher and Sachs will do the publicity. Jerry will take care of this when he is not at his dude ranch, where he has a good business during the summer season.

MORE JABS—A good looking kid to watch is Joey Shilkoff, crack Jewish amateur. Other good looking prospects in the amateurs are: Jimmy Trusso, Jimmy Bloom, Johnny Abbott, Tony Lanese, Tommy Mangine, Benny Calla and Sam Derrico . . . . Charley O'Connell is undecided when he will turn George Toy, national amateur lightweight champion, to the pro field . . . . Charley is also doing OK. in his new Marine Club, out at East 105th and Euclid.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 9214 Madison Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

ON an all-star show at the Auditorium, Pete Lello drew with Quentin Breese; Georgie Pace defeated Johnny Gaudes; and Tony (Cianciola) Martin beat Leonard Bennett, all in 10-rounders.

Lello, fresh from his victory over Eddie Lander the previous week, had a hard time trying to cope with the rough, rugged Baby Face. Pete lacked the very asset that has brought him so far—class. He threw looping rights and wide, hooking lefts, and forgot all about his stabbing jab.

The Pace-Gaudes affair was slow, both fighters refusing to open up. Gaudes was highly criticized for his safety first fight, but it was Pace's fault as much as Johnny's.

Martin and Bennett spent most of their time mauling inside. Tony's right hand connected hard with Bennett's iron jaw on several occasions but they were not frequent enough to stop the Chicagoan.

In a six-round bout, Gene Ward came back to trounce Frankie Gaudes in impressive fashion.

The opener pitted Annunzio Ferraro against Pete Ferrand. Ferraro used a left swing to advantage in gaining the decision. A very disappointing crowd contributed $7,000 at the gate.

At La Crosse, Harvey Woods beat Chino Lopez in the six-round headliner at 140 pounds. Woods, after a long layoff, has been making a comeback and has scored several victories.

Phil La Tona scored a decision over Tony Yates, Minneapolis, in another six. Yates hit the canvas three times during the bout.

Reminiscentia — The Lello-Breese card was ballyhooed more than any show here for a long time. The papers gave it excellent support. The milk fund charity idea heightened its attractiveness. On paper, it had everything.

The fact is that fans remained away from the New Year's Day card for an unknown reason. But if promoters did not try to make a killing with one shot, they wouldn't expect so much from any one show. Regardless, the card cleared money. Now that the writers and promoters are convinced that a fortune is pretty hard to make in one day, more cards ought to be presented. The solution might be dollar top cards every week or two with home talent featured.

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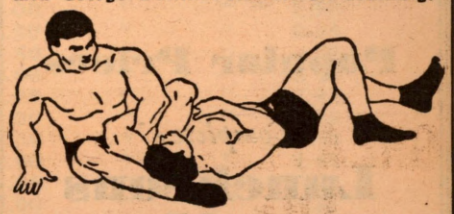

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

JOHN MENDEKING, heavy hitting Minneapolis heavyweight, and Bill Daly, rugged Melrose heavy, both amateurs, are trying for freshman fullback honors at the University of Minnesota . . . . Bill Hart, former heavyweight, now a fireman at Barn No. 5 at Ashland and Victoria Streets in St. Paul, is sparring and schooling 19-year-old 6' 4" Laurence Gelbmann whose ring name will be Larry Gilbert. Gelbmann is a novice heavyweight who is still green, but has looked good against Bill Hart and Milton Armstrong of Balsam Lake, Wis., in sparring matches. He is under the watchful eye of Doc Holly.

Gelbmann will make his amateur debut shortly. . . . . Johnny Kleber, Melrose light-heavy, is working for the Melrose Produce . . . . St. Paul Gibbons' Gym is offering free instruction in the rudiments to amateurs still green, and Mike Gibbons, Ray Temple and Billy Light are instructors. . . . . Bud Tibbetts says he works on a farm for a near-millionaire farmer between fights.

Farmington, Minn. . . . Before a capacity crowd of 800, in this town's first pro boxing show since "'way back," rising Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, outpointed the veteran Baby Face Lista, 144, Los Angeles Filipino, in the eight-round headliner. Don Swenson, 144, clever St. Paul veteran, again whipped veteran Curley Martin, 140, Topeka, in six fast rounds. Ted Fitzgerald, 183, St. Paul, floored Leonard Benson, 185, Farmington, three times in their six-round bout to take the decision. Three wrestling bouts preceded the boxing. The show was sponsored by the American Legion.

Amateur boxing in the state is now in full swing . . . . We have so much pro news and results that we have no room for amateur news or results unless the boys are outstanding. We will give you the Golden Gloves champions when they are crowned, however.

Billy Petrolle, the famous "Fargo Express," owns and operates a Duluth iron foundry.

It's hard to find as clean living and talking a pair as Marv Wason and Manager Murray McLean. The boxing game needs more of their kind, for they are truly a credit to their profession.

Marv Wason is a greatly-improved fighter. He has his left jabs, straight lefts, footwork and punch slipping down to nigh perfect form.

Harry (Spike) McCarthy, the fellow who guards the Gibbons' Gym door, and scrubs floors, sweeps and dusts, is always on the lookout for new gym members.

Al Hostak stopped off in Minneapolis with brother Hank, Manager Marino, and Promoter Druxman . . . . Myles John Martinez, 23-year-old recently-retired St. Paul Mexican lightweight, is searching for a job. Myles, 5' 5½", who only weeks ago weighed 132, now tips 155! . . . Sam Stupar, heavy hitting Nashwauk light-heavy, who copped top honors in an Ontario tourney and was also Golden Gloves champ here, is now in Chicago where he intends to do a little more amateur fighting. Dave Flynn, former St. Paul amateur welter, is in the Navy stationed in Honolulu.

At Des Moines, Lee Savold, 187, St. Paul, knocked out Maurice Strickland, 192, New Zealand, in the third round of a 10-round headliner. This Savold is really disposing of all opposition and is rolling up a kayo string.

At Ponca, Neb., in the Northeast Golden Gloves Tournament, Wayne Armstrong of Newcastle, Neb., copped top honors in the welterweight division. He floored colored Ed Greene, of South Sioux City, in the second for a four count to take the decision, beat James Talley of Elk Point, S. D., then T.K.O.'ed Stanley Ross of Crofton, Neb., in the second heat when Ross failed to come out for the third.

The winners in the Ponca tournament got to fight in the Sioux City tournament. All the boys in this tournament are to be sectional champions. This Armstrong and Orlan Ott, sensational Hartley, Ia., amateur heavy, roomed together in Chicago last year.

At La Crosse, Wis., Harvey Woods, 141, St. Paul, showed old form in kayoing the veteran colored Speedy Wallace, 146, Kansas City, in the sixth round of a windup bout. Joe Louis, current heavyweight king boxed an exhibition. In the semi-windup, Emmett Weller, 143, St. Paul, T.K.O.'ed George "Tiger" Markos, 138, La Crosse, in four of six. Curley Martin, 150, Topeka, Kan., surprised by scoring a T.K.O. over Bud Tibbets, 145, Rosemount, in five of six. Louis Bell, 136, St. Paul Negro, T.K.O.'ed Butch Schoonover, 135, Winona, in two of four. In the opener, Tommy Brunette, 168, St. Paul, made his pro debut by whipping Dave Piette, 170, Fond du Lac, in four.

St. Paul Auditorium—In the 10-round headliner, Arne Anderson, 202½, heavy hitting Swedish champion, knocked out Emil Schulman, 189, German-Jewish refugee, in one heat. Schulman, who looks a little like Art Lasky, never had a chance, and looked like he had never even fought before! In the six-round semi, Marv Wason, 180½, St. Paul, almost kayoed colored Henry Jones, 172, Ft. Dodge, Ia., veteran in the first heat, but the bell interrupted the count and saved Jones. Thereafter, Mr. Jones came back to win the last three rounds and make the fight very close. In another sixer, Jimmy Collins, 165, Minneapolis, outslugged hard hitting Earl Peterson, Appleton, 158. In another six, Floyd Hagen, 132, St. Paul, kayoed Baby Face Lista, 137, Los Angeles Filipino, in one stanza with a vicious left hook. Kelly Ward, 163, Minneapolis, rolled up his third straight T.K.O. in a six when he stopped Eddie Munger, 158, Rugby, N. D., in five. In the four-round opener, Del Koch, 172, a Minneapolis newcomer, T.K.O.'ed George Amarino, 170, Chicago, in three heats.

Prelim result on that Miske-Crawford card in Omaha: Buddy Millard, 198, Minneapolis, whipped Webster Epperson, 195, Sioux Falls, S. D., darkie, in six.

At Bismarck, N. D.: Don Espenson, 149, speedy Minneapolis welter, surprised the boys when he held Dick Demaray, 145, Bismarck, to a draw in 10 heats.

Traveling through Becker, we find that Lester Derr, former Becker amateur light-heavy, now weighs well over 200, and is the timekeeper for WPA. John Whitson of Sauk Center reports that Johnny (Butch) Egan, Sauk Center amateur heavyweight, who on July 4, 1937, battled four slashing rounds to a draw with Johnny Kleber of Melrose at Sauk Center, is now attending Sauk Center Junior College.

Tommy O'Loughlin will stage a heavyweight elimination tournament. Participants will be Billy Miske, Jr., Marv Wason, Johnny Hanschen, Paul Hartnek and Arne Anderson.

Minneapolis Armory—In the first heavyweight elimination, a rematch over 10 rounds instead of their previous six, Johnny Hanschen, 191, a Minneapolitan with dynamite in each mitt, T.K.O.'d the lighter but confident Marv Wason, 181½, St. Paul, in two heats. In the six-round semi, Solly Stark, 168, Deadwood, S. D., again came through the winner in a thrilling fight over Earl Peterson, 165, Appleton. In rather dull prelims, Tony Yates, 145, Minneapolis, floored Speedy Wallace, 146, veteran Kansas City Negro, for a no-count in the first, and then went on to win the decision in six frames, thereby reversing a previous Wallace win. Louis Bell, 136, colored St. Paulite, fought to a four-round draw with stablemate veteran Ray Isaacs, 136, Minneapolis. In the four-round opener, veteran Baby Face Lista, 140, Los Angeles Filipino, won his first fight in Minnesota when he outpointed the rugged Everette Vincent, 140, Stillwater, who was a sub for Bud Tibbetts. Vincent, in losing, was presented with his seventh loss in eight starts. Perry Dotson announced in place of the usual George Higgins.

At Omaha, Nebr.—Lee Savold, 184, St. Paul, scored a very unpopular 10-round decision over Arne Anderson, 202½, Sweden. Arne was floored for no count in the first. His face a bloody mass from the third on, the game Anderson kept forging on against the harder hitting Savold. In the four-round opener, Floyd Hagen, 130, St. Paul, flashed his K.O. punch for Omaha fans when he stopped veteran Stanley Novak, 129, Omaha, by a T.K.O. in two, to remain undefeated as a pro.

Notice to Managers....

The Ring Editor requests that you send in as quickly as possible the complete record of your fighters. Use one line for each fight. Give the date, opponent, place and result.

If you can send in the records with the start of your boy's professional career, do so. If not, give as much as you can.

Also give full name of fighter, date of birth, year, and nationality.

It will pay you to do this. No manager or fighter will receive any publicity in this publication during the year unless his record to date has been filed with Nat Fleischer, The Editor. Get busy now. This is urgent.

Nat Fleischer, The Ring, 307 W. 49th St. New York City, N. Y., U. S. A.

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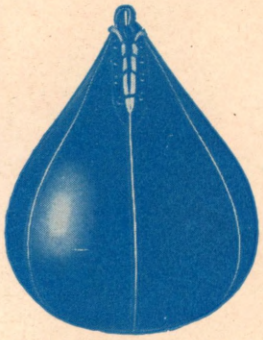

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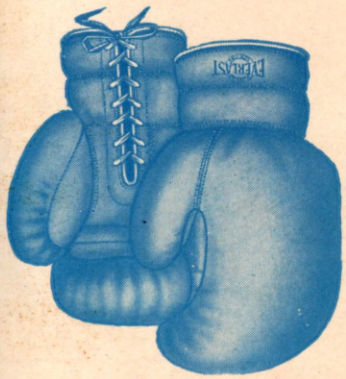

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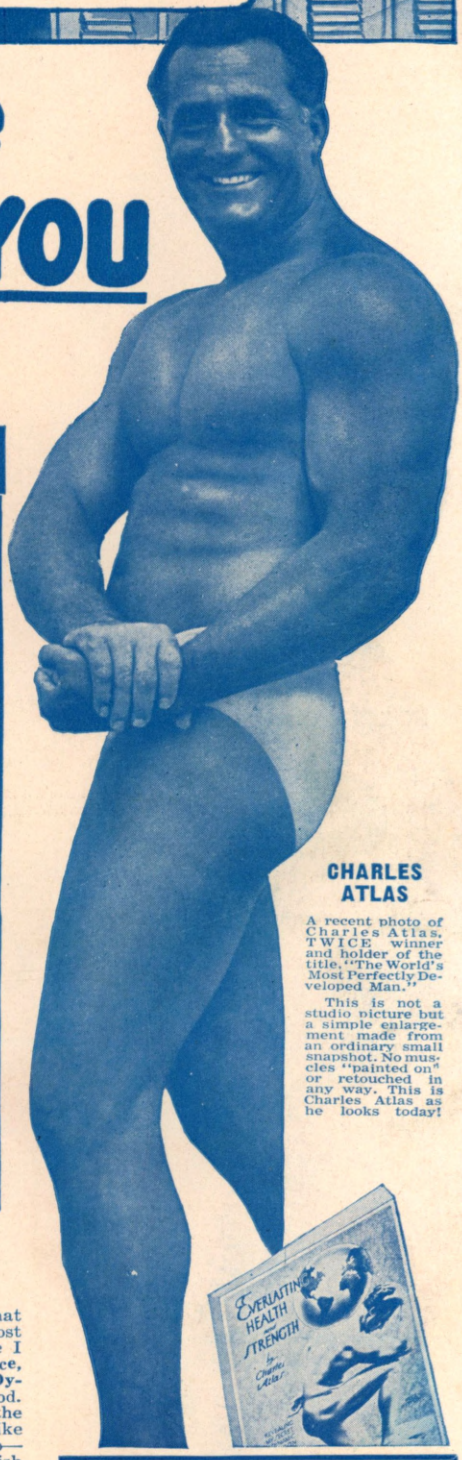

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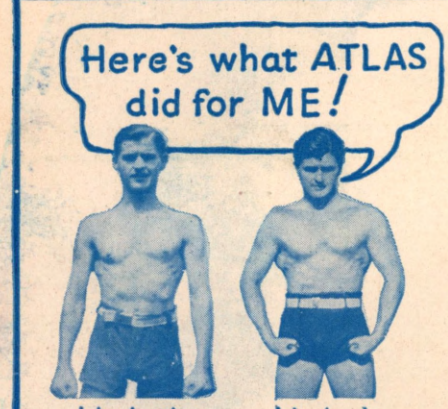

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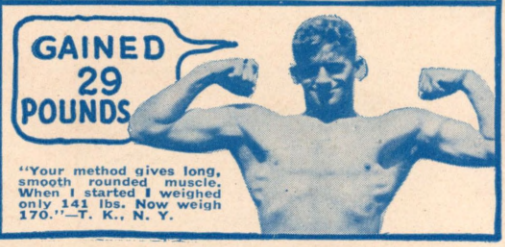

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